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Just say "Glenmore"...

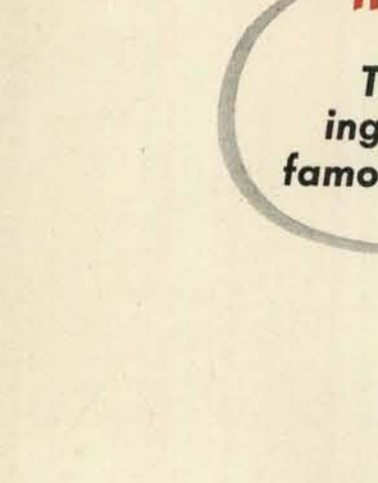
YOUR PASSWORD TO KENTUCKY'S FINEST!

HIGHEST QUALITY
Thanks to finer ingredients and its famous Barton formula!

SMOOTHER
A million barrels experience makes a big difference!

RARE BODY AND FLAVOR
Glenmore makes good drinks better!

MILDER
Glenmore's exclusive aging process does the trick!



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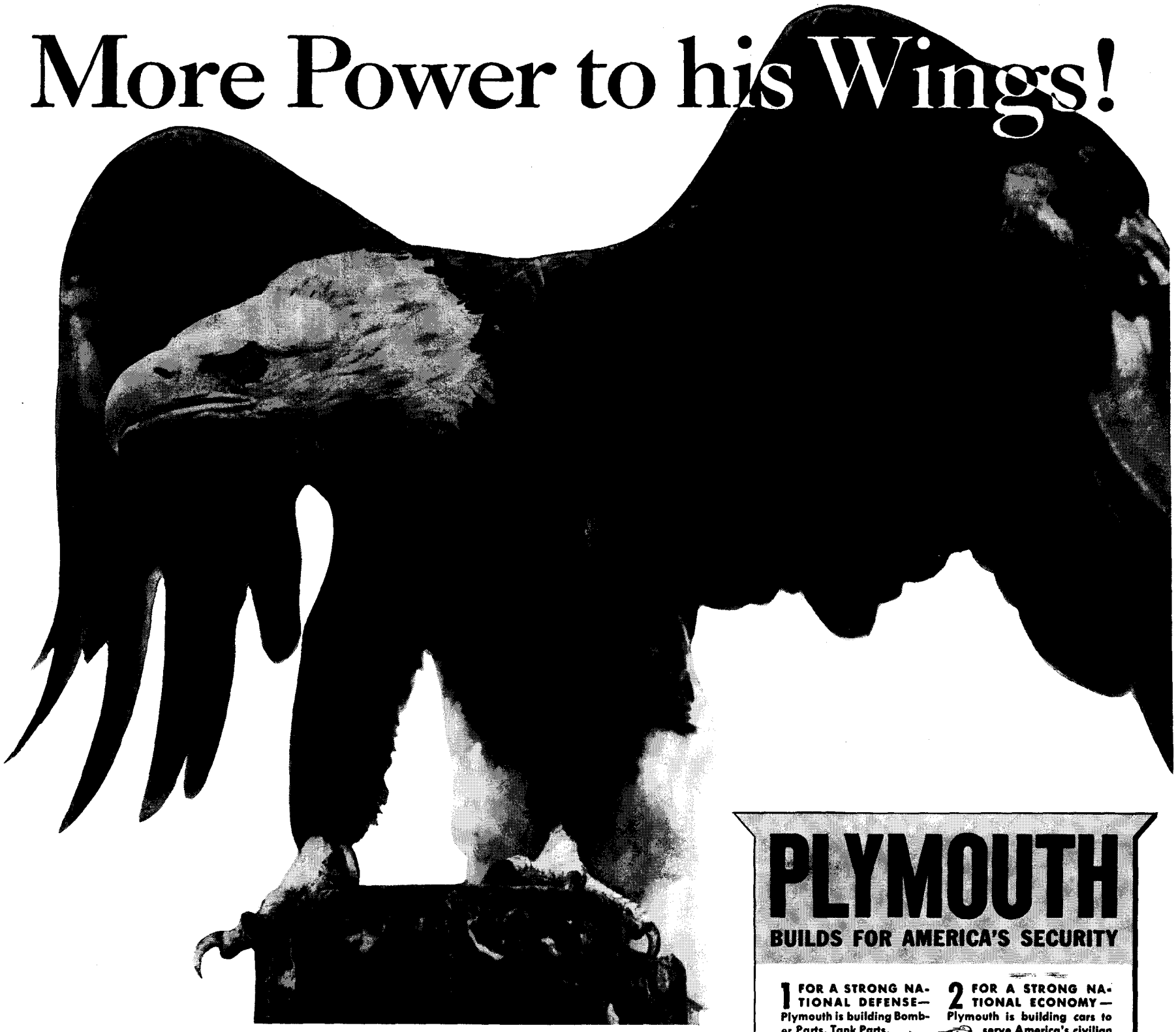
More Power to his Wings!



PLYMOUTH
BUILDS FOR AMERICA'S SECURITY

1 FOR A STRONG NATIONAL DEFENSE—Plymouth is building Bomber Parts, Tank Parts, Anti-Aircraft Gun Parts, as well as Military Vehicles.

2 FOR A STRONG NATIONAL ECONOMY—Plymouth is building cars to serve America's civilian needs. Though reduced in number, these cars are Plymouth's Finest.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE, "The Bird of Broad and Sweeping Wing," is a symbol of superb strength — and so an eagle is the emblem of the United States coat of arms.

Our forefathers found here a wilderness, and carved out of the forests, plains and mountains, a new nation. They established for themselves and their descendants a "sweet land of liberty"... the largest, strongest, richest democracy on earth!

They worked by hand, aided by horses, oxen, water wheels and windmills. Then came steam. Then electricity. Industry bloomed and spread. America grew and grew. And into American life came the automobile. It knit more strongly the nation's unity; built a vast network of good roads; webbed together all states as one; linked city with country.

With the automobile, there came to Americans a standard of living unknown in any other land. As the automobile became a family necessity for America's millions, this country achieved things in quantity production the rest of the world is still trying to learn.

Today, the American automobile, best in the world, affords the inspiration to make American tanks, American army vehicles, American warplanes, the best in the world!

As the largest production unit of the second largest automobile producer in the world, the Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation is accomplishing its defense jobs with expected dispatch, accuracy and volume.

Plymouth's great production machine is also turning out new Plymouth cars—greatly reduced in number, but greatly *advanced* in beauty, performance, economy and quality.

The new Plymouth cars are Plymouth's Finest. You get greatly increased power, yet with it you get *more economy!* The new Plymouth looks better, rides better, handles better — and by official facts, published automobile specifications, *it is the low-priced car most like high-priced cars!*

Plymouth's car production has supported and contributed to Plymouth's defense production—has kept the whole production system rolling at top efficiency—has insured the availability of long-experienced engineers, technicians and trained man power whose whole background, knowledge and skill fit hand in glove with America's vital defense program.

Millions of Americans realize today that a *strong automobile industry is the backbone of defense.*

The strength of the automobile industry means more power to America!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

A STRONG AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY IS THE BACKBONE OF DEFENSE

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THIS WEEK

JANUARY 10, 1942

SHORT STORIES

HARRY SYLVESTER
Winter Running. What's a track man's chance in football season? Page 19

WILLIAM FAY
A Chair for a Lady. Unhappy coincidence in the life of a strip-teaser. Page 26

D. D. BEAUCHAMP
The Full Life. Why old man Pardee is still a bachelor. Page 28

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
My Boy's a Railroad Man, by Jack Macmurragh. Page 27

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Masquerade in Miami. The first of eleven parts. Page 11

ERNEST HAYCOX
Alder Gulch. The seventh of ten parts. Page 22

ARTICLES

ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON
Manila Eye-Witness. How the Philippines took it. Page 13

OUR FIGHTING MEN. Page 14

HENRY L. JACKSON
Out in the Cold—Under the Sun. Here's winter style for men. Page 16

FANNING HEARON
Beach Party. Britain's seamen in Maryland's hills. Page 18

PETER KALISCHER
Kid Sister. Meet Little Miss Pat Peardon. Page 21

DAN PARKER
Good Loser. Red Cochrane, the world's champion waiter. Page 24

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Desert Tank Battle. Part II of an epic description of the fight in Libya. Page 25

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

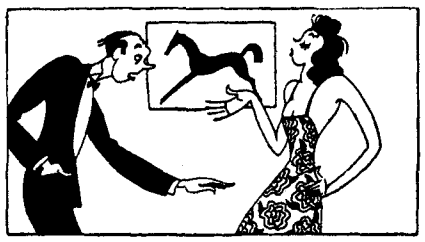
WING TALK. Page 8

EDITORIALS
We WILL Win.
Fifteen to Nothing.
Story of a Great Life. Page 54

COVER VERNON GRANT

ANY WEEK

A PECULIAR attitude has settled down here and there in Washington. We gather this from a play producer who has just left this office. He has been a successful fellow, if you call the promotion of summer theaters on the straw-hat circuit successful. Anyway, he had just come from Washington where he laid out a plan to produce hit plays, current and past, in Army camps and Navy bases, using professional talent and charging the lads a mere fifteen cents admission. Somehow he had worked it out so that the productions would not only pay for themselves but return a little profit. "Apparently I was doing fine until I mentioned the profit which, I was careful to explain, would be turned over to the recreation officer of the camp. The officer who had been listening to me stopped me dead. 'Profit?' he cried. 'Who do you think you are, a fifth columnist? Go home and revise your plan. Get rid of that outmoded profit feature. Come back when you discover some way to make these productions cost us a couple of million dollars. That's the only way to put anything over in this town these days."



WHEN he left us he was in a somewhat nasty humor. We've just heard about another fellow who accepted an invitation to a horsy week end in Virginia. After listening to horse talk for two days he broke down. "But don't you like horses?" his hostess asked him. "Not at all," said he. She was pretty pained, decided that his dislike of horses was because he didn't understand them and proceeded to explain the animals to him. "Now," said she, "don't you like them better?" Said he, "I do not." Whereupon she asked him what he did like. "Shooting," he replied. "Splendid," said his hostess, "and what do you like to shoot?" He thought hard for several moments and then replied: "Horses."

IN THE meantime we were motoring south and stopped for lunch in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Fredericksburg is one of our nation's best shrine towns, many national heroes having been born there, having lived there and having died there. Many American young men died in and around Fredericksburg in the Revolutionary and Civil wars. Anyway, a lady was conducting a group of school children from shrine to shrine while we were there. Apparently she had specialized on the battles that had been fought there, not failing to mention with emphasis the number of men who had died in those battles. One little girl—we'd say she was twelve—seemed particularly impressed. Gently the lady probed the child for her thoughts. "I was just thinking," said the gory baby, "what would have happened if somebody had come along with a tommy gun."

AND Mr. Joe B. Barnis of San Francisco, California, stopped for lunch, too, only he stopped in the howling town of San Diego. Into the restaurant came a group of six girls, one of whom, after looking around anxiously, spied out a soldier who had been waiting for her. "Oh, Bill," she cried, "I'm sorry I'm a little late and I hope you don't mind but I brought three or four awfully nice girls—friends of mine. Do you mind really?" Bill waited until he had been introduced to the girls. Then he answered: "Mind? Of course not. But what do you think I am, the Salvation Army?"

IN SPITE of the protestations of Mr. Arlie McQuinn of Evansville, Indiana, we're tempted to consider slightly overdrawn his story of a conversation between a coach and three of his varsity (not the University of Indiana) players. "Listen," says the coach, "all I want from you boys is that you should stop this new sophomore running back these guys got. He's hot—plenty hot. He's the highest scorer they have had in ten years and if he gets loose he may lick us. All I'm asking of you boys is that he's taken care of early. See?" The three boys nodded, their faces blank and obedient. Then suddenly a flash illuminated the face of the fullback. "Sure, Coach, sure," he said. "But listen; what does this party look like?"

WE HAVE just received word from the postal authorities in Bermuda that they are holding a manuscript which was returned by us to the writer with well-worded regrets. We at once let go with a sigh of relief although the Bermuda post office told us that there was no such person on the island. We have sent for the manuscript and will deliver it, with the same suave regrets, to its writer—a lady who lives within a short but pleasant walk from this office. We may add a few afterthoughts to that rejection slip—something to the effect that if she insists upon sending us stuff on the stationery she has swiped from hotel rooms she should say so.

AND Mr. Arthur Lostman of Waco, Texas, who tells us (if anybody cares) that his brother-in-law's name is Ledbetter, advises us that a football coach he knows has recently returned from a high-school scouting trip. This coach told Mr. Lostman that he called at the home of a high-school lad, a blocking back, for whom at least six colleges hanker. "I was winning this boy over to our side when, in a weak moment, I told him that not only would rich and influential alumni pay his tuition fees but that his classroom work would not interfere with his work on the team. I must be slipping. The boy turned on me and yelled, 'Classroom work? What do you think I want to be, a student?' "

A TRIFLE of suspicious history has just reached us via Corey Ford, whose recent article, Alaska Gets Hot, was widely and carefully read. One reader was Mr. William G. Canfield of New Britain, Connecticut. Mr. Canfield takes scholarly issue with Mr. Ford on the latter's statement that the United States bought Alaska from Russia for $7,200,000. Mr. Canfield refers Mr. Ford to the late Franklin K. Lane's Letters and to Mary Lee Davis' Uncle Sam's Attic. These authorities, he claims, have it that the purchase price was $1,400,000 and that $5,800,000 (or $7,200,000 in all) was paid to the Czar "for the services of the Russian navy during the Civil War." That the Federal Government used the Russian fleet in the Civil War is news to both Mr. Ford and to us, not that we'd be surprised. Mr. Ford thinks that the less said about it the better anyway lest Congressman Dies hears about it. However, we intend to look into the matter and if we find that Secretary of State Seward and the Czar got fresh with five millions of our taxpayer dollars somebody's going to jail, that's all. "I also hear," writes Mr. Ford, "that the purchase of Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars and a barrel of whisky was not kosher. I understand that the check we gave the Indians was for only $16.47 and that the barrel of whisky was never entered in the books at all."

AND while we're about it we shall look into a little matter that is now causing Mrs. Laura McCohall of Bangor, Maine, a bit of unrest. Mrs. McCohall is a member of a local defense group which is prepared at a moment's notice to blow the living daylights out of enemy parachutists. "Is it true," asks Mrs. McCohall, "that in such an emergency the government intends to make us pay a tax on the shotgun shells we use to defend our country?"

. . . W. D.

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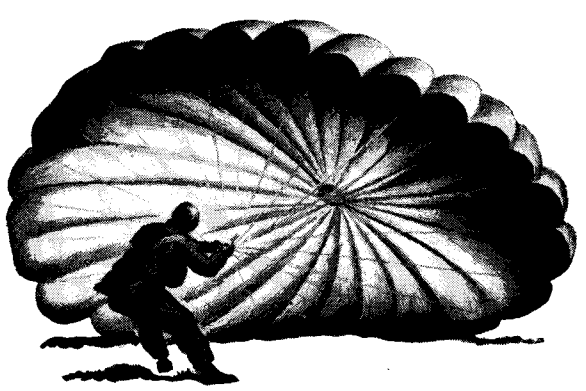
Soup's on!

UNCLE SAM'S paratroopers, going "downstairs" on business, carry three square meals in one small pocket of their uniforms.

It's very special food—powdered, concentrated—calories carefully counted—but complete from soup to coffee. It gives husky men the *reserve power* to keep going when other supplies are cut off.

Reserve power is just as vital in industrial as in military emergencies. When tank factories, plane plants and shipyards began to eat up more and more electric power, *reserve rations were ready.*



Reserves built up in advance by the business men who manage America's power companies. *Reserves* that met almost every defense demand overnight. *Reserves* available almost anywhere, because of carefully planned and interconnected systems.

But *no* power reserves could continue to satisfy hungry, humming machines indefinitely. So the electric companies have been working fast and efficiently to keep ahead. They put almost *two million more horsepower* into production during 1941—*enough to light one-quarter of all the nation's homes!*

Here is a basic defense industry, able and willing to do its part—glad to pledge all-out co-operation with government and industry—*until the skies and seas around America are secure and free forever!*

52 AMERICAN ELECTRIC COMPANIES*

producing power under American business management

*NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

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DON'T DOUSE A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR

Hair loses its natural good looks when "doused" each morning with water or anything else. Instead, comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Notice how easy your hair is to manage . . . see how natural and well-groomed it looks!

CHECK DRY SCALP FIRST—IF YOU WANT HANDSOME HAIR!

DON'T wait until hard-to-manage hair and loose dandruff warn you of Dry Scalp. For often you have Dry Scalp *without knowing it!*

Fortunately there is a quick, effective way to check Dry Scalp . . . to return your hair to its natural good looks. See how easy it is!

(1) EACH MORNING, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic has special qualities that fight Dry Scalp.

(2) EACH WEEK, before your shampoo, massage thoroughly with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Buy a bottle today . . . and you'll enjoy a handsome, healthier-looking head of hair than you ever dreamed you could have!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking. Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

Freling Foster

A shoe store in Brooklyn carries every size of stock shoe, having 235 sizes for men, 250 for women and 157 for children and infants.—*By Helen V. Denson, New York, New York.*

Before production began on the motion picture Sergeant York, the company secured legal releases from thirty-five persons in order to portray their characters in the film without fear of a lawsuit for invasion of privacy. Some held out for as much as $1,800, while others, such as Cordell Hull and General Pershing, gave their permission gratis.

In an average-sized man, the liver weighs about three pounds or two per cent of the weight of the body, while the blood contained in this gland, at any one time, also weighs about three pounds or twenty-five per cent of the weight of the blood.—*By Adelfo Balleza, Iloilo City, Philippine Islands.*

The largest denomination of United States paper currency is the $100,000 gold certificate, which is nonnegotiable and bears the portrait of Woodrow Wilson. Only 2,800 were engraved and they were given to the Federal Reserve banks by the Treasury Department as receipts for surrendered gold when America went off the gold standard in 1934.—*By Richard B. DuBois, Roanoke, Virginia.*

The 250,000 Negro inhabitants of the Harlem section of New York City actually constitute only forty-eight per cent of its total population. Spanish Harlem contains 120,000 people and Italian Harlem contains 150,000 people, the latter being, incidentally, the most densely populated section of Manhattan.

Not more than twenty cities in the world have passenger subways, or a transit line with most or all of its trackage underground, among them being Athens, Barcelona, Berlin, Budapest, Buenos Aires, Glasgow, Hamburg, Liverpool, London, Madrid, Moscow, New York, Paris, Sydney and Tokyo.

A recent copyright-infringement case in California, involving two books which were not only similar in contents but were said to be dictated to their authors by heavenly spirits, was dismissed by the court on the grounds that the plaintiff's Master Mind was the true owner of the copyright and that "the law does not recognize the conveyance of legal rights by the spiritual world."—*By Edward H. Davis, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

At least one third of all the people in the world still eat their meals while sitting on the floor or ground, while the same number, not all of which belong to the same races or countries, eat with their fingers.

About 1890, after the Mormon church had been disincorporated by Congress and the church itself no longer sanctioned the practice of plural marriage, numerous Mormons did not abandon their extra wives. One was B. H. Roberts, who, elected to the House of Representatives from Utah in 1898, was denied his seat because he still lived in polygamous relations.—*By William E. Vance, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

New York City has an organization, founded and operated by cripples, whose chief purpose is to find jobs for cripples. It also finances the purchase of artificial limbs, braces, crutches, clothing and other necessities for those needing them to begin work.—*By MacDougall Pallen, New York, New York.*

Horses have been known to win races "by a hoof." On July 8, 1941, at the track in Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada, pictures of the finish of the first race showed that the noses of the two leaders crossed the wire simultaneously. But one horse had a foot over the line and, therefore, was awarded the purse.—*By John Lumpkin, New York, New York.*

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MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
ARE SLOWLY BRUSHING CAVITIES IN THE EXPOSED, SOFTER PARTS OF THEIR TEETH

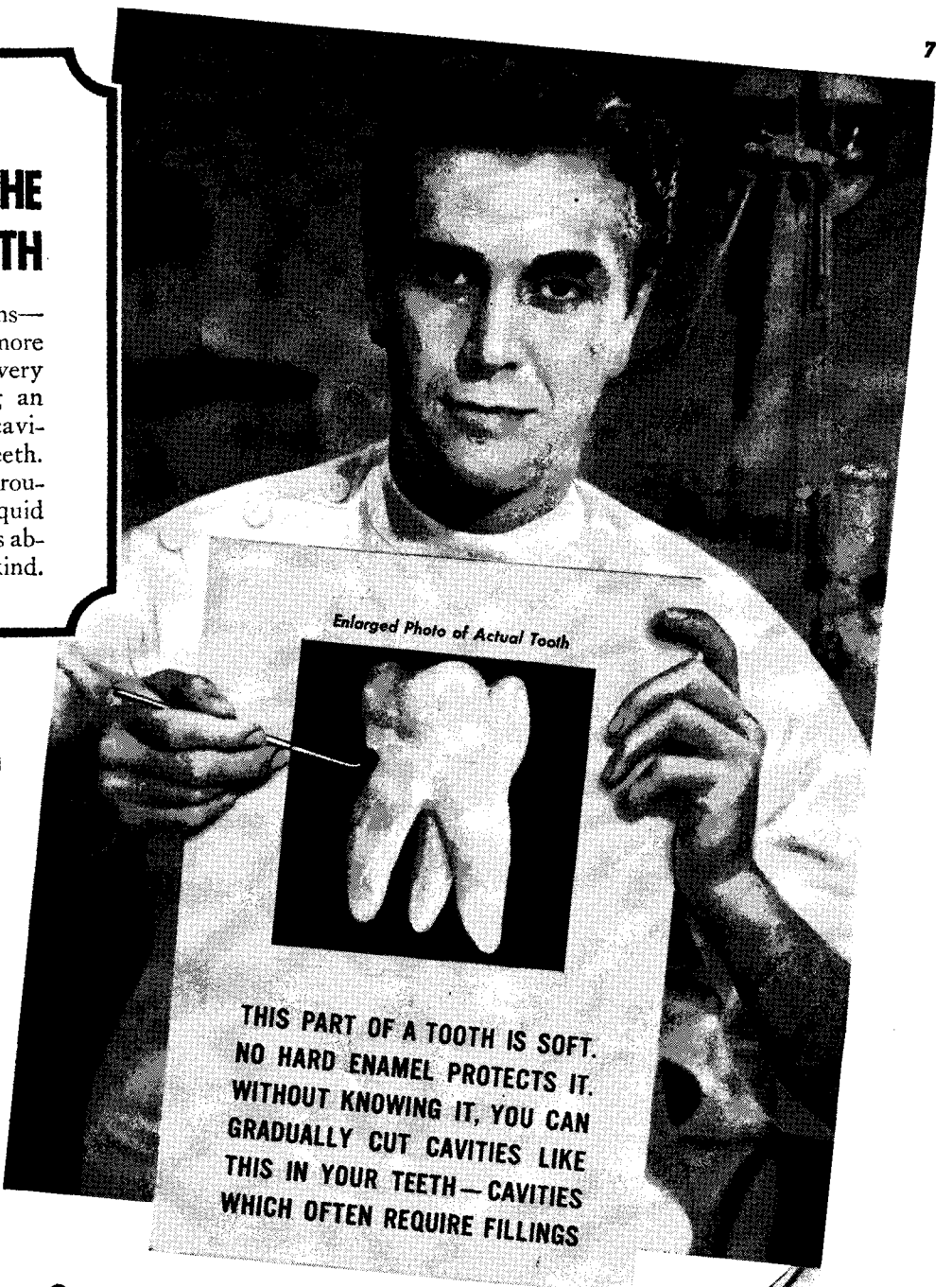
Scientific research has proved that this damage to teeth is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives.

Recent clinical studies show that 8 out of 10 adults examined risk this tooth injury because the softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed with no hard enamel to protect it.* This exposure is usually due to shrinking gums—a condition which becomes more serious as time goes on. Every dentifrice tested containing an abrasive will gradually cut cavities in this softer part of teeth.

You can avoid this serious trouble by changing to Teel Liquid Dentifrice because it contains absolutely no abrasives of any kind.

*AS REPORTED IN AN AUTHORITATIVE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL

SAVE YOUR TEETH FROM THESE CAVITIES


Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth
THIS PART OF A TOOTH IS SOFT. NO HARD ENAMEL PROTECTS IT. WITHOUT KNOWING IT, YOU CAN GRADUALLY CUT CAVITIES LIKE THIS IN YOUR TEETH—CAVITIES WHICH OFTEN REQUIRE FILLINGS

by Changing to Liquid Dentifrice —It Cleans Teeth Without Abrasives

IF you are like most grown-ups who brush their teeth regularly, you risk serious injury if you use a dentifrice containing an abrasive such as chalk or grit.

These abrasives consist of tiny particles so small you can't see or feel them, yet so hard they gradually cut cavities into the softer part of your teeth wherever this part is left exposed by shrinking gums.

Why not play safe? You can save your precious teeth from this trouble simply by changing to the revolutionary new liquid dentifrice—Teel.

For Teel contains absolutely no abrasives. It works in a different way to cleanse and thus thrillingly beautify teeth.

How Teel Reveals Beauty of Your Smile

Teel uses a new type, patented cleansing agent that bursts into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles—actually multiplies over 30 times in the mouth. These bubbles instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

Also, Teel's action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing, clean "feel". It helps sweeten bad breath. And Teel's new taste sensation makes it a joy for the children—encourages them to brush their teeth regularly.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Teel is easy to use and so economical. A bottle lasts and lasts. Get Teel today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. If you feel that your teeth need an occasional abrasive scouring, follow special directions on the Teel carton. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

MAKE THIS TEST
to tell if your dentifrice contains an abrasive

Tonight, put some of your regular dentifrice in a glass of water and stir thoroughly. Let it stand overnight. When you see a white sediment in the bottom of the glass, you know your dentifrice contains an abrasive. Teel, however, leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives whatever which could injure exposed, soft parts of your teeth.

CHANGE TO

Teel

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders

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"Honey, I've cut our grocery bills 10% by careful planning —if you would get our car fixed, we could save even more on oil and gas."

SHE'S SMOOTH BUT SAVING, TOO!

...So are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

Repower with

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

IT'S easy to cut excessive oil and gas bills. Have your mechanic check the cause. If piston rings are needed, insist on a Sealed Power Set—engineered especially for your own make and model of car. You'll save oil ... you'll save gas ... you'll save engine wear ... and you'll thrill to the renewed, smooth power of your car.

Sealed Power Rings are made by the same engineers who for 30 years have worked with car manufacturers creating piston rings for new cars. In the automobile industry, Sealed Power stands for "better engineering." Put your present car in A-1 shape "for the duration" with these great rings. They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ont.

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines.

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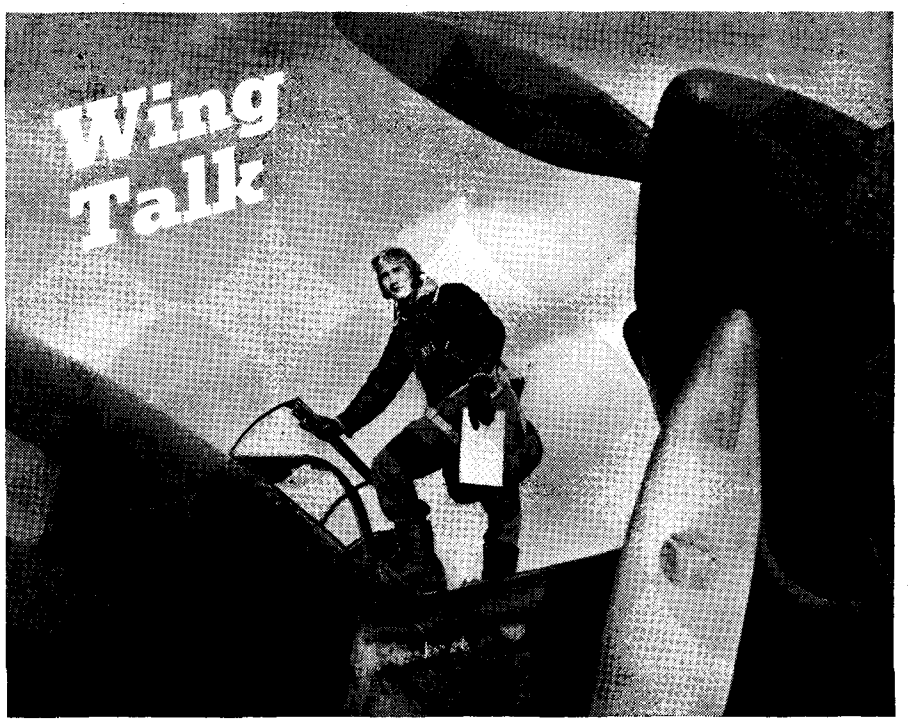

HANS GROENHOFF

Best test pilots of all are the newly graduated Army and Navy fliers—if there are bugs in a plane they'll find them

A FEW weeks ago we talked a little about the qualifications and experience required for Army and Navy test pilots. Without minimizing the value of these experts to our Air Forces, it can be said that the newly graduated pilots from the Army and Navy schools are the best test pilots of all.

The new design turned over to the Army and Navy for test by the manufacturer, in accordance with past procedure, is known as the prototype and is practically handmade. The Army and Navy test pilots are engineer airmen of long experience and you'd never find *them* doing things to the new design that the kids do when they get the production models in the field. Same thing applies to automobiles. The great auto companies have their testing grounds and test drivers and they work hard to eliminate deficiencies in the cars before releasing them to the market, but not until they get into the clutches of people who think they know how to operate automobiles do the builders really find out the weak spots.

Once a new model has been given a clean bill of health by the test pilots at Wright Field and Anacostia, the plane goes into production and methods have to be developed to reproduce the prototype as rapidly as possible. This brings in changes here and there, and when the ships are turned over to pilots in the field with far less experience than the Wright Field or Anacostia engineer-pilots, new and unheard of troubles develop.

The older the airman, the more cautious he is. He warms up his engine slowly; he believes in his engine and flight instruments and other guides to safe and reliable flight, and he is careful with his landings. But the youngsters take the new airplane pretty much for granted and you should see the things they do and get away with. In consequence, the production models suddenly turn up bugs that neither the Army nor Navy test experts discovered and they either go back to the factories or corrections are made in the field.

THE first World War was over and everybody was glad to turn to other things. Though very much deflated, there still was an Army and Navy charged with the defense of the country. Army and Navy airmen knew enough about history to be sure that some day there would be another war and we had to maintain a semblance of an aircraft industry.

So those officers set about on a program of keeping the American military and naval aircraft industry alive—and barely alive, because of public apathy. As an example of the way they had to work: one firm would design a new airplane and the government would award the production contract to another. The design winner, disappointed though he was, knew that his turn would come around some day. There were but a few crumbs in the government cupboard, but they were rationed out to keep the plants open.

Through the twenties and the thirties these companies were operating on tiny orders. Then came Hitler and the nucleus of an American aircraft industry was here, equipped with technical people who knew how to build airplanes.

All hail to these courageous and far-sighted Army and Navy people who braved the wrath of critics but who today are responsible for the greatest aircraft industry anywhere.

FEW persons would think of going out onto a transcontinental highway and erecting a structure that would cause the next passing automobile to crash into. But some people think nothing of erecting high structures on an airway and telling nobody about it. Now they've been required by the Department of Commerce to serve public notice 30 days in advance of their intention to erect anything that reaches a height greater than 150 feet above ground or 100 feet above water level, along or near a civil airway. The area defined extends 30 miles on either side of the center line of such an airway.

Owners and operators of aircraft are grateful for this regulation. It recalls a tragic accident at Daytona Beach, Florida, in the summer of 1937, when an Eastern Air Lines plane struck a pole that had been erected off airport property but in line with the runway without responsible notice being given to the company and the pilot, bringing to Eastern Air Lines the first fatal passenger accident in the company's history.

IN FURTHER reference to Mrs. Blanche Noyes, sole government torchbearer in the field for the air-marking program: She needs no introduction to the official and civic

(Continued on page 52)

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YOUR DAY LIES AHEAD...

LITTLE one, your day lies ahead. Those things so necessary to your health and well-being must not be lost sight of in today's turmoil.

Now, as in the past—the home is the bulwark of the nation. It must be safeguarded and protected.

Both Heating and Plumbing are too important to health protection and mean too much to the welfare of the whole family to be entrusted to any but the experienced hands of the Heating and Plumbing Contractor.

Henry W. Reed
CHAIRMAN

AMERICAN RADIATOR & Standard Sanitary
New York **CORPORATION** Pittsburgh

Cast Iron & Steel Boilers & Furnaces for Coal, Oil, Gas • Radiators • Cast Iron Enameled & Vitreous China Plumbing Fixtures & Plumbers' Brass Goods • Winter Air Conditioning Units • Coal and Gas Water Heaters • Oil Burners • Heating Accessories

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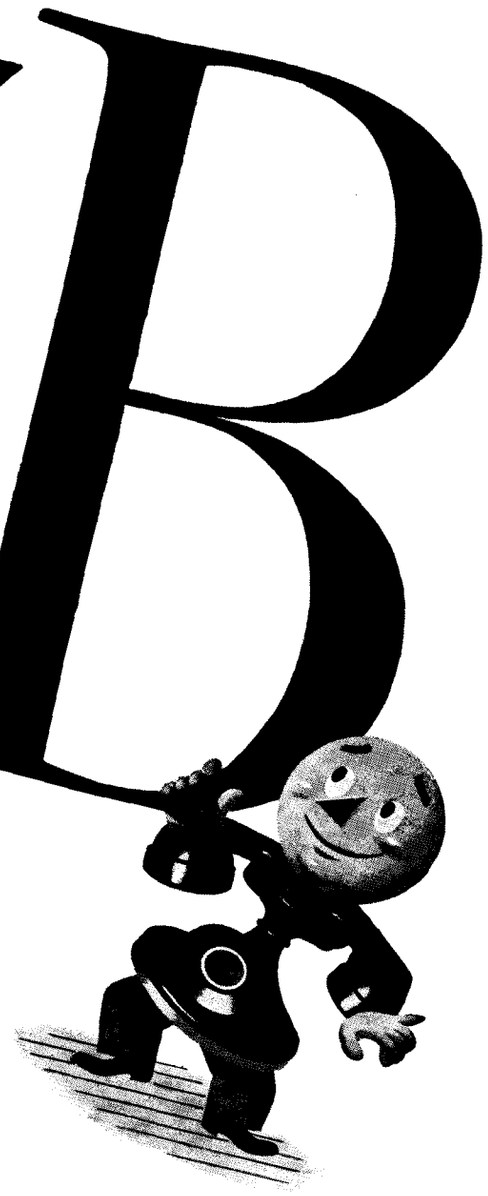
Busy *with a great big capital B*

Telephone lines are humming as they never have hummed before.

About 1,300,000 new telephones have been installed in the past year. An average of 85,000,000 calls are completed every day. Both are all-time records.

The job is big and getting bigger but we're working at top speed to keep pace with every need. And increasing our facilities as fast as possible.

The Bell System put about 400 million dollars into new construction in 1941 and will spend millions more this year.



"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER THE N. B. C. RED NETWORK

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 10, 1942

OLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
OLA, KANSAS

MASQUERADE IN MIAMI

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD WILSON

They needed a double they could use—and kill. They found one. This brilliant new serial is the story of what happened to him and to the girl who loved him

THE skating pond at Rockefeller Center was crowded. Hundreds of the idly curious gazed down at a gay scene; a scene of action and color, of skaters who whirled and spun in the center of the smooth gray surface; of others who stroked methodically about the edges of the rink. There were old people and young people and even children; there were experts and beginners, there was grim concentration on the task of skating and there was laughter from the lips of those who had mastered a degree of the art and were no longer worried about the elementary problem of remaining upright.

Some of the better skaters sported startling costumes: young ladies in extremely abbreviated skirts which showed attractive legs to best advantage; young men who wore black tights and close-fitting shirts. But the costumes of the great majority were average.

Gail Foster and Alan Douglas were average.

She was only a few inches more than five feet in height. You'd look at her the first time without particular interest, and then you'd look again and say, "There's a pretty girl." She was that sort: slender and attractive and intelligent-looking. Her sports costume did nothing to conceal a slim but unmistakably feminine figure.

They were having fun, these two. It was their skating pond, and the music played for them alone, this evening

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Alan unlocked the door of his pleasant apartment and said, "It's a poor thing, but mine own"

She skated well, surely and smoothly and easily. She skated better than the tall man who stroked along beside her, his hands clasped in hers.

About Alan Douglas you'd say, "He's a nice-looking fellow." You wouldn't say that he was handsome because he wasn't. But he was the sort of man you'd feel instinctively that it would be pleasant to know.

His six feet of muscular body was clad simply in business tweeds, his attractively homely face was set with concentration on the task at hand. He wasn't a good enough skater to do tricks, but he gave an impression of sureness.

They were having fun, these two. It was their skating pond, the music played for them alone, the three-quarter moon which looked down from above the towering structures of steel and concrete was, for this evening, their own personal property.

They were young, and very much in love.

They had met after working hours and had dined together in one of the cozy restaurants overlooking the rink. The conversation had been a trifle tight during dinner, as though they had agreed to avoid the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both. They chatted of inconsequential things, even though you'd know by just looking at them that everything which concerned either was of major consequence to both.

They finished with their skating and replaced skates and skating shoes with street shoes. She slipped a jaunty gray sports coat over her costume, and he rescued his topcoat and hat from the checkroom. They moved through the Promenade to Fifth Avenue, and when he would have hailed a taxi, she suggested that they walk.

They turned north on Fifth Avenue. The air was invigorating, the night was clear, exercise had sent young blood coursing through healthy young veins and there seemed to be no need for words. It was enough that they were together.

IT WAS not until they were moving along the light-studded reaches of Central Park north of Fifty-ninth Street that she broke the silence. She said, "Thanks, Mister. It worked wonderfully."

He grinned down at her. It was an oddly twisted grin which lighted up his whole face. "You needed to be snapped out of the doldrums," he told her.

"Right. And you did a first-rate job. It was fun."

"Why shouldn't it be?" He was keeping it light. "No one could help but enjoy my kind of skating."

"You didn't fall."

"And when you've said that, you've said it all." He changed the subject. "Think you'll sleep tonight?"

"Yes." Then, as an afterthought, "I hope so."

He saw the shadow that crossed her sensitive, expressive face. He said, "Chin up, honey. We'll figure a way out of it somehow."

"I know." When her eyes met his he saw that the old apprehension had returned. "I wish you'd stop worrying about it, Alan. It isn't your headache."

"Wrong again. Whatever bothers you is very much my headache."

"But this . . ." She was leaving her sentences hanging in the air. "There are some things that can be done, Alan—and some things that are impossible for ordinary mortals."

"But I'm not an ordinary mortal, Miss Foster. You should have learned that long ago."

"I did." Her voice was almost humble. "You're a trifle better than tops. Perhaps that's why I love you so much."

They did not speak again until they had swung eastward from the Avenue and reached the cozy lobby of the remodeled building in which she maintained an exceedingly modest apartment. "Coming up?" she inquired. "I can offer you a nightcap."

"Coming up," he assented, "but not for a nightcap. What I need is a kiss."

They went up to the fourth floor in the automatic elevator. She fished a key out of her bag and unlocked the door. He stepped inside with her, closed the door and took her in his arms.

They stayed that way for a long time. There was a fierce urgency in her kiss, in the pressure of her body against his. He was shaken, but he tried to smile. "That justifies everything," he said. His arms tightened again. "Old Doc Douglas giving orders," he said with mock severity. "You'll forget problems for tonight. You'll convince yourself that if anybody can do anything—I will."

He bent and kissed her hard on the lips. "Night, sweetheart," he said. Then he opened the door and closed it behind him. He felt very young and very happy, and very worried. It was easy enough to talk bravely about solving a problem which had no solution, and when he was with her he felt that he might accomplish the impossible. But the minute he left he realized afresh that it couldn't be done; that the thing which weighed her down was something which had to be faced with a courage which—however admirable—was nevertheless, hopeless.

His own apartment was less than a mile away. He walked with long, free-hipped strides through the chill night. At twenty-eight he was too young to remain whipped down by doubt. He had almost everything he might reasonably expect to have at his age: the beginnings of a promising engineering career, a fair salary, the love of a girl whom he adored. If only the cloud of trouble were not hovering over her. If only he might be privileged to make her smile with her eyes instead of with her lips alone. . . .

THE building in which he lived wasn't far from the East River. It was a fairly tall structure, rising superciliously above the bewildered tenements of a section which until quite recently had been slummy and unsightly. The doorman nodded, smiled and said, "There's a gentleman waiting to see you, Mr. Douglas. He's in the lobby."

Alan said, "Thanks," and walked inside. A man rose from a leather club chair and advanced toward him. He was a compact, well-groomed man about fifty years of age. His hair was iron-gray, his black eyes level and keen; the sort of man you'd expect to see in the best club or behind the desk of a lavish office. A gentleman, obviously. There was the faintest suggestion of a smile on his lips.

"Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes . . . ?"

"My name is Hamilton. Wayne Hamilton. I've been waiting to see you."

"So the doorman said." Alan instinctively liked this chap. He was clean-cut,

(Continued on page 30)

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MANILA EYE-WITNESS

Collier's correspondent's on-the-spot account from Manila. The dust and confusion of surprise war-from-the-blue is here; some of the pathos and even a little of the comedy. Those Filipinos are ready gamblers

By Royal Arch Gunnison
BY RADIO FROM MANILA

IT WAS exactly 3:10 in the morning. The air-raid siren was hitting its highest wail.

We stepped out of the door just as the first Japanese bombs hit Manila. A Japanese plane laid a stick of incendiary bombs across the runways and onto an empty hangar at Nichols Field. The whole deep-blue moonlit sky exploded into a flaming backdrop against which the nearer buildings were silhouetted. We could hear a Japanese pilot cut in his motor to pull out from the tracer crisscross of red balls of fire from anti-aircraft guns. He had cut off the motor and glided to his objective from a great height. Other bombs dropped and shook the earth.

High above, a steady double hum of Japanese bombers was unmistakable. Before long a new sound—the whine of the American and Philippine air corps interceptors—joined the others.

We couldn't see anything for the glare of fire. When we strained to look into the star-spotted sky all we saw was a blur of green, the color complement of the dazzling flame of explosion.

But we could hear fighters slashing through the night. We could tell that the bomber squadron had been broken up. The deep drone of the bombers and the higher whine of the pursuits filled the sky. The Japanese were driven off.

From our vantage point we saw people running for shelter. Every few feet they would hesitate and look back at the fires, then run on again. But there wasn't any panic.

There has been no panic since the first news of the surprise blitz on Hawaii and reports of the landing of Japanese forces here on this island of Luzon.

The Filipino population—nearly all of the islands' sixteen million—know of the solid conviction of the commander of the United States forces in the Far East, Lieutenant General Douglas MacArthur, that the Philippine Islands can be defended from attack.

They have heard this conviction expressed from the Campos to the high hill villages. They are determined to give every assistance to see that the MacArthur defense plan works.

Independence—as Scheduled

The average Filipino knows less about the strength of the United States Navy than he does about island defense plans. But he knows the Navy's reputation. He knows that the combined Anglo-Dutch-American fleets in the Pacific outnumber the Japanese navy—the fleet and air arm which reports of its blitz-and-run attack show to be scattered in many parts of the Pacific and Far East. Instead of shaking his confidence, the announcement of a declaration of war by the Axis on the United States only served to strengthen the determination of the average Filipino to defend his present position and what he believes will be his future independence when Japan is defeated.

The defeat of Japan by the American and British forces still means but one thing to most Filipinos—Independence by 1946.

You hear it discussed in official Filipino quarters something like this: "If there had been no war the chances of our even wanting to accept independence by 1946 were doubtful. But now we are going to defeat Japan. We'll halt their aggression. Once Japan is haltered and tied we'll be free to accept independence."

I mention this now at the height of the first continued wave of the Japanese air, sea and land attack, to illustrate what the average Filipino feels he has at stake. His morale is good. The troops are well armed.

Out in the provinces, civilians are being trained in defense against paratroops. While we know Germans were instructing the Japanese armed forces—including paratroops, some of whom I saw being trained outside Shanghai less than a year ago—there's no official confirmation that paratroops have been used, yet.

Plenty of Japanese aviators have bailed out of pursuits and bombers over these islands and at this writing they are thought to have been mistaken for paratroops.

The population has uncovered an amazing civilian-owned armament. Even in peacetime nearly every Filipino is a walking arsenal. Today he carries with him his whole personal armament from homemade revolvers, with barrels made of gaspipe, to his traditional keen-edged bolo in its collapsible scabbard.

The first problem faced by the Civilian Emergency Administration of the United States armed forces in the Far East was not so much civilian morale as fifth-column activities. While there has been nothing like the situation in

(Continued on page 43)

THREE LIONS

Prewar street scene in Manila. Building in the background is the Central Station, early objective of Japanese bombers

WIDE WORLD

In remote back country, a husky Filipino studies a recruiting poster that combines the American and Philippine flags

WIDE WORLD

One of the big guns that guard the Philippines' vast reaches of shore line. This ten-inch rifle has a Filipino crew

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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Our Fighting Men

MICHIGAN

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. Aside from a tightening up of guards and a restriction on passes 5TH DIV. issued to visitors, the immediate effect of the declaration of war was hardly spectacular at this fort, which had been on an alert status for a full week before the first bomb hit Oahu's Hickam Field. Some units of the 5th Division had long since been established in Iceland and the rest here at Custer were ready for almost anything. There was no discernible upturn in three-year enlistments, most of the men feeling that quick legislation would extend their service for the duration—and it was all right with them.

Outward signs were these: Steel rails uprooted from an abandoned railroad siding of 1917 vintage, and used recently as guard rails in a motor park, were hoisted onto flat cars and shipped to *steel mills for scrap—350 tons of stuff.* . . . Some 600 officers and 300 enlisted men who had been living in rented quarters off the post were ordered to sleep in barracks. . . . But the 5th Division's indoor polo team is going right ahead with its training and winter schedule.

ILLINOIS

SCOTT FIELD, Belleville. Ears of the Air Corps is the name the Army radio communications school has adopted in celebration of the new importance of the flying service. Some of it had been planned before, but it was just as war broke on the U.S. that the da-dit-dit-dit boys went on a 24-hour day basis, with classes in three shifts, six days a week. The number of classrooms had been doubled and St. Louis volunteer hostesses are seeing less of fewer boys.

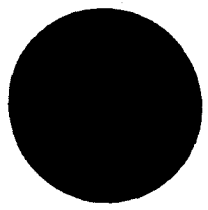
AS WAS to be expected, a great many temporary heroes popped up here and there. During the first week of hostilities, headquarters of the third military area in St. Louis got calls from men of various ages who offered their services, with conditions attached. "Some of them," an officer said, "seemed to think we're still back in Civil War days, when a man who had a good horse could get a major's commission for the asking. We've had calls from men who said they'd even be willing to serve as captains. Hell's bells!"

UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. It was a tough Merry Christmas and Happy New Year for many Air Corps families, who had their plum but didn't like it, Plum being the code word for the jumping-off place to destinations unknown. It will probably be two months before the families will know where the men have gone. Even an innocent little

(Continued on page 46)

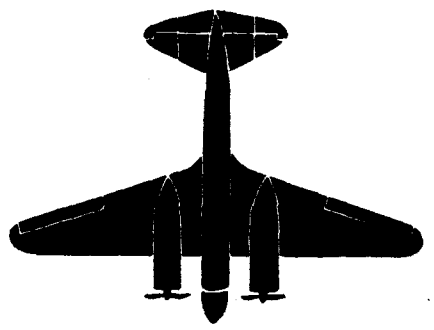
Based on the latest information available in this country, the pictures shown here are silhouettes of German, Japanese and Italian planes that might reach continental United States. Cut these pages out for ready reference



THE JAPANESE INSIGNIA: A SOLID RED CIRCLE

THESE ARE THE AXIS PLANES TO LOOK FOR

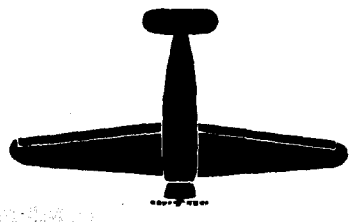
JAPAN



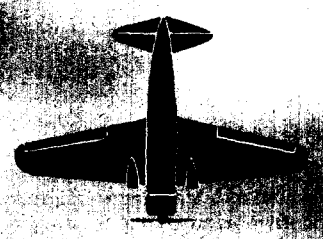
MIKADO HEAVY BOMBER

KINSEI BOMBER

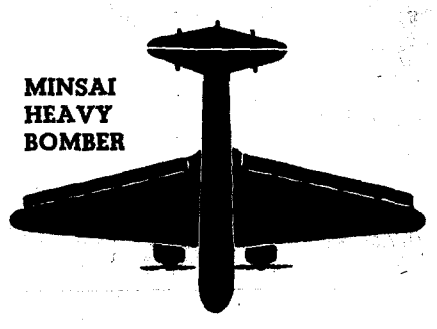
KAWANISHI TORPEDO BOMBER



NAVY CARRIER DIVE BOMBER

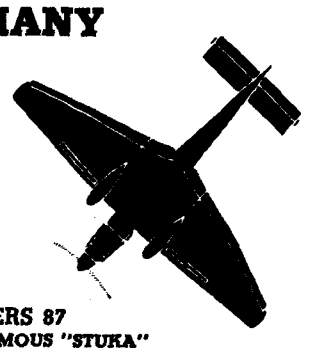


NAKAJIMA LIGHT BOMBER



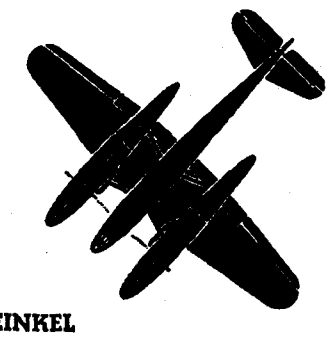
MINSAI HEAVY BOMBER

GERMANY

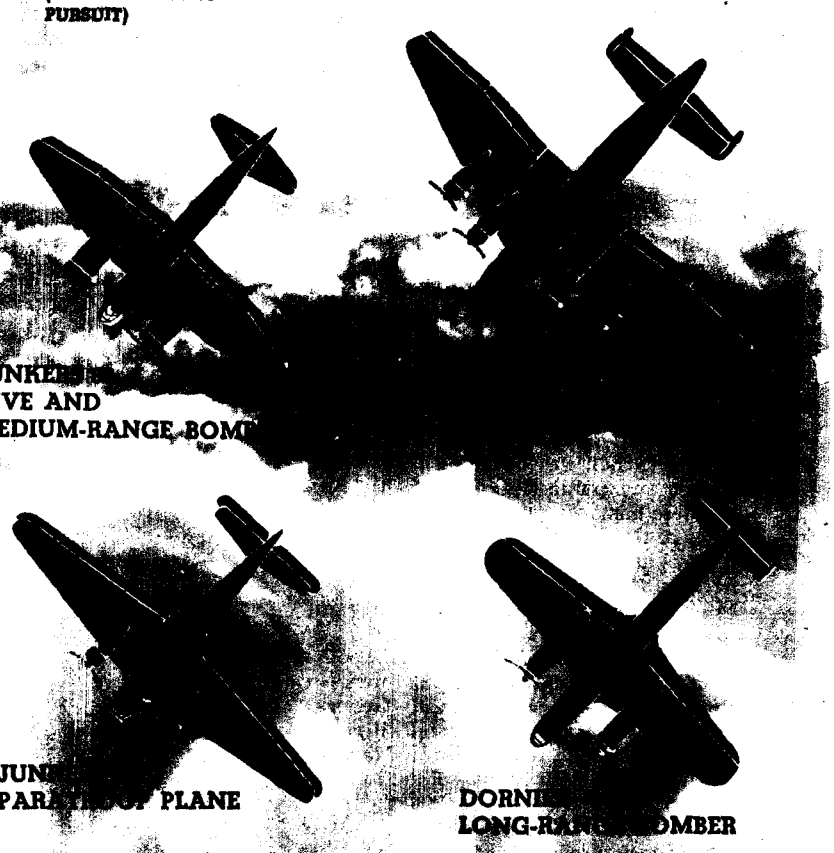


JUNKERS 87 (THE FAMOUS "STUKA" OR DIVE BOMBER)

MESSERSCHMITT (THE MOST FAMOUS PURSUIT)



HEINKEL TORPEDO BOMBER

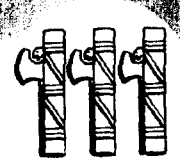


JUNKERS DIVE AND MEDIUM-RANGE BOMBER

JUN PARA OP PLANE

DORNIER LONG-RA OMBER

ITAL



THE ITALIAN INSIGNIA: THREE FASCES ON A WHITE CIRCULAR BACKGROUND

CAPRONI MILITARY TRANSPORT

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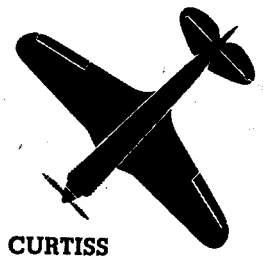
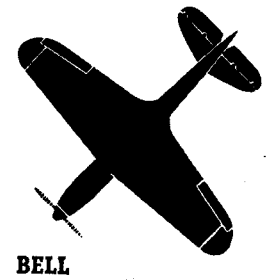
THESE ARE OUR PLANES

PURSUITS OR FIGHTERS



CURTISS
TOMAHAWK

BREWSTER
BUFFALO
(NAVY CARRIER FIGHTER)



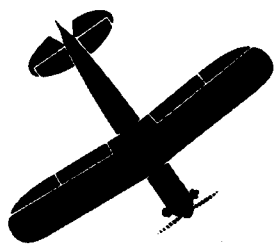
BELL
AIRACOBRA

BREWSTER
BUCCANEER
(NAVY SCOUT DIVE BOMBER)

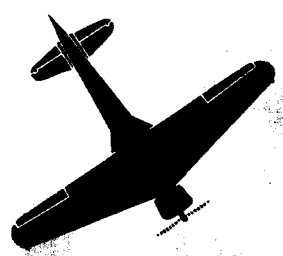
REPUBLIC
LANCER

VULTEE
VANGUARD
(R.A.F.)

TRAINERS



RYAN
(ARMY)

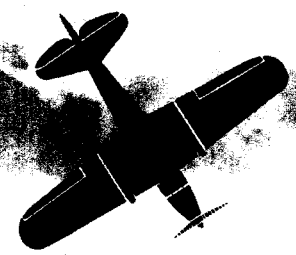


CURTISS

LOCKHEED
LIGHTNING

GRUMMAN
WILDCAT
(NAVY LIGHT DIVE BOMBER)

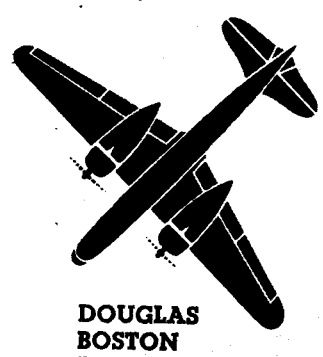
NORTH AMERICAN
MUSTANG



FAIRCHILD
(ARMY)

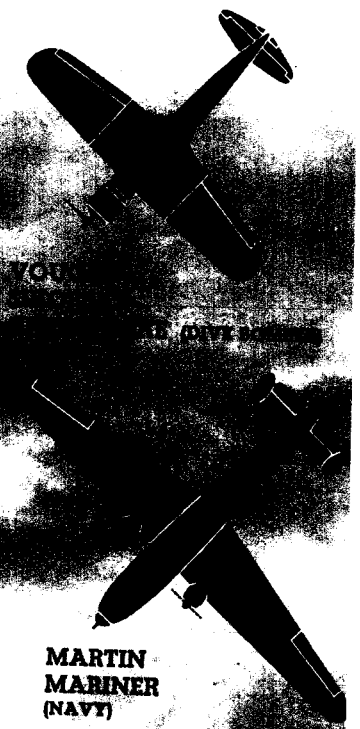
[illegible]ARMAN
[illegible]MY AND NAVY)

BOMBERS



DOUGLAS
BOSTON
(R.A.F.)

CONSOLIDATED
PBY-5



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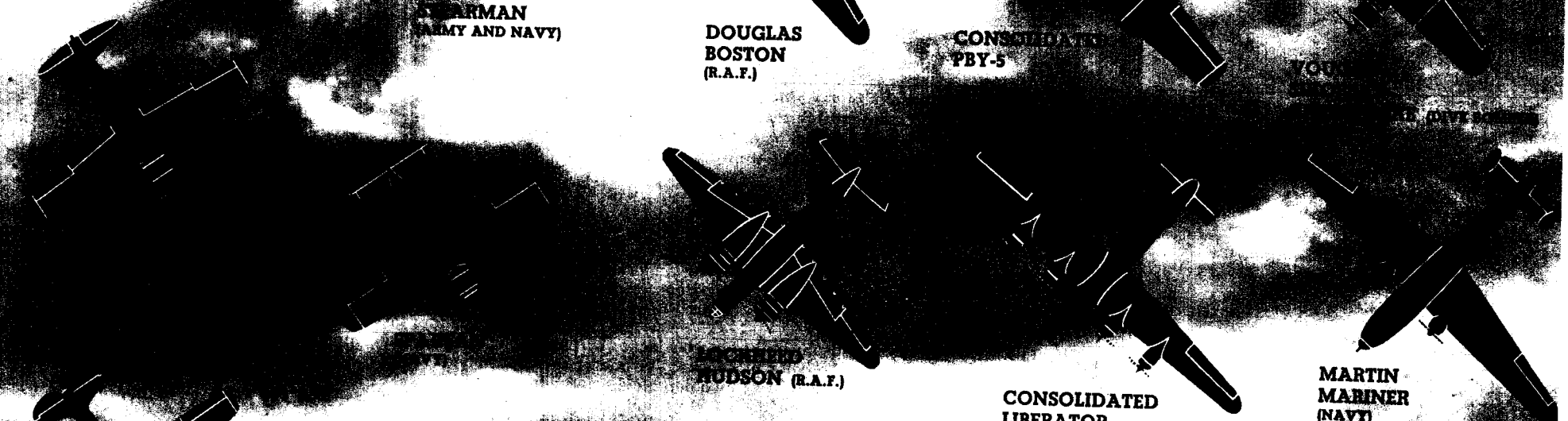

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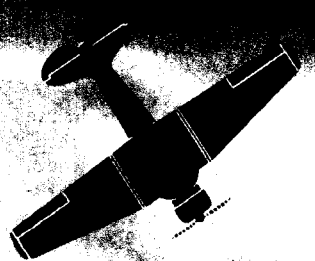
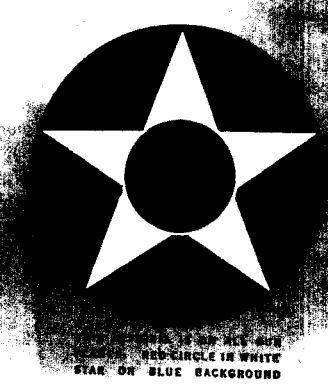
HUDSON (R.A.F.)

CONSOLIDATED
LIBERATOR

MARTIN
MARINER
(NAVY)



NORTH AMERICAN
HARVARD



RED CIRCLE IN WHITE
STAR ON BLUE BACKGROUND

BOEING
FLYING
FORTRESS

MARTIN
MARYLAND
(ATTACK BOMBER)

NORTH
AMERICAN B-25

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bruce Cabot, screen star, posing in what is obviously not the great outdoors. That snow effect is only a bedsheet but the costume is exactly right

If you don't want to ski you can always watch the skiers. This is Mr. Cabot watching very comfortably, wearing over his ski clothes a duffel coat, the kind worn in the Royal Navy on convoy duty. The mountain hat is snarky stuff

Mr. Cabot, in his stockinged feet, is not committing a social error. This is the way the skiing maniacs recuperate after a hard day. The fire, you will note, is a fake

By Henry L. Jackson

IF YOU think you look handsome only when you are tanned to the color of an old saddle, you can acquire that outdoors look in two ways: (a) on the beach, and (b) while breaking your neck skiing. It's the same sun. The difference is in the tempo, the temperature and the equipment you'll need.

For skiing, you need clothes for the actual fun, for after skiing and for watching the excitement. Also, the business is very formal; you'll want to look in style.

For active ski wear, you'll need this outfit: Downhill trousers of gabardine, preferably in navy, but also good in other shades of blue, tan or gray. Long underwear of double-layer cotton (yellow or fireman's red); a flannel shirt; a peasant-pattern sweater with *ski neck and long sleeves; windproof* cotton jacket or parka; heavy wool ski socks; ski boots; ski cap or headband; woolen gloves and wind mitts.

No small part of the fun comes after skiing, sitting around a fire at the hotel or lodge and swapping ski stories (same class as fish tales). You'll want to shed your boots in a hurry. You'll want something comfortable on your feet, such as the soft knit-type slippers known as Opanks, fur-pile slippers, or the lamb-lined Norwegian peasant slippers. If you like, just sit around in your stockinged feet. Plenty of skiers do. You'll also shed your jacket or parka and wear your flannel shirt or colorful ski sweater. At dinner slip on a sports jacket.

For spectator wear, which means watching the others risk their lives, wear your regular ski shoes or the new sheep-*lined boots with rubber soles that keep* your feet warm and also keep you from slipping. Slip on a warm overcoat, muffler and gloves and you're ready for a walk in the snow or to hop around to a movie.

IF YOU'D rather sop up the sun in the south you'll need appropriate clothing for that, too. There are three main categories of clothing for Southern resort wear: daytime, evening and beach. For general daytime wear you'll find the loafer coat, shirt-and-slack combination more comfortable. If you're going to the races (dog or horse) and for Sunday-night tea dances, a sports jacket with flannel trousers, a regular shirt and

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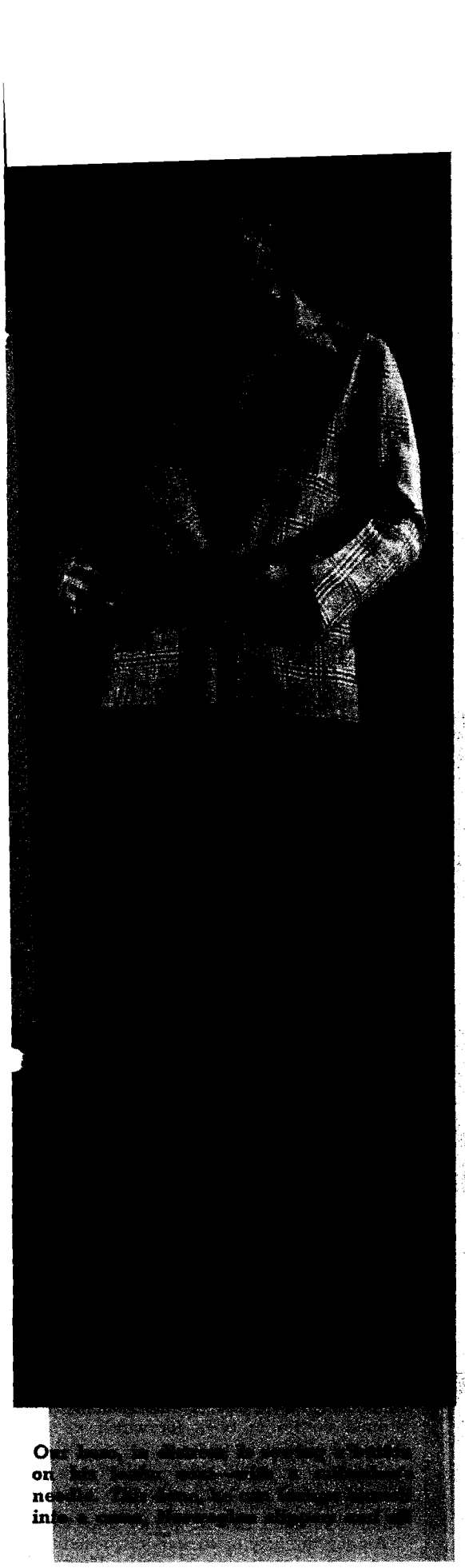

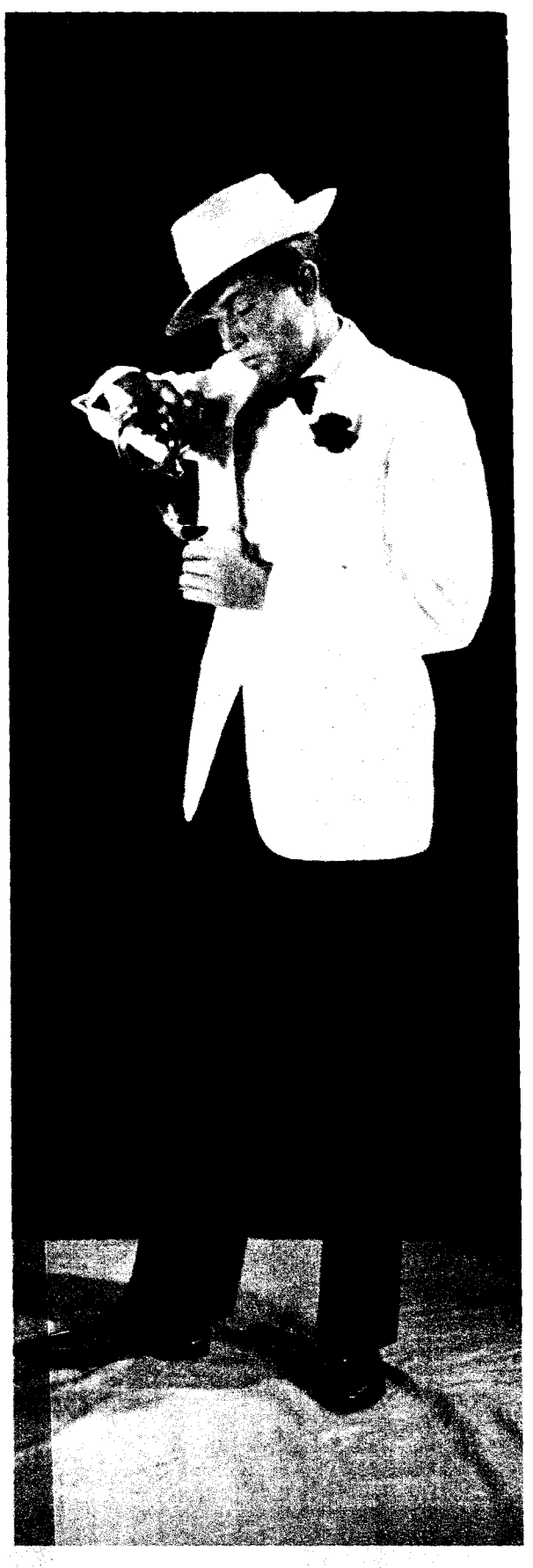

Out here, on display in our shop, is the kind on [illegible] needs. This [illegible] in a sunny Norwegian slippery sort of

in which Mr. Cabot hangs up his ype swim trunks to dry. The as- m swimming, a likely story. The ican Fuji cloth and is very natty

All fitted out for evening, including a snort. White dinner jacket, straw hat with white band, and those eternal Norwegian slippers he probably sleeps in

tie and sports shoes are more appropriate. Don't forget a colorful belt to wear with your slacks, sunglasses and a pair of Norwegian peasant slippers—still the most popular of all shoes for informal daytime wear.

Evening clothes are required at most night clubs, large hotels and gala nights. A white dinner jacket, single- or double-breasted, is correct for Southern evening wear, with a slight edge on the single-breasted variety. These come in Palm Beach, linen, tropical worsteds and any number of synthetic fabrics. The dress trousers you wear with them match the material of the jacket, but are black, with a single braid striping down the side. The cummerbund, which is a kind of pleated sash, is worn in place of a waistcoat. If you wear a double-breasted jacket you won't need a waistcoat or cummerbund, but keep your jacket buttoned. Cummerbunds come in black, maroon, dark green and midnight blue. They're all correct, although black is preferred.

You'll want a collar-attached dress shirt with either a pleated bosom or soft front. Your evening tie may be a dark maroon if you like, but the black tie is more conservative, with the square-end shape most popular. Colored evening studs, with cuff links to match, are worn with summer evening clothes and are good in maroon, dark blue and green to simulate precious stones. Your black evening socks may be plain or ribbed. Patent-leather pumps, oxfords or the new patent-leather Norwegian peasant slippers are all appropriate—pick the type that you prefer. As for your head, try a fancy straw hat such as the coconut or silk palm with a white band.

For beach wear you can choose from several types of swim trunks. Most popular this season are the light tan poplin boxer type, with shirred elastic waistband, like a regular boxer's trunks. If you have a physique you're proud of you might try a South Sea island print. It's a hot-looking number, but you'll find it on all the Southern beaches. You'll also need a lightweight robe for traveling, which can double for beach wear, and a pair of beach shoes.

The outlay for a vacation wardrobe isn't as stiff as it seems. Your ski suit will last many winters; and practically everything recommended for Southern wear can be worn at resorts next summer. If you need help in locating anything let us know. ★★★

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BEACH PARTY

By Fanning Hearon

While their ships' war wounds are being treated here, British sailors can forget the war in recreation camps. We visit one of these camps in a mountain wilderness far from the sea

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Chief Petty Officer Sam Skipper distributes the beer to his shipmates, at a dime a bottle, at the Catoctin Recreation Area in northern Maryland. Beer money goes for more beer. Men are crews of British ships here for repairs

Girls come from Washington for the Saturday-night dances. Here's Able Seaman Church and Agnes Griffin

Nickie Nixon, below, is a former wrestler and prize fighter and takes charge when the play gets too rough

AFTER we left the gentle little town of Thurmont, Maryland, we started up along a winding road that never seemed to get more than a few feet away from the grumbling of a rain-fattened mountain creek. A quilt of fog wrapped around us, and the screeching wind gave the car ill-natured shoves every now and then, and slapped dead leaves against the windshield, where they stuck fast in the misty muck.

We crawled along painfully, driving blind, until at last a couple of lanterns smiled feebly up at us from the ground, and a few feet farther we saw lighted windows.

"Hi sigh, there, blighter, did you bring any women?" The northern England accent was heavier than the fog. The last place in the world to find the British navy, but there it was.

High on top of the Catoctin Recreation Area in northern Maryland, hidden in the forests of the upper Alleghenies, was the crew of H.M.S. Agamemnon, mine layer in the Royal Navy.

The rustic hall of the camp was a solid lump of noise. A chief petty officer, surrounded by beer bottles, was twisting from a guitar a rollicking melody, and a couple of dozen thick-throated sailors blared out a ditty:

"There's a troopship just leaving Bombay"
—And as a man, a gulp of beer—
"Bound for old blighty shore,
Heavily laden with time-expired men,
Bound for the land they adore.
And there's many a sailor who's taken his time,
And many a twerp signing on.
But they'll get no promotion
On that side the ocean,
So cheer up, me lads, bless 'em all."

Mike Williams, superintendent of the National Park Service area, brought over two of the sailors, dressed in the predominant uniform of blue pants and jerseys with fine edgings of underwear showing around the V-shaped necks. Their greetings, as much of them as we could understand through the accents and surrounding racket, were amicable, though we were busting into their private party and intruding into the last night of relaxation they would have for heaven knows how long. It was Friday, and tomorrow the men returned to their ship, which was in dock at Baltimore, sixty miles away, for what officials cagily described as a routine "refitting." We found our fingers closing automatically around bottles of beer, for which we were not allowed to pay.

"And it's not lend-lease, neither," a singsong cockney voice told us with a chuckle. "And neither are them women, so don't tike no wrong steps."

Among the fifty or so war-toughened men was a scattering of girls. They danced with the boys, trying hard to follow the enthusiastic prancings of sailors on vacation. They locked arms and sang and drank beer, and occasionally sat on a seagoing lap on the benches in front of the huge open fireplace at one end of the long room.

The Catoctin camp is one of seven up and down the Atlantic coast where British sailors, dumped in a strange country while their ships are patched up in American yards, are given a taste of peace. "First night up," one of the men said, "the wind was howling and the rain was flying and it truly wasn't so much different from the sea. But since then, it's been quiet, with only trees and moon, until tonight again—the night before we leave. It's a bloody fine country."

The men are taken to the camps by our Navy; they eat food bought by our Navy with funds allotted to an

(Continued on page 42)

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Winter Running

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Both the girl and the boy wondered why he gave so much to a game with so few rewards. They reached understanding together

THE snow fell without sound. It dropped in slow, straight lines, in large, reluctant flakes. The students hurrying through it showed as dark, impersonal shapes against the half tones and lights of the college town and they and not the snow seemed to be out of place.

The tall boy waiting on a corner of the snowy campus was growing impatient. Helen was late and he didn't like it.

When her car stopped near him, appearing suddenly out of the snow, he laughed in relief and pleasure. "Get in, Anson," the girl said. "I'm surprised to find you still here. You're the only boy around that I couldn't be sure would wait for me."

"I suppose I ought to feel flattered," Anson Roberts said slowly. The laughter had gone quickly from him.

"You should," she said. "Where do you want to go?"

"I leave that to you," he said. "I don't know the joy spots of this particular campus heaven."

"I almost suspect you of irony," Helen said. "But you ought to tell me just as a matter of principle. Get masculine and assert yourself."

"You know," Anson said, "someone might think you were looking for trouble."

She smiled in the faint light. "I'm relying on your being in training, Anson. When do you have to be home? When *must* you be there?"

"Ten o'clock."

"To be ready for tomorrow's last great battle in the West?" She regretted immediately the attempt at irony. When he was silent for a moment she thought she had hurt him, and for some reason obscure at the moment grew alarmed; perhaps, part of her conceded unwillingly, it was a fear of losing him.

"Look," he said, speaking slowly; "why do you bother with somebody that runs cross-country? You should be going around slaying the big shots on the football team instead of bothering with me."

"I guess it's maybe just the novelty," Helen said. "They can be slain so easily." She had intended to be funny, but the quality of her voice—a thing she had not intended—made them both quiet, almost grave. The moving car made the snow seem to be falling faster and more thickly than it was.

"Look," Anson said, "maybe you'd better stop the car."

SHE braked it slowly to a stop and looked at him. In that light she looked a little puzzled to him and perhaps she was. Anson's hands on her shoulders had a peculiar wiry strength and he kissed her gravely.

"You are certainly a very serious young man, Anson," she said.

"You seemed to be in doubt about something or other," he said.

"Not a thing, friend," she said. "I think you're pretty special." When he didn't speak, but just continued to look at her, she said, "Listen, Anson, I like sitting here with you, but it's cold. What objection have you to going back to the

He sensed something wrong and called to his men to get out of the ditch. "That's a come-on," he yelled, timing his words to fit the rhythm of his breathing

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sorority house with me and looking in on the dance?"

"None," he said, "except that I can't dance."

"Why, you danced very well last week."

"I mean that, what with a race on tomorrow, I'm not supposed to dance."

"Well, I can show you off, anyhow," she said.

"That sounds like a crack," he said, as she started the car.

"It wasn't. Tell me," she went on, "why is your race tomorrow so special? I know why the football game is, but—"

"The race isn't a very special one," he said, "except that we're starting and finishing in the stadium over at State. It's a chance for the cross-country men to run before a crowd. It's also the last race for some of us. We haven't been very good runners."

She was a girl wise for her age and her time, and she knew enough now to be quiet, and her mind put together the pieces that were what he had said and the pieces that were what he had not said. He had been a novelty, as she had told him. His good looks, combined with the asceticism that was obviously such a strain in him, had intrigued her, been a challenge. But now, and quite suddenly, she liked him a great deal.

They didn't speak for the rest of the brief drive to the neocolonial house where she lived with a number of other girls.

On the porch, Anson hesitated. "I don't think I'll go in," he said.

"Why not?"

"I don't think I'd particularly enjoy watching you dance with someone else."

She nodded slowly.

"And I'd like to sleep well tonight, not be disturbed," he went on. "I have to run six miles tomorrow."

THE idea of anyone running six miles in snow and cold appalled her. She wondered why they did it and was afraid that if she asked she might be misunderstood. She did not want him to misunderstand her. But she heard herself saying, "I wonder which concerns you most? My being with someone else at this dance, or your being disturbed so that your running might be hurt tomorrow?"

In the half-light he grinned. "We talk as if we've known each other a longer time than we have. Let's say you were right the first time."

"But it's pretty mixed up in your mind, isn't it?" she said.

He shrugged. "Nothing is simple. It's just as well to be intense about running when you're young as about a lot of other things. And it ends tomorrow—for me, anyhow—and then there can be other things to be intense about." They looked at each other in silence for a moment, the tall boy and the girl with the full mouth and the delicate hollows under the cheekbones. Then he added, "You, for instance."

When she came up to him, raising her head, it was with enough passion to surprise him. A couple going into the dance passed by them, but neither Anson nor the girl knew it.

"Look," he said. "You'll meet me tomorrow after the race, after the game?"

She nodded. "I'm sorry, though. I don't imagine I've helped you much tonight."

"Oh, you haven't hurt me any." He kissed her again, more quietly, and then turned and began to walk through the snow to his dormitory. He kept wanting to laugh in a kind of sheer pleasure and when he did so, silently, he could feel the still-falling snow come into his mouth. Everything he did or touched seemed a new experience to him.

He woke in the morning feeling curiously exhilarated. Usually the day of a race found him grim and tense, the prospect of pain to come working in his mind with less and less subtlety as the time for the race neared. The others of the team were at the training table over their steak breakfast when he got to the refectory. Someone had seen him getting into Helen's car last night and they began to ride him. He found that he didn't mind it.

After breakfast they wandered out as a group into the cold air. The campus was in a mild flurry of excitement. Filled cars, their bumpers almost touching the tires, pulled out noisily for the forty-mile journey to the stadium at State where the game would be. Anson Roberts caught himself looking at the cars for some glimpse of Helen, and when he did not see her, wanted to go to the house where she lived. But he stayed with the group of runners.

"Would you mind signing this? My husband'll never believe a tree ran into me!" FRITZ WILKINSON

In midmorning, they took the small bus reserved for them and followed the larger busses with the football team in them across the flat Midwestern prairie land. Before noon they were seated in the refectory of the bigger school, trying to eat the toast and honey and black tea that were all they were allowed for lunch. Morrison, the middle-aged coach, stood over them like a kind of gangling and avuncular guardian angel. He had not spoken to them on the bus and they had felt this unduly and begun to remember again that they had not been very good runners.

AND now in the cold December air, Anson Roberts and the others made their way through the gathering crowd to the locker rooms under the great stadium. Because they were in rough clothes and had about them the lean, strained appearance of highly conditioned men, the crowd looked at them, thinking they might be football players, then noticing the slightness or ranginess of their builds and losing interest, turned away.

Morrison was waiting for them in the dressing room. They noticed now his lean face and hawk nose with the surprisingly bland eyes. They knew he had not slept. He never slept the night before one of his teams ran.

They dressed slowly, feeling the tension mounting in them until, for the less-experienced ones, it was all but unbearable, the ball of nerves in their bellies hard and constricting. The smell of the wintergreen in the rubbing oil was somehow their only consolation.

THEY were dressed now, in this place of strangers, so much more an elaborate dressing room and bigger stadium than their own. The wool quarter-sleeved shirts, the cut-off winter underwear to cover their thighs, the brief running trunks over that, and the wool jumpers over all. In their hands they carried the gloves they would wear and the cross-country shoes, with short, blunted spikes in both soles and heels. It was the last time they would run together. They had not been very good runners and they were conscious of this, now that it was the last time.

Anson Roberts felt almost as tense as the younger runners. Naïvely, he felt that if he thought of Helen it would be as a kind of touchstone to return him to quietness again. Thinking of her did not help, though, so he began to think of how today he should do well, because he had never run before a crowd until today; because it was the last time and he knew himself well enough to know that the emotion of a departure or any kind of severance would always work strongly in him. He saw himself leading the straggling and exhausted pack home through the wide doors flung open in the end of the great stadium. . . .

Morrison was talking to them. They had heard most of the talk before. The kind of strategy to be used. How they were to try to stay together as a team. Not to let any of the home team take them out in too fast a pace. It was a six-mile race and six miles was a long way to go.

He would like them to win today, Morrison told them, not for his own or even the school's sake, but for their own. "What distinguishes man from the animals as a physical being," he said, "is that sometimes man can find it in himself to surpass himself. This is a hard game you men have chosen to play. No one asked you to play it. Out of it you get nothing except the ability to think on your feet while in pain. To think on your feet while in pain." His voice grew vague; he was not a very articulate man; they were even surprised by what he said today.

It was, Anson Roberts supposed, a kind of appeal to pride. There were some things that made a man different from any living thing. If you disregarded them, if they withered through disuse, it was at your peril. Sometime or other at your peril. He would not need these things today, though, he thought. He had something the others did not have—Helen.

They warmed up outside the stadium and, between the first and second quarters of the football game, went into the stadium and stood, shivering and jogging on the running track, waiting for the start. The great crowd stared at them curiously. Some of the girls giggled and some of the drunks hooted. The score of the football game, the runners saw, was already 7-0 against their own team. The starter, bundled in a raccoon coat, gave them no instructions as at a track meet. This contest was a rawer thing, less subtle than the patterned events of a track meet. Or so they all thought. The runners removed their woolen jumpers.

THE gun went off, its sound almost lost in the buzz of the big, concrete bowl. There was a slight hush at the novel sight of half-naked men running in the cold. The runners themselves, unused to an audience, made the three-quarter circuit of the track a little too fast before disappearing through the opened gates at the end of the big stadium.

Outside, the change was abrupt, but the runners felt freer, now in their own element. A cross wind cut bitterly between their moving arms and legs and the ground was unevenly hard, the spikes sometimes sinking into it, sometimes clawing along the surface. The puddles had only thin ice over them and when the runners struck the ice they broke through and the water splashed on their legs and ran down and wet their heavy woolen socks.

They ran in a loose, attenuated group. Two of the scarlet jerseys of the home team showed in front, the forest green of the visitors following them almost tentatively as though to feel and sense the pace, to have their own complicated and mysterious sense of timing tell them whether it was too fast or slow for the existing conditions.

At the end of a mile they were loosened up and running freely, but the pack had started to string out. Three or four of each team ran up near the lead. At two miles they were still running easily but the effort had begun to hurt them. Their breaths came in long gasps, but this in itself was deceptive, for they could run, breathing like that, a long time.

Anson Roberts, up with the leaders, saw that one of the home team had shifted down into a ditch where the going was softer, almost muddy. He was a little runner and looked tired. Anson saw two of his own teammates, the two best, follow the little runner through the mud. Anson himself was beginning to tire, or rather to hurt. They distinguished sharply between being tired and being hurt. But he sensed something wrong and called to his own men to get out of the ditch.

One of them turned his head slowly;

(Continued on page 53)

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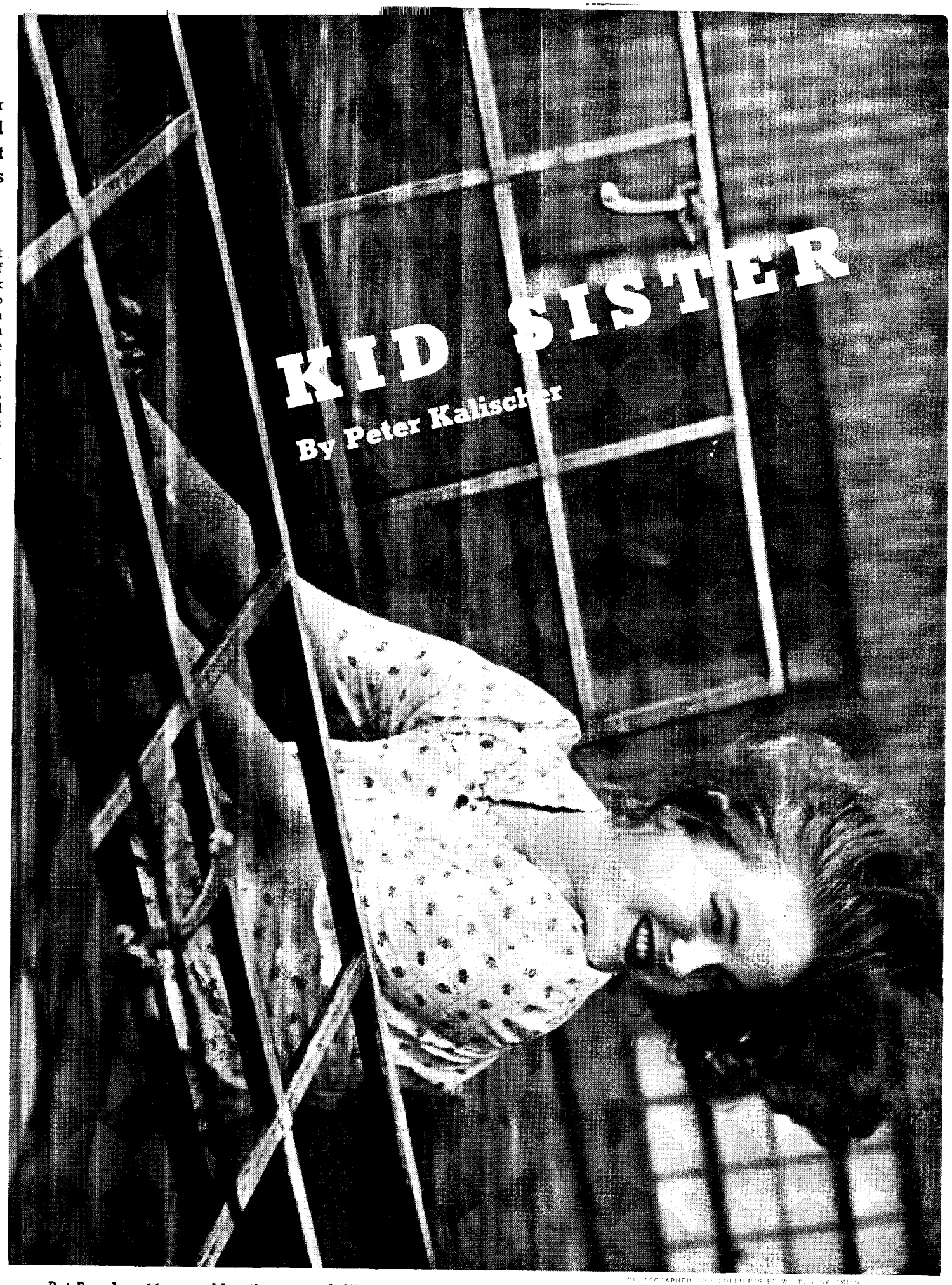
KID SISTER

By Peter Kalischer

Have you a little brat in your home? Yes? Then you will recognize her reflection in Pat Peardon, the star of Junior Miss



Pat Peardon, 16-year-old acting marvel, likes to hang out her eighth-story window because it annoys Mamma

THE light from the solitary 400-watt bulb hanging over the bare stage of the Lyceum Theater in New York was harsh on the faces of the girls who got up one after the other to read from the script handed them. They had been reading and marching across that stage for a week—short girls, tall girls, slim girls, fat girls—700 of them. They were trying out for the part of Judy Graves, the fat, bumptious thirteen-year-old heroine of Sally Benson's Junior Miss stories, which had been whipped into a play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields and was now in the painful process of being cast.

In the third row of the orchestra, assuming various degrees of exhaustion, sat the two playwrights, Miss Benson, producer Max Gordon and Moss Hart, who was making his solo flight as director and was beginning to wonder if he should ever have given up, even temporarily, the snap job of writing hits with George Kaufman. Wearily Hart waved his hand.

"That's all for Judy," he called out. "Let's try Lois a while."

Lois is Judy's sixteen-year-old sister. Lois is supposed to be slim and poised, where Judy is pudgy and gauche. Lois is already aware that a pair of pants drapes other knees than her father's.

The third candidate for Lois stepped forward. She was chunky, blond, and suspiciously baby-faced. Her hair was coiffed high and her mouth was strongly outlined in a rather ghastly shade of purple. She teetered a little on three-inch spike heels.

"Wait a minute," Hart interrupted, after she had read three lines. "Do you always wear your hair that way?"

The girl hesitated, then admitted that most of the time she wore it in a long bob.

Hart suggested, "Suppose you let your hair down, get off those stilts and wipe that awful lipstick off your face."

The girl's lip began to tremble, but she did as she was told.

"Now here," said Hart, handing her Judy's part, "—read."

The girl read. After a few minutes the worried contingent in the third row began to smile, then to nudge one another. Judy had been found.

Boon for the Stage

Judy is Patricia Cameron Peardon, *just* sixteen, who looks fifteen offstage and acts her thirteen-year-old part as though she had been that age for most of her life. When Junior Miss—on the crest of rave notices in Washington, Boston and Wilmington—opened in New York, one metropolitan critic (Burns Mantle) went so far out on a limb as to declare: "Not since Helen Hayes played the loveliest of all stage youngsters in Dear Brutus and the happiest of adolescent heroines in Babs has a young actress carried her authors' scenes and play to so happy a finale."

As Judy Graves, Patricia is one of those rare and holy incarnations of the theater—an actress that completely satisfies both the author's and the audience's conception of a character. Patricia plays Judy in a way to make you wonder whether she could have been born for any other reason, or the part written with anybody else in mind. Lightning doesn't strike like this often, and in this case it didn't strike entirely by accident. Patricia is a first-rate lightning conductor.

She is the budding adolescent with a technicolored imagination and an insatiable appetite. In Junior Miss, when her Uncle Willis turns up after an absence of ten years, she is convinced he came straight out of the penitentiary. ("I hope he doesn't get bitter," she tells her side-kick, Fuffy. "In Criminal Code, Ty Power was very bitter.") All solicitude, she has the maid bring Uncle Willis chocolate cake and milk—hesitates, undergoes agonies of temptation, and finally devours it all herself.

Her career began at the age of nine when she sauntered into a radio station to visit her father—Roswell Cameron Peardon, now a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Naval Reserve—and was tapped for a small part in a New Year's Day broadcast of James Barrie's A Kiss for Cinderella.

The man who cast her was enchanted by her long blond curls and angelic face, but the advertising executive who listened to the broadcast was impressed with her voice and offered her a spot on his program. Mrs. Alice Hargreaves, Lewis Carroll's Alice In Wonderland, had died and Pat was picked to play one of Alice's childhood friends.

For seven years, thereafter, Pat rode the air waves, probably the prettiest unseen actress in the business. She played on countless soap-opera serials. On one program she established some sort of record by impersonating, on various occasions, Louisa May Alcott, Snow White, Princess Elizabeth of England and Stalin's daughter, Svetlana.

"I dearly loved Svetlana," relates Pat. "She bought me my first evening gown."

Svetlana kept bobbing up in the program so frequently that Patricia developed an excellent Russian accent. She soon graduated to other foreign inflections and when Adolf Hitler roared through one country after another, Pat portrayed in turn the distress of Austrian,

(Continued on page 52)

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ALDER GULCH

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by Warren G. Baumgartner

The Story Thus Far:

IN PORTLAND, Oregon, Jeff Pierce kills a brutal sea captain, in self-defense. Unwilling to take chances with a jury that might be prejudiced, he evades the authorities and makes his way to Virginia City, near which gold has recently been struck. On the long and arduous journey, he is accompanied by a girl—Diana Castle—who is running away from her father, because he has been trying to force her to marry a man she does not love.

Arrived at Virginia City, Diana (who has very little money) starts a small bakery. Pierce stakes out a claim in near-by Alder Gulch. . . . Secretly directed by the sheriff—Henry Plummer—a band of crooks, road agents and killers is operating in the Gulch area. Among the worst of the lot are George Ives (whom Pierce detests, and who detests Pierce), "Rube" Ketchum, Bob Zachary, Steve Marshland and a deputy sheriff, Jack Gallegher. One of their first victims is Barney Morris, a friend of Pierce. Believing that Morris is carrying his gold with him, they kill him. But they find no gold—Pierce has taken it to Bannack, a few miles away, and deposited it at the stage office there.

A short time later, George Ives and Marshland attempt to hold up a stage coach that Pierce is driving as a favor for one of the owners of the line. Forewarned of the attack by Ollie Rounds (who, friendly toward Pierce, has been forced, against his will, to join the gang), Ben Scoggins, one of Pierce's friends, is among the passengers. Another passenger is "Cap" Boyd, who is en route to Salt Lake with his "dust." When Ives and Marshland ride toward the coach, Scoggins assists Pierce in driving them away.

But Boyd does not reach Salt Lake. That night—after Pierce has helped him to slip out of Bannack, unobserved, Marshland and Ives catch him, shoot him to death. Then—when the bandits learn that Pierce has turned over Morris' gold to a freight outfit headed for Salt Lake—they hold up the outfit, take the gold.

Another holdup follows quickly. This time, a man named Jack Hilton is robbed, murdered. While the crime is still being discussed, Archie Caples, a prospector who lives near Pierce, is robbed, killed. Pierce, in the dead man's cabin, finds a hat near the body. George Noon, a prospector, is with Pierce at the time. "Know whose hat that is, Jeff?" he asks. "No," Pierce replies, "but I can find out."

VII

THE call started in the Gulch on the morning following Archie Caples' death and by afternoon three hundred miners whose claims lay around Virginia City had gathered about a roaring fire near Archie's cabin.

There was no particular leadership to the crowd, for the habit of live and let live was very strong. But men grouped up and talked the matter over and the mass feeling was clearer than it had ever been. Those who had been indifferent were now shocked into violent anger, and many of those who had been afraid now found comfort in the general sentiment. Archie Caples had been well known and well liked, the killing had been brutal and near at hand. If lightning struck this close it was only a matter of time before it came still closer. That was the tone of the talk. Now and then some man, growing bolder, mentioned the one concrete way by which the Gulch could be cleansed.

A miner from Summit way first openly said it: "We'll get nowhere at all by talking. Everybody knows it, too. Get your men and hang 'em."

George Noon remained a skeptic. "Hang who?"

"We can pick some good candidates on short order," said the Summit man.

"Who'll kick the box from under 'em?" asked George Noon, and found no immediate takers. He said then: "Talkin's one thing, doin' is another. You boys are just lettin' off steam."

Pierce moved through the crowd, listening to the slow bubble and rumble of the various conversations; and saw the same defect George Noon had noted. Three hundred miners, if they wished, could sweep the Gulch clean from Summit to Junction. But these men were still individuals; they were not yet pulled together. Occasionally somebody stopped him to ask about the hat, whereupon he would answer, "Haven't found out about it yet," and move on.

Jim Williams arrived, carefully assaying the temper of the meeting but not adding any particular remark of his own. Parris Pfouts appeared with Neil Howie. John Lott, from Nevada City, came by, as did half a dozen other townsmen definitely on the right side of the fence. Gradually, as the afternoon wore on, sentiment began to weld the crowd; everything had been talked over and convictions were pretty well arrived at. Somebody again asked Pierce about the hat.

"Haven't been to town yet to look into it," he answered.

THE crowd waited for him to continue, and he observed that Williams and the townsmen waited. These townsmen, long biding their time, now felt the opportune moment had arrived. The miners were ready to act and needed only the voice of one man who would shape their sentiments, who would step out in front and take control. Thoroughly understanding this, the townsmen waited for Pierce to do the logical thing. But he did not rise to the opportunity. He remained silent, not trusting this crowd which once had washed away its convictions in a flood of tears. What had to be done for Archie Caples, he would do himself.

A miner named McMurtry said: "The stage has been braced three times in a week. A man with any money on him is a sure mark for a holdup or for a killing. We're fat cows for the toughs. Every once in a while when the toughs want meat, they just lead out another fat cow and slaughter it. What's the matter with spunk? We could roll down this gulch and tear every hurdy-gurdy and joint to the ground in half an hour. We could run every tough out of town before dark came."

Someone deep in the crowd called, "Well, let's do it."

McMurtry said at once: "Come right out here and say it louder. Then maybe we can do it."

The man stayed where he was. The crowd agreed with McMurtry, but it would not follow him. He was not the one to lift it, to strike the single ringing note of action. He lacked, somehow, the magic of authority; and so the crowd, angry, yet indecisive, waited for a surer voice and a better man to follow. Williams, coolly gauging all this, now spoke for the first time, presenting the opportunity once more to Pierce:

"What're you going to do, Jeff?"

"I'll find out about the hat," said Pierce. It was all he said, and he said it short and quick. The crowd was before him and around him; he was in the center of it. He had a feeling then that if he raised an arm and pointed it at Virginia City all these men would turn and go with him. They were afraid, as individual men, but one sharp and sure call would break that fear. The faith of men came out and touched him with its warmth.

"What happens if you find whose hat it is?" asked Williams, still pressing the chance.

"I'll take care of Archie Caples," he said.

He noted the look of disappointment on Williams' face, and John Lott showed irritation, and Parris Pfouts regretfully shook his head. McMurtry once more tried his hand: "We know about Ives. We know about Ketchum. All we got to do—"

Jack Gallegher had arrived at the edge of the crowd and called for a way through. He rode into the circle and called out cheerfully, "Anything you fellows want me to do?"

McMurtry, who had been so brave, looked at Gallegher and met Gallegher's steady stare, and suddenly turned away into the crowd. That, Pierce thought, was the way this crowd was and would always be. Before Gallegher its bravery died. Knowing Gallegher for a tough these men were suddenly afraid for themselves and fell still.

"What's on the bill?" said Gallegher, still affable. "You boys want action?"

Pierce said, "Not from you, Jack."

Gallegher flashed back his quick answer: "You speakin' for everybody?" His show of easy friendliness dropped away. The crowd so clearly distrusted him that he felt it and understood it and was angered by it and recklessly abandoned the part he had been playing. "Pierce," he said, "you're a troublemaker. You've run into me once before. I let it go. I'm gettin' tired of letting it go."

MAYBE, Pierce thought, this man was working himself up to the point of shooting. Bitter as the day was, Gallegher wore no overcoat. He held his reins in his left hand, his right hand free to drop and seize the near-by butt of his gun. Pierce himself wore his big Navy revolver beneath his overcoat and this bit of carelessness, he knew, Gallegher had instantly noted. This was the moment of advantage and Gallegher's eyes mirrored the forming thought, the gathering impulse. Pierce said, "I thought

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Pierce knelt on the ground. Before anyone could reach him Lil Shannon rushed from The Pantheon, dropped on her knees and put her arms around him

you were the man that was my friend," and took an idle step forward. He was at the horse's head. Gallegher, weighing each second of time, saw his chance grow narrower and made his decision and reached for his gun.

Pierce batted the horse across the head, so unsettling the beast. At the same time he caught Gallegher by the arm and dragged him out of the saddle, caught the deputy on the point of his shoulder, and flung him through the air. The deputy hit the frozen gravel, let out a sharp yell, and tried to pull himself up. Pierce jumped at him, dropped both knees full on the deputy's belly. He seized Gallegher's gun and threw it back under the feet of the crowd—and stood up and waited.

Gallegher lay breathless on the ground and slowly kicked his feet into the gravel, as though to pump back his wind. The noise of his throat, like an empty vomiting, turned one man in the crowd sick, for he murmured, "This is none of my affair," and moved away. He was afraid as well. and that fear caught on at once—the fear of Gallegher's vengeance and the vengeance of the toughs. The crowd began to drift until at last only half the miners remained.

Gallegher rose to his feet, ash-white and struggling so hard with the pain of his fall that he clenched his teeth into his lower lip. Pierce said, "I told you to let me alone, Jack. There's no fun in the way I fight."

GALLEGHER looked around and failed to see his gun. "All right," he said, made cautious by his helplessness, and went to his horse. He climbed to the saddle and bent over in it, and for a moment laced his hands across his belly. He got hold of the reins and lifted them. He gave Pierce a full-burning glance and murmured again, "All right," and rode off.

George Noon spoke up: "You did wrong. Should've killed him. Whut stopped you?"

Pierce said irritably, "I don't know." Williams and Lot and Pfouts and the other townsmen remained, and a few miners. But the bulk of the crowd had gone. Pierce said to Williams, "There's your crowd. That's what they'll do."

"No," said Parris Pfouts, "they were ready to go with you. It was just a word that they waited for. You didn't say it."

"I'm not the keeper of their morals," answered Pierce. "I wave no flags and I lead no parades. I'll take care of Archie Caples."

"Alone?" said John Lott. "You're a little too proud of your ability."

Pierce shot an affronted glance at John Lott. "I will let you merchants make speeches concerning law and order. Why didn't you make your pretty speech here? I don't ask your opinion as to what I can or cannot do."

Lott was a redoubtable citizen and his feathers went ruffling up. "I'll pass judgment as I please."

Pierce bluntly said, "You're another talker. I don't like talkers."

Lott would have shot back his instant challenge had not Jim Williams made a gesture at him. "Never mind, John," he said. "This hand's been played."

Parris Pfouts added his reasonable voice: "All Lott meant was that Gallegher will gather the toughs and come after you, Pierce. It is a challenge they can't let pass."

"Just talk," said Pierce, still unyielding. "There's too much talk."

"Not this time," said Pfouts, still soft of voice. "This time they've got to take you out or lose their authority. You're marked."

Jim Williams put a hand on Pierce's shoulder. "There must be no misunderstanding between us. We must stick together. You and Lott have no disagreement."

He was a gentle-voiced, melancholy soul—a sharp judge of men; and he possessed a temper which when roused was a deadly thing. But he liked Pierce and now he was the peacemaker. Pierce shrugged his shoulders and smiled at Lott. "Forget it, John," he said.

Lott nodded. "Of course," he said.

Gray dusk began to settle along the Gulch. Pierce returned to his shack, cooked up supper and made a quick meal. It was full dark then. He stoked the stove, shrugged into his overcoat and turned down the lampwick. He shoved the revolver into an overcoat pocket, took the hat which he had found at Archie Caples', and left the shack. Wind bit at his ears and sliced along his cheeks. He put a foot in the water bucket and found the water again frozen solid.

REACHING Virginia City, Pierce went directly to Dance and Stuart's store. "Dance," he said, "has anybody been in here buying hats last night or today?"

Dance said: "I'd have to ask the boys," and went along the counters of his store, questioning his clerks. Pierce meanwhile watched Clubfoot Lane work at his shoemaker's last in the corner of the store. Lane was a large man with his alternate moments of smiling and dark silence; this was the end of a day and now he worked in silence. He gave Pierce a single look, noticed the hat, and went on with his labors. Dance came back. "No," he said. "I guess everybody's got a hat."

Pierce went to Pfouts and Russell's, and from there to each of the mercantile stores. He found one place where a sale of a hat had been made. But it had been a hat for Nathaniel Langford, and there was no question of Langford at all. He came into Scoggins' and asked the same question.

"Let's see the hat," Scoggins asked. He took it and tried it on his head. "Yes," he said, "I sold a hat. Seven and a quarter size. That's what this is."

"Who was the man, Ben?"

Scoggins looked shrewd. "A small-time bum in Tanner's bought it. But it wasn't for him. I know that because he just ordered the hat and didn't try it on. Somebody sent him after it."

"What kind of a hat?"

"A black hat, stiff brim, dented on four sides; not creased down the middle." He said, "How you been?"

"All right."

"Look thinner than you was. Going to the ball?"

"What ball?"

"Why, Jeff," said Scoggins, "it's been talked about for a week. At the Virginia Hotel tomorrow night. All the good folks in the Gulch will be there. All the nice ladies." Scoggins looked down at his hands, and added, "I'm taking Diana." Then he looked up to catch

(Continued on page 47)

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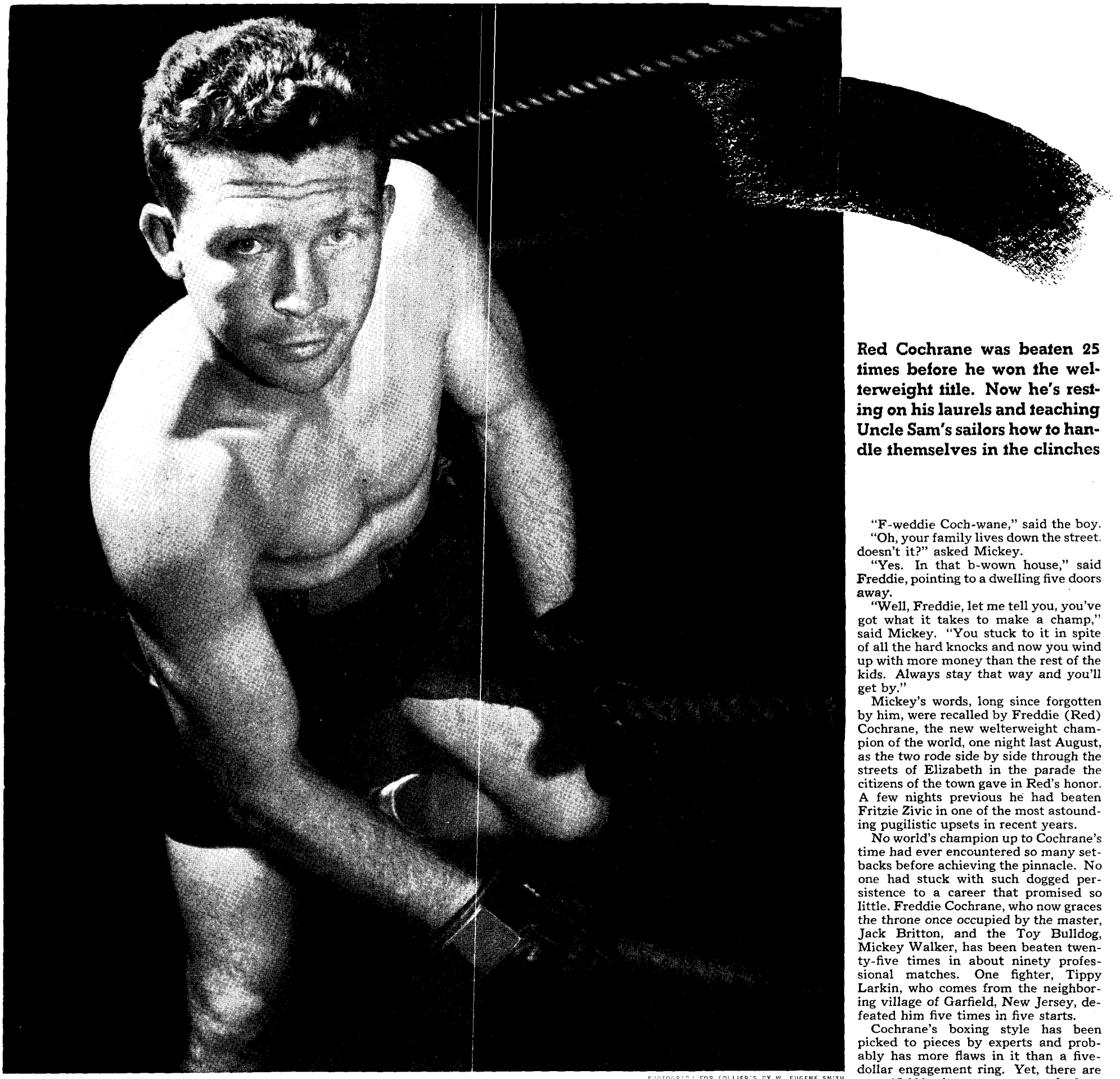

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Welterweight Champion Freddie Cochrane—the redheaded kid who wouldn't quit

Red Cochrane was beaten 25 times before he won the welterweight title. Now he's resting on his laurels and teaching Uncle Sam's sailors how to handle themselves in the clinches

ON a brisk autumn morning in 1922, a crowd of urchins gathered in front of a house on Bond Street in the Kereigh Head section of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and set up the chant: "We want Mickey! We want Mickey!"

Presently, the front door opened and a grinning young man, with a pug nose and eyes that danced with merriment, stepped out.

"Three cheers for the new champeen!" cried the ringleader of the gang, and the response was ear-splitting.

Mickey Walker, the new welterweight champion of the world, was deeply moved by this testimonial from the kids in his neighborhood, and, asking to be excused for a moment, ducked back into the house. Presently, he reappeared, carrying a felt hat, loaded down with a heavy, jingling burden.

"With the compliments of the champ!" he shouted, throwing fistfuls of dimes, quarters and halves into the seething crowd. There was a cloud of dust, excited screams, the ripping noise of tearing cloth, angry, baffled exclamations and the occasional dull thud of a clenched fist coming in contact with a skull or ribs.

Mickey, who was getting almost as big a kick out of the show as he had over winning the world's welterweight title from Jack Britton in the old Madison Square Garden the night before, suddenly found himself watching a redheaded tyke, smaller than the rest. The lad was battling fiercely for pieces of silver but getting few. Invariably, as he reached for a coin, a bigger boy would push him out of the way or even grab the money from his hands. Nevertheless, undaunted, the redhead fought like a tiger cub over a juicy morsel of meat. No matter how much or how often he was battered he came back for more. Finally, flushed with their new-found wealth, the boys drifted off, one by one, to the corner confectioner's, until the field of battle was left to the little fellow.

Combing the trampled ground with his eyes, he pounced now and then upon a dusty coin, oblivious of the fact that Mickey was watching him. Finally, the champion called out to him: "What's your name, youngster?"

"F-weddie," came the reply, as he continued to scan the ground.

"Freddie what?" asked Mickey.

"F-weddie Coch-wane," said the boy.

"Oh, your family lives down the street. doesn't it?" asked Mickey.

"Yes. In that b-wown house," said Freddie, pointing to a dwelling five doors away.

"Well, Freddie, let me tell you, you've got what it takes to make a champ," said Mickey. "You stuck to it in spite of all the hard knocks and now you wind up with more money than the rest of the kids. Always stay that way and you'll get by."

Mickey's words, long since forgotten by him, were recalled by Freddie (Red) Cochrane, the new welterweight champion of the world, one night last August, as the two rode side by side through the streets of Elizabeth in the parade the citizens of the town gave in Red's honor. A few nights previous he had beaten Fritzie Zivic in one of the most astounding pugilistic upsets in recent years.

No world's champion up to Cochrane's time had ever encountered so many setbacks before achieving the pinnacle. No one had stuck with such dogged persistence to a career that promised so little. Freddie Cochrane, who now graces the throne once occupied by the master, Jack Britton, and the Toy Bulldog, Mickey Walker, has been beaten twenty-five times in about ninety professional matches. One fighter, Tippy Larkin, who comes from the neighboring village of Garfield, New Jersey, defeated him five times in five starts.

Cochrane's boxing style has been picked to pieces by experts and probably has more flaws in it than a five-dollar engagement ring. Yet, there are over 15,000 witnesses, a score of whom are boxing experts, to the fact that in Ruppert Stadium, Newark, on the night of July 29th, last, he outgamed, outsmarted, outroughed and outfought Fritzie Zivic, one of the most accomplished boxers of this era.

Not only did Freddie set a record by winning the title after losing twenty-five bouts, but he also established a new mark for long-distance training by plugging away at training camp for almost four months for this fight. Five times it was postponed and five times Freddie, the patient plodder, went back to his dull routine.

A neighborhood bully who belonged to the same club as Freddie in the Elmora section of Elizabeth played an important part in influencing him to become a fighter. This chap, an amateur boxer, had all the boys at the club bulldozed. Cochrane was about fourteen

(Continued on page 50)

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Desert Tank Battle

By Quentin Reynolds

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Collier's correspondent survives a savage predawn dive-bombing attack and runs the gantlet of Germany's desert patrol to get his story on the Cairo wireless—the rest of the story you began last week

Part II

THE whole of the flat one-mile-square desert plateau was bathed now in brilliant, hard white light from the flares the plane had dropped. For a minute or so the plane merely circled casually and we huddled down in our very shallow trenches, waiting for it to come at us. We knew that we were in for a taste of the most horrible attack that modern warfare has as yet devised—dive bombing. I looked up and saw the plane, ghostly white in the light of the flares, standing out distinctly against the black star-specked dome of the sky. It was just 5 A. M. And then I ducked quickly into the trench, for the noise of the motor had changed from a steady drone to a high, singing whine as the pilot leaned against his stick and pointed his airplane earthward.

The whine changed to a scream as the plane, loaded with death, hurled itself through the air. He was coming directly for our small patch of four short trenches. He dove to what seemed a hundred feet and then came the bombs. They landed and the world shook unsteadily and the earth trembled and the sides of my pitifully small trench dislodged sand and rock and covered me with it and the concussion threw me heavily against the side of the narrow trench and the blast sent sharp flashes of agony through my head. And then he was gone. Then there was quiet, except for the drone of his motors above. There was the smell of smoke and then a new sound, a crackling noise. I stood up and saw that a large supply truck forty yards from my trench had received a direct hit. It was burning brightly. This was disheartening, for it is the custom of German bombers to use fires as targets. They did it in France and over London and at Plymouth and Coventry. Henceforth, this burning truck would be his objective.

Nothing to Do but Take It

I had come to this plateau in the desert called Sidi Omar with a colonel, and he had parked our staff car six feet from the small trench we had found in the center of the plateau, a trench the Italians had obligingly dug a few days before when they held the plateau. I looked at our car and saw that it had little glass left and it had jagged holes in it and then I heard the plane returning and it was time to fall face downward in the loose sand at the bottom of the trench.

He was not alone this time. Word had gone out that there was good hunting to be had here on our plateau where a regiment of British soldiers lay huddling in the sand. They dropped more flares and circled casually and the drone of the motors insinuated itself into your brain so that you wondered if the uneven hum would ever leave your consciousness. They waited, studying our plateau as a surgeon studies the operative field before he makes his cut. There were five of them. By now the Huns knew that we had no antiaircraft guns close enough to bother them, so they took their time. There was a sharp minor explosion close by and I stuck my head above the trench. I did that by merely sitting up. The fire had reached the gas tank of the supply truck and the tank had exploded, a gentle explosion compared to the noise of the bombs.

Then, fantastically, the truck came to life. Roman candles shot from it in graceful curves. I could only think of the fireworks at the New York World's Fair two years ago and thinking of that sent a pang of something which was probably homesickness through me. The truck unluckily had been full of flares and Very lights and they cascaded beautifully from the wreck, blue and green and white, and I could imagine the German pilots up there laughing and talking to one another through their radios and saying, "Good joke, eh, Franz? The English shooting fireworks at us." And I was swept with a blind and quite illogical hatred of them. Hatred is a good, honest emotion and it is useful, too, because when hatred grips you fear leaves. Of the two hatred is stronger, leaving room for no other feeling. And now they had decided to paste us again and I flung myself into the trench and swore at them and hated them and hated all Germans, and that was good because now I wasn't nearly as afraid as I had been when they first came. Our trenches, shallow as they were, threw black shadows in this amazingly white light of the flares and we knew that from the air those shadows would stand out like broad charcoal marks on white paper.

All five of them dove at once. The bombs dropped all around my small trench and time stood still and nothing was real except the horrible cacophony of warfare at its worst. Soon we were beyond wincing when blasts swept around us and bullets and hunks of steel tore into the sides of our trench six inches above us. Only the noise and death which we by now expected any moment were real, and of the two death was the more welcome, even though death had sent his most hideous messenger, the dive bomber, to summon us.

(Continued on page 34)

And then came the screams of the big bombs they had been saving for the last

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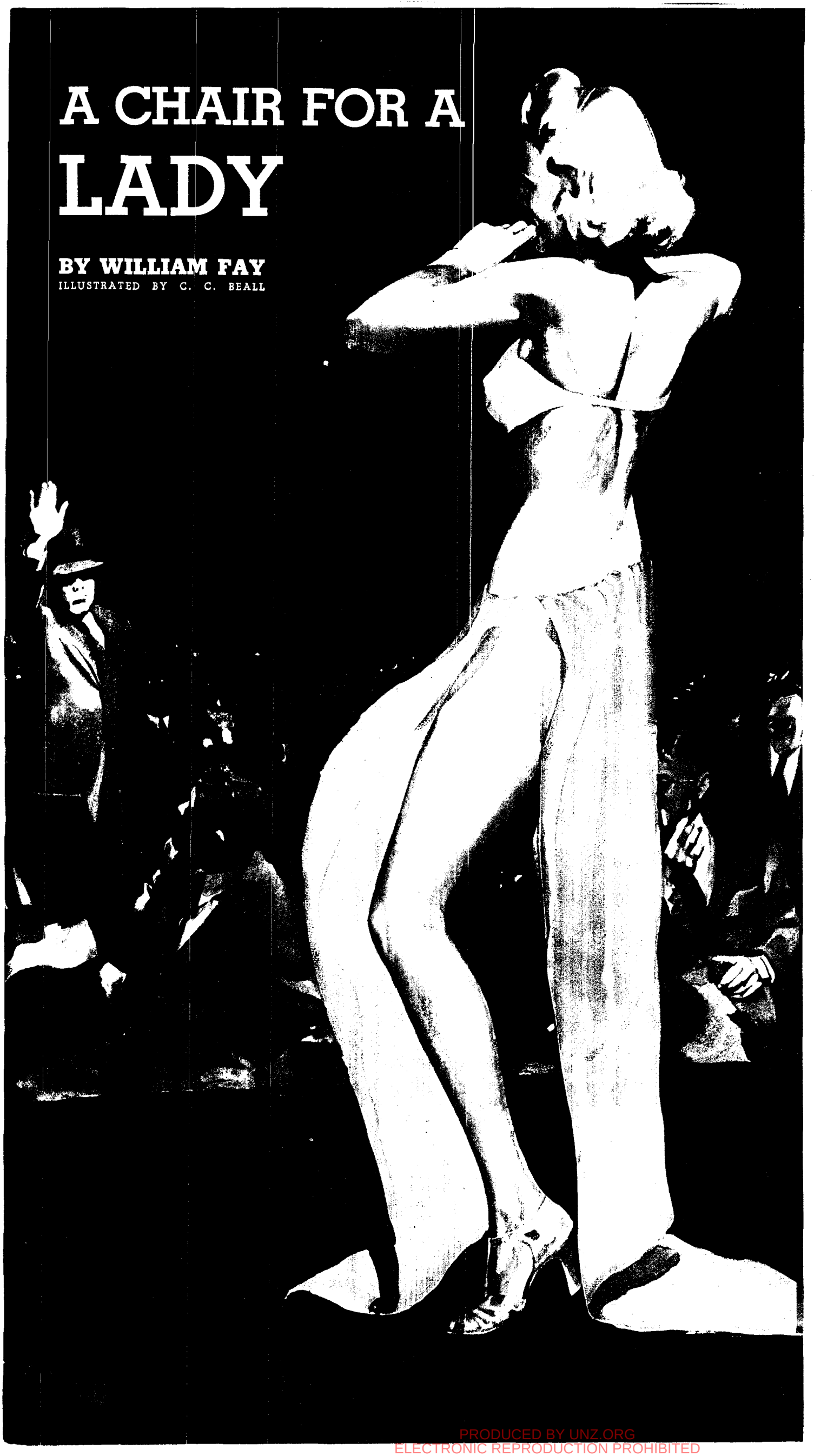
A CHAIR FOR A LADY

BY WILLIAM FAY
ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



How Miss Dimples Dawning, actress, betrayed her betrothed in a dramatic but unrehearsed scene, and how Delehanty, a cop, learned about women

HERBIE DELEHANTY sat in the comfort of his bathtub, regarding his stomach, into which, some weeks before, a criminal named Linky Belvedere had fired a pistol shot. It had been proved a superficial wound; but it was by grace of Providence alone that Linky, desperate, hating, cornered, firing bullets all the time, had done no more than singe this lower profile, leaving Herbie with the strength and will to swing a chair about the battleground at many people's heads so valiantly and well that none but Linky had escaped.

"Wounded, trapped, betrayed—his hot and empty gun no longer speaking for the law it represented, Delehanty stood alone against the snarling, hitherto unchallenged executioners of Murder, Associated." That's what the papers said. That was the paragraph that Herbie liked the best. He did it with a chair. One chair. He got them all but Linky, and he then resolved that there would come a time for Linky, too. And since the incident, the chair, "Exhibit F" at the indictment and the trial, had, by the court's indulgence, gone to Herbie as a souvenir, an awkward wooden medal for his deed.

Herbie stood up in the tub and chose a towel from the rack. He placed the towel behind his back and held the ends of it. He pumped with his arms. As he pumped, he sang a little bit of I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Mahreed Dear Ol' Dad.

He had the girl. At least he'd have her soon. Just take a little time, that's all. Formalities and things. He hadn't seen her now in five long years, since she'd been living in Chicago, working there. They might even have been married then, five years ago, before she'd gone away, except—well, Herbie didn't have the dough. Just on the job, just new, two thousand bucks a year, he had to make those payments on the car. But now? First-Grade Detective now. Four thousand every year. A pretty penny. Very nice. Enough for Gracie and him.

HE WALKED into the bedroom where he sat upon the chair with which he'd brained so many of the criminal elect. It was an ordinary kitchen chair, with shaky legs that hadn't glued into the seat so well, the second time. Its pale green paint was badly chipped. It owned no pretty quality beyond the ribbon that the boys had tied to it. He sat on the chair and thought of Linky Belvedere, and how, by every right, one of their lives should shortly end. But then he thought of Gracie, who was back in town, and how things soon would be the way they used to be, a long time ago.

Gracie didn't phone until he was almost dressed. "Hello, Herbie," she said, and listened for a while. "I've been so busy," she said, "this is the first chance, really, that I've had to phone. I got a job the first thing Saturday—no, Herbie, I'm not dancing.

(Continued on page 38)

"Siddown! Siddown!" Miss Dawning's followers entreated. Herbie said in a level voice, "All right, all right, this is a pinch." George stood up with him

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My Boy's a Railroad Man

By Jack Macmurrah

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

When my boy railroads, he really railroads. "None of your lip," he'd hollered. "Start bailin' coal, you ————!" He really knew the words

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

I DON'T pray much. When I do, I don't pray fancy—I just talk railroad talk. When Molly was having Little Denny I sat in the hospital and prayed. After I'd asked Him to ease off on Molly, I asked Him for a railroad man. "Give me a rail I can talk to," I asked. "If the tyke'll want to be an engineer, make it a girl—please, Lord, *make it a girl!*"

Then that night when Denny didn't meet me—I prayed that night, too.

Every evening he waits for me at the corner with his hat cocked over one eye and a switch-key swinging on a strap at his little leg. I hand him my leather mitts and my dinner-pail, and we talk railroad talk.

But that night he wasn't there.

I told myself he'd just got playing with his new wagon and forgot. But those damn' automobiles went whizzing by—and you know how fathers are about whizzing automobiles.

HIS wagon was lonesome at the corner of the porch and that scared me to death. And when Molly met me at the door with her pretty eyes all big from crying, I began to shake. Behind her was her brother Bill, the engineer, his fat face stony. "Darlin'," I said, "something's happened!"

"Little Denny . . ." she said, and more tears bounced on her cheeks.

I let go my dinner pail and I could feel my heart shattering inside itself just like the vacuum bottle in the pail. "Did you speak with him?" I said. "Did he have any word for me before—before—"

Then around the kitchen door he stuck his little head. "Hi, Denny," he said, subdued.

When I could, I said back to him, "Hi, boy."

"Dennis," my wife said, "the awful language Little Denny used to me and Uncle Bill this afternoon!"

Denny stood in the kitchen corner and looked up at me. Still shaking, I didn't dare reach out to touch him. I just said, "That's bad, boy." But I handed him my mitts, as though we were on the corner, and he put them on without saying anything.

Bill said, "He's gotta be whipped." The big tub sat there with his belly on his lap, his legs spread as though he was straddling a reverse lever.

Molly said, "He wanted to play railroad. Bill was the engineer. I was the fireman. Little Denny was the conductor . . ." She started to cry harder. "Oh, I can't tell you!"

"I wasn't conductor," Little Denny said. "I was foreman of the engine. I was a switchman. And Bill only played because he thought it was funny." Then he told me, looking at me straight and serious. His mother moaned when he came to the bad words. Sure, he knew 'em all right. He hung around railroad men.

They'd made a train out of the dining-room chairs, and Little Denny went to the back end and swung Bill a go-ahead (he does it good, too), and hollered, "You got fourteen loads and you're down in the sag. Now get outa town, you so and so." It wasn't nice but it was what switchmen say.

His mother'd grabbed her head and hollered, "Denny! Stop that!"

When my boy railroads, he really railroads. "None of your lip," he'd hollered. "Start bailin' coal, you ————!" He *really* knew the words.

I waited, but that was all.

"What's wrong with that?" I said. "You were a fireman, and Bill would've stalled if Denny hadn't woke him up. Bill always does."

"To his mother!" Molly said. "I won't have my boy talking like a switchman!"

Molly's father and brother are engineers, and a hogger's womenfolk always think he has as much sense as an ordinary man. The hogger thinks he has more. But an engineer's a deadhead: the man on the ground tells him when to stop, when to go ahead, when to back up. Not one in a hundred could find his way back to the roundhouse without someone to give him signals.

Molly said, "Bill and I agreed for his own sake you've got to whip him."

I looked at Bill. If he wasn't Molly's brother, I'd have killed him.

"If you don't spank him," Molly said, "I won't speak to you for two weeks." And she looked up at the clock to get it to the minute.

Sometimes I think a man's a little foolish to marry an engineer's sister.

My boy looked at me, just as straight and serious. "Stop buckin' the board," he said. "I dropped a fusee."

For a kid, he's good! Stop hanging around, he meant—no profit in it. Dropped a fusee so the man behind wouldn't run into him—his rear's protected.

Bill wrinkled his fat face, frowning.

"All right," I said.

"Right here," Molly said, "so I'll know you really do it."

I GAVE him a hug when I put him across my knee. "Whistle off," I said. and began pounding him where he'd stuffed my mitts.

"Wagh! Wagh!" he hollered.

His mother turned her face away and clenched her fists tight. But Bill just sat there grinning. When I finally quit, he said, "Guess I can go now." And hogger that he is, he waited for Molly to get his coat and hat.

I said to Little Denny, "Man can't ride your wagon down the main when you're in the siding."

He looked at me a minute; then he touched his head and went out the back door. He'd got it.

Before Bill left, Denny was back. Putting him up to the table, Molly kissed him four times, and she let him eat his dessert first. She said goodby to Bill over her shoulder.

Little Denny had two bites out of his dessert when the crash came from the porch, followed by a torrent of words.

Molly said, "What's that?"

"Terrible temper," I said. "Bill must've kicked Denny's new wagon. If he's hurt it . . ."

"That language!" she said, and jumped up and put her hands over Denny's ears so he couldn't hear. "Don't you use language like that, will you, son?"

Denny twisted his head up between his mother's hands. "That's engineer's talk," he said. "Us switchmen don't even hear it."

The Lord didn't give me any engineer. He gave me a son I can talk with, a son who can spot a wagon in the track of an engineer's big flat foot.

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One thing is sure: the Widow Tolliver isn't going to bother Lafe Pardee any more—or his dogs, either. Congratulations, Lafe!

THERE was never another family like the Pardees. All five of them, that is, but especially Lafe. He happened to be the one I knew best.

That was my first year up in the Big Sag country, and living in a small town that way there wasn't much else to do in the evenings but sit around the store or the saloon and talk, and it wasn't long before I knew everybody who lived within a radius of fifty miles.

Everybody, that is, except the Pardees. They lived twenty-eight miles out of town, and came in only once or twice a year, so I hadn't met any of them, but I'd heard so many stories that I almost felt as though I knew them anyhow.

The mother had died four or five years before as a result of gathering firewood and a preference for brown dresses. The old man had mistaken her for a buck in the brush at about two hundred, and had cut loose at her, and what the Pardees shot at they hit. There were still four boys and the old man left in the family, and according to local gossip they were a little crazy. Harmless enough, not counting the old man's making a logical mistake, but just not quite right. And that was true enough, I suppose.

Certainly they were a little peculiar in the way they lived, away back in the hills, and not doing anything much but some fishing and hunting, and maybe a little farming. But there's nothing really wrong with that, either.

I was curious, though. I had a lot of time on my hands, and nothing to do with it, so I went out there once as if by accident, and stayed overnight, and they were fine to me. And after that I got in the habit of going out every once in a while to take a chance on jumping a deer, or treeing a bear or a lion with the pack of dogs Lafe had.

You have to understand about those dogs. They were the best pack of dogs I ever saw. Lafe may have been a little crazy, the way people said, but it never seemed so to me at the time, and he could handle dogs. He was a big, loose-jointed hillbilly, and the only things he cared about on earth were hunting and those dogs of his, which was only a part of hunting, anyhow.

The more I saw of Lafe, though, the more I began to think that all the stories I'd heard were just made up, because the family were always glad to see me, and after a while Lafe and I got to be pretty good friends.

That was how I happened to be there when it all started. As a matter of fact, I suppose I'm the person who started it, since I was the one who brought the letter out from town.

THAT happened late last October. I was heading out for the Pardees' one afternoon when Ike Squires, the postmaster at Big Sag, came running out in the street, yelling at me. I pulled Old Blue in and waited for him. He was all out of breath from running.

"Jeff," Ike said, "you weren't by any chance goin' out to the Pardees', were you?"

"I was plannin' on it," I said.

"Well," Ike said, "this is pretty irregular, I expect, consignin' U.S. mail to a party not in the employ of the federal government. But the fact is, Jeff, I'd like to have you do me a favor. I'd like to have you carry a letter out with you."

It seems that none of the Pardees had ever got a letter before and Ike didn't know what to do with it. They didn't live on an R.F.D. route, and the chances were they wouldn't be coming into town before the next spring, and maybe not then.

"Glad to oblige," I said, and I put the letter in my pocket.

It was pretty chilly in the late fall so I prodded the old crowbait I was riding into a fast trot, and kept him humping all the way. It was just getting dark when I rode in, and there wasn't anybody down at the barn. I took the rig off Old Blue and hung it on a peg. I turned him into an empty stall, and fished down a bait of hay for him, and went on up to the house.

I could see a lamp burning in the kitchen, and those dogs of Lafe's rose up out of the darkness outside and started barking. I knew those dogs, but it made me nervous just the same.

Lafe opened the door and said, "Who's there?"

"It's me," I said, "and I'd consider it a personal favor if you'd call your dogs off 'till I can make the house."

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said, "it's all right. Them dogs have mighty fine dispositions. They ain't a one of 'em would hurt a new-born babe."

"That's fine, Lafe," I said, "only it's been thirty-six years since I was a babe, and maybe they can't count."

He quieted the dogs down, and I went in and said, "Howdy," to the old man, and Frank, and Dave, and Babe. They were just having supper so I pulled up a chair and ate with them, and I clean forgot about the letter until after we'd finished. So I brought it out then and gave it to them.

WELL, there was never anyone like the Pardees. Lafe was the only one could read at all, and the scope of his reading seemed to be sort of limited. I guess living out in the hills that way they had never had much chance for schooling. But they were pretty pleased at getting a letter, never having got one before. They passed it around and looked at it, and I had to explain a lot about post offices, and how the mails worked, and things like that.

"I heard about them things," the old man said, "but I don't recollect ever seein' one of 'em before."

They all looked at the letter some more after I got through explaining, and finally Lafe decided he ought to read it. He sat for a long time looking at it and twisting his mouth around like he was talking to himself, and finally he handed it over to me.

"Jeff," he said, "I can't handle all them big words. I reckon maybe it's writ in a furrin langwidge. Maybe you kin make it out."

So I read it. It had a lot of legal and scientific terms in it, and I didn't bother to read those because they wouldn't have meant anything to the Pardees anyway, and outside of that it was simple. It seems there was an oil company that had been prospecting on a half section of land the old man owned down Buford way, and they had thought there was oil on it, and that was right, and they were willing to pay the old man an even quarter of a million dollars for it.

Well, I even got excited about it myself, that being just about as close to that much money as I'd ever come, and you'd expect something to happen in a case like that, wouldn't you?

I did, too. I sat back in my chair waiting for the cheering to start, and nothing at all happened. It didn't feeze the Pardees a bit. They were no more surprised than if Babe had come in and said he's just sold one of the pigs.

The old man teetered back and forth on his heels, and finally he said, "Well, that's right fine. I been wishin' for some money, and now I reckon I can send to

(Continued on page 36)

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Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 12

direct, crisp. "Won't you come upstairs."

"Glad to."

Hamilton preceded Alan into the elevator and stepped out first when the cage stopped at the ninth floor. Alan unlocked the door of his pleasant apartment, flashed on the foyer light and led the way into the living room. He said, "It's a poor thing, but mine own. Have a seat."

He snapped on a standing lamp, shoved a cigarette humidor toward his visitor, opened a closet door and deposited his skates inside and then seated himself. He said, "Well, here we are."

Wayne Hamilton was regarding the younger man shrewdly. His keen black eyes seemed to see everything, not alone what was visible to the ordinary person, but even the real Alan behind the pleasant young face. Hamilton said directly, "I hope you're not too tired."

"For what?"

"For a long talk which might prove to be quite important."

Alan smiled and shrugged. "I'm a healthy animal. I never get too tired."

"Good." Hamilton's attitude was formal yet friendly. He said, "Are you easily startled?"

"I don't believe so. Why?"

"You're likely to be."

"Suppose you try me out."

"Very well." The iron-gray man met Alan's eyes squarely. He said, "Let me explain something about myself. I'm a lawyer. Tomorrow, if you're interested, you can get all the information you want concerning me. I believe I can say that you'll discover that I am what I appear to be."

"I'll take a chance on that."

"I had a very good reason," Hamilton stated, "for dropping in to see you this way instead of arranging the usual meeting, luncheon or that sort of thing. But before I begin I have a rather odd request to make."

"Go ahead." Alan was intrigued by his visitor. The man's voice was level and direct, his words close-clipped and precise. He gave the impression of driving straight toward an important goal.

"THE first thing which may surprise you, Mr. Douglas, is that you are no stranger to me. No, we haven't met before. But I know all about you, right down to the last intimate detail."

"So . . . ?"

"The reason I do is because I've taken the trouble to investigate. I've been investigating you for a long time. A very long time. By that you may gather that the thing which brings me here is of great importance."

"You've got me interested," stated Alan. "I didn't think I rated that much attention."

"Perhaps you do. Perhaps not." Wayne Hamilton lighted another cigarette. "I'm going to state a certain fact, Mr. Douglas. It will sound very complimentary, but it's not meant that way."

"I promise to discount it properly."

"The most important thing I have learned about you is that you are a man of unimpeachable integrity. You apparently have a standard of honor so high as to be considered a trifle old-fashioned."

Alan flushed. "That's one way of putting it," he said. "I usually play it pretty straight, I suppose. But that doesn't seem to be a unique virtue."

"It's more unusual than you think. And to me it's of paramount importance."

"Why?"

"Because I want to start off with an odd proposition. My mission tonight is quite unusual. If I did not know that I could trust you implicitly, I wouldn't be here. Before I begin I'd like to exact a promise. It is this: Permit me to start talking. I'll quit any moment you say the word. If you let me finish, you may accept or reject the proposition that I wish to make to you. But I want your word of honor that if you say No . . . you'll forget this entire conversation."

ALAN DOUGLAS looked thoughtfully at his visitor. And after a few seconds he nodded.

"That seems reasonable, Mr. Hamilton."

"It's both reasonable and essential. I'm compelled to trust you with some vital information. I'm willing to take your word that you'll forget me and the proposition in the event you're not interested."

"Okay. I'll play that way."

"Good. And now, Mr. Douglas, I've got to tell you a lot of things about yourself. Not that you don't know them—" he smiled thinly, "but rather because I want you to understand that I have been to infinite pains to learn things about you."

"Go ahead."

"I shall. One of the things I'll tell you is that you are engaged to a charming young lady named Gail Foster. Her father is in a jam. He's facing the possibility of a prison term for embezzling a sum of money slightly under twenty thousand dollars. She believes in her father's innocence and so do you. Frankly, I also do. But the fact remains that whether or not he has been framed, he hasn't a legal leg to stand on. The company for which he works has offered to drop the prosecution if he returns the money he is charged with embezzling. You and Miss Foster have been trying frantically to raise that money. You've recently come to a dead end. You're not admitting it to each other, but you both know it's impossible."

Alan Douglas was staring at his visitor as a youngster gazes at his first magician. The man had promised to startle him, but this was more than he could possibly have anticipated. Alan spoke as calmly as possible. He said, "I couldn't have stated it more clearly myself, Mr. Hamilton."

"I know that. And I know something else which neither of you know." Hamilton paused briefly, for effect. "There is one person who will cheerfully give you that amount of money—in return for services rendered."

Alan leaned forward. "Look," he said, "I know I'm not being kidded: You're not that kind of a person. But you're talking in riddles just the same. Who would be crazy enough to pay me twenty thousand dollars?"

"I would," said Wayne Hamilton quietly.

Alan laughed. "Don't think I'm being rude. But I'm not accustomed to this sort of thing. You've got me looping."

"That's not unnatural."

"The whole thing doesn't seem to make sense. I don't see where it fits me at all."

"It fits all right."

"But what's the idea? How do I rate a job that pays off in that kind of money?"

Hamilton was smiling. "You're measuring up according to specifications, Douglas. This is the way I expected you to react. Can you take another jolt?"

"I wouldn't promise."

"I'll risk it." The attorney spoke sharply and impressively. "The price I'm offering you for the job I want done," he stated, "is one hundred thousand dollars!"

"Wow!" Alan rose abruptly. He said, "Wait a minute. This is too swift for me."

"Take your time. You have every right to be surprised."

"Surprised? Good Lord, man! I'm flabbergasted. What in the world have I got that's worth a hundred thousand?"

"Your integrity. It's a rare thing these days to find a young man whom one can trust implicitly."

"Trust implicitly," inquired Alan, "to do what?"

"Something very unusual."

"It'd have to be highly unusual to be worth that much."

"You'll have no kick on that score." Wayne Hamilton scrutinized the younger man through half-closed eyes. "Shall I continue?"

"You certainly shall. But you'd better take it slow and easy."

"I've come to you," explained Hamilton, "for two reasons. First—and I cannot emphasize this too much—because you can be trusted. Second, because you have physical courage."

Alan's face became serious and he nodded. "I figured that must enter into it some way."

"It certainly does." Wayne Hamilton made no attempt to soften the effect of his words. "This proposition I'm offering you contains a considerable element of danger."

SOMEWHERE on the street below the brakes of an auto screeched, and then there came the muffled sound of angry voices. A tug hooted mournfully on the river as it moved with infinite patience toward Hell Gate with its tow of laden barges. It was far past midnight and most of New York slept, but there remained a faint echo of the activity which never ceases in the great metropolis.

Its sounds were all normal and natural, and they helped to convince Alan that this interview was actually occurring, that by some miracle a strange man—obviously a gentleman—had sought him out with the answer to the only great problem he ever had been called upon to face. He looked long and hard at his visitor and then his face broke into a smile.

"You'll pardon me," he suggested, "if I act a trifle goofy."

"Go right ahead. I expected it."

Alan chose his words carefully: "A hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money, Mr. Hamilton. Ordinarily a young man doesn't have the opportunity of earning that much without . . ." He hesitated. "Well, unless the person offering it . . ."

Wayne Hamilton nodded. "I told you that your most important asset was your integrity, Douglas. Is it likely then, that I'd approach you with any proposition that was not honorable?"

"I suppose not."

"I'm going to explain things in detail. You have promised to say yes or no. If you turn it down, you've also promised to forget everything I shall have said—and most particularly the name I am about to mention. Shall I continue . . . on that basis?"

"Certainly."

Wayne Hamilton asked deliberately, "Have you ever heard of Lewis Hartley?"

"Surely."

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing much except that he's a very wealthy man. A sort of promoter, I believe."

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Hamilton smiled. "Your description isn't exactly adequate. Hartley is worth many millions of dollars. He owns or controls dozens of large and small enterprises. But it's not surprising that you don't know more about him. He's pretty much of a lone wolf. I doubt if he has more than three or four intimate friends in the world. He simply isn't the friendly type." He paused long enough to light a fresh cigarette from the stump of the one he was finishing. "Lew Hartley is my most important client. He is the man behind this offer."

"Why?"

"You're a very direct person, aren't you?"

"Perhaps. I'm an engineer and that gives me a more or less logical mind."

"I like the way you're taking this. You're interested and curious. But you've got your guard up."

"Why not? I fancy that this is the first Aladdin's lamp that's been put on exhibition in a long time."

"About yourself, Mr. Douglas—let me state a few facts. For many months I've been looking for you. Oh, not you specifically, but for some young man who filled all the requirements. It hasn't been easy." His crisp voice went on: "You're twenty-eight years old. You're a mining engineer, and your present job is quite all right, but it doesn't offer a very brilliant future. Your parents live in Ohio and are comfortably fixed, but far from wealthy. You have no brothers or sisters, and no financial responsibilities until, and if, you marry Miss Foster. Right so far?"

"Check."

"As to your personal life, it is what is conventionally called 'clean.' You're the sort of person whom your friends describe as 'regular.'"

"I could blush," laughed Alan. "But perhaps that would be out of line."

"Now," said Hamilton sharply, "I'm going to give you a piece of information which will show clearly how implicitly we trust you . . . I, and my client, Mr. Hartley. Being a mining engineer yourself, I won't need to explain details."

"Go ahead."

"With the world in its present state, you certainly understand the importance of manganese."

"Naturally."

"WELL, what looks like a huge manganese deposit has been discovered in the interior of South America. Two companies, one European and one South American, are trying desperately to acquire control. The value runs high into the millions. Lew Hartley is also trying . . . and for the moment he's got the inside track. He knows things that the others do not know. Every move he makes is being watched by representatives of those other two firms. They're not sure how actively he may be interested."

"So . . . ?"

"As long as Hartley makes no definite move, their hands are tied. He's being watched. He proposes to go about his life in the customary way. That is to say, he wishes to open his winter place in Miami Beach this winter, and to spend there his usual three months of relaxation. These other firms, once they are sure he is doing that, will relax. They'll continue to grope for the information they need at its South American source, but they won't feel rushed. That will give Lew Hartley more than sufficient time to clinch things his way. I won't bore you with details—they're financial rather than technical. Do you follow me so far?"

"Fairly well."

"How does it add up?"

"I'll give you the obvious answer, Mr. Hamilton. The answer would seem to be that you are sending me to South America because you can trust me to keep my mouth shut and my eyes open. Mr. Hartley would then have his usual vacation in Miami so that these other chaps would think that he was not actively interested." Alan shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "There's logic for you, Mr. Hamilton—and yet, just on a hunch, I'll lay odds that I'm wrong."

There was admiration in the eyes of the older man. "Yes, you're wrong," he said.

"Then it's difficult to see where I fit into the picture. It can't be simply as a mining engineer because there are better ones to be hired."

"Right." Hamilton went off abruptly on a new tack: "Have you ever seen Lew Hartley?"

"No."

"You might be interested."

"You mean he looks like me?"

"Not at all. That's what makes this interesting. You see, Douglas, your guess was partly right. Lew Hartley wishes to spend the season in Miami. He also wishes to spend it in South America."

"That would seem to be rather difficult."

"Yes." Wayne Hamilton spoke carefully. "Difficult. But not impossible."

SILENCE fell between them. It was Alan who spoke first. He said simply, "You can talk if you wish, Mr. Hamilton. You've had a chance to size me up, and I've had the same chance with you. I believe you've decided you can trust me to keep my lip buttoned in case I don't like what you say."

"Fair enough. I wouldn't have come to you in the first place if I hadn't been certain of that. I can't impress on you too strongly that your integrity is the keynote of this whole thing. To put it another way: a rather elaborate scheme has been concocted so that Lew Hartley's hands may be kept free. He knows and I know that the most perfect scheme in the world is fallible. We reduce the chance of error to a minimum by placing absolute trust in the man we engage to help us. So if you see flaws in the scheme, remember that we see the same flaws. We feel that we're simply taking a minimum of risk by trusting you. That's logical, isn't it?"

"Very."

"Now for some interesting dope. You've never seen Hartley and even if you had, what I'm going to say would not have occurred to you—because normal people simply don't think that way. You're twenty-eight and he is forty-two. His appearance is utterly different from yours. But certain facts happen to interest us . . ."

"As for instance . . . ?"

"You are almost exactly his size and weight. You have the same color hair and eyes. The quality of your voice is amazingly like his. Your teeth would look the same to anybody but a dentist. But it happens that Lew has certain distinctive features which you haven't. One is the fact that he wears a mustache. Another is that he has a very noticeable linear scar about one and a half inches long over his left eye. This gives him a rather sinister appearance which I believe he rather likes. There is, furthermore, that difference between you that fourteen years of time can give. But the chief difference is in the most prominent feature of any man's face. The nose. Your nose has an exceedingly low bridge. Lew Hartley's nose is of the pronounced Roman type. On the other hand, the bone contour of your skulls is about the same."

He stopped talking and Alan Douglas laughed. "This sounds like a lecture on anatomy," he said.

"That's what it's intended to sound like. Because this is the point I'm driving at. Right now you look utterly different from Lew Hartley. But . . ." He

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paused impressively, and then spaced his words with care, "But, Douglas—your basic bone structure is so similar that a clever plastic surgeon could make you look so much like Hartley that nobody but his most intimate friends—and he has damned few of them—would ever see the difference."

Alan said, "I believe I'm getting the idea, Mr. Hamilton. But it's so incredible . . ."

"Not when you analyze it. Shall I put it in a nutshell for you?"

"That'd help."

"I'm being quite frank in saying that there aren't many men who could be fitted into this picture. We've been hunting for someone for an awfully long time. So here's our proposition . . ."

HE DREW a long breath and went on: "We pay you twenty thousand dollars in cash. We know you need that amount of money badly. It will settle a lot of problems for you. You tell Miss Foster that you've been engaged on an important job in the interior of South America. You make it clear to her that she will not hear from you for from three to six months. You then board a ship for Valparaiso, Chile. But you don't go there. You get off in Havana, and fly back to Miami.

"There will be someone with you, someone who knows the whole setup and whom we can trust. You will reach Miami on the afternoon of December twelfth. One of the finest plastic surgeons in the country will have fixed up a surgery in Lew Hartley's Miami home. He will operate on you. When it's over, you will look so much like Hartley that no one but a few insiders—all of whom will be in the know—would suspect anything.

"You will then spend the winter in Miami, looking like Lew Hartley and acting like him. There will be a trusted man there to keep your foot from slipping. You'll do everything he would do in just the way he would do it. You will be kept away from people whom Hartley knew before. Meanwhile, these other two companies will be watching you, thinking that you're Hartley—and believing that you're allowing too much grass to grow under your feet. And all that time Lew will be working on the manganese proposition without their knowledge. When the deal is successfully concluded, you will be given a second plastic operation which will make you look pretty much like yourself again."

"What do you mean: Pretty much?"

"Your nose won't be the same. Technically, in order to build your nose up, they'll take a bone from the fibula in the leg. This will be transplanted to raise the bridge of your nose. They can reduce this afterward so that you'll have a pretty good nose, but certainly not the one you now have. Otherwise you'll be back where you started. You will then return to your charming Miss Foster . . ."

"She'll ask questions."

"Naturally, and the deal will be all wrapped up and you can tell her the truth. How does it strike you?"

Alan shook his head. "It seems to be full of bugs," he stated frankly.

"How?"

"First: No man can act exactly the way another man would act. It simply isn't possible."

"That's partly true. It applies less to Lew Hartley than to any other man I know. As I mentioned before, he plays a lone hand. He has practically no intimates, and those will all be on the inside. The staff of servants will be recruited in Miami—none of them will ever have worked for him before. He's noted as an exceedingly gruff and unpleasant person . . . rather rude, in fact, and learning to conduct yourself that way might prove to be the most difficult part of your job.

Alan met the other's eyes squarely. "There's a gimmick in it."

"Yes . . . ?"

"You must have felt sure I'd do this for a lot less than a hundred thousand. Why do you offer me that much?"

"Two reasons: First, I wanted to make sure you'd be tempted to say Yes. Second, as I mentioned once before, there is an element of danger."

"What sort of danger?"

"There is the possibility that one of these other groups might feel much happier if you were out of the picture altogether."

"In other words, they might take a pot shot at me?"

"Frankly—yes. Mind you, I do not believe that's likely. I'd say the odds were a hundred to one against. But it's one of the chances you're taking."

Alan was thoughtful. "I appreciate your frankness," he said at length.

"Does it scare you off?"

"No."

"I thought it wouldn't. Now . . . what's the answer?"

"That depends. I'd want the twenty thousand now, so that it could be turned over to Miss Foster. I understand that I'm not to tell her anything, and that I am of course not to mention that I'm being employed by Mr. Hartley."

"Right, so far."

"I would then want the other eighty thousand dollars to be put in trust with a bank. If I come through all right, the money would be mine. If anything happened . . . then the money would go to Miss Foster."

"That's okay, too. It can be done in two days." Wayne Hamilton leaned forward tensely. "And your answer is—"

Alan Douglas said a single word.

He said, "Yes."

LOOKING at a floor plan of Gail Foster's apartment, you'd have said, "Pretty small, isn't it?" and the answer would have to be yes. There was a single room which looked like a sitting room by day and was converted into a bedroom at night by the simple process of opening a door and dropping a bed down from the wall. There were two moderately adequate closets, and a cubicle which bore the elegant title of "dressing room." There was a bath, and —very important—a tiny but completely equipped kitchen.

She moved back and forth between kitchen and living room and she was happy. It wasn't solely because Alan was to be with her for the evening, but rather that he had communicated a certain optimism to her via the phone. "Big celebration tonight, honey. We're going to stay home and go places." Silly. Contradictory. But Alan was that way. It was one of the qualities which she most loved.

WHEN the buzzer actually sounded, Gail gave a last critical scrutiny to her simple make-up. Then she moved swiftly across the room and flung open the door. She said, "Welcome, stranger," and stood back so that he might enter.

He came in behind a long green box. "Which will you have first," he demanded, "the floral offering or the kiss?"

He did not, however, wait for the answer, and for a few seconds she was lost against his big body. When she came up for air it was to take the box of flowers from him, and to look down with real delight at a half-dozen magnificent yellow chrysanthemums.

He dropped into his favorite chair and watched her as she arranged the flowers, and their accompanying autumn leaves, in a tall vase. He liked the way she moved about the apartment; she gave an impression of domestic efficiency, and, he told himself gratefully, she was a doggone pretty girl.

"Now here's something, gentlemen, I picked up in the five-and-ten-cent store . . ." JAY IRVING

She broiled the steak to perfection, and the balance of the dinner was attuned to its excellence. He helped her clear the table and wash the dishes. They brought coffee and seated themselves side by side on the big, comfortable lounge. She touched his hand and said, "You may fire when ready, Gridley."

"Okay." He smiled at her. "You won't mind if I do it the dramatic way, will you?"

"I promise."

He took an envelope from his pocket, and from it he extracted an oblong bit of greenish paper. Gravely he handed it to her.

There wasn't anything terribly elaborate about it. It was a check—a certified check. It was made out to the order of Gail Foster and it was in the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

She held it in her slender fingers and stared at it. "What does it mean, Alan?"

His huge hand closed over her tiny one. "It means just what it says, honey."

"But it can't . . ."

"It does, though." Then, gently, "Perhaps you'd like to telephone your father. . . ."

Something caught in her throat and her eyes felt hot. She said, "Things like this don't happen. . . ." But she knew that they did happen, that they were happening right now. She did not know the whys or the wherefores, she only knew that the impossible had been accomplished and that Alan Douglas had done it. And so she acted in a manner that was most unusual for her. She broke down and cried . . . not hysterically, but softly and terribly and briefly. And then she dabbed at her eyes and apologized for being so very feminine and telephoned to her father—rather incoherently, perhaps, but certainly so that he understood that he might sleep this night. And it wasn't until long after that . . . long after she had settled herself on the couch beside Alan—with his arms about her—that she said, "Now I am going to ask questions."

"That's not unexpected."

"So . . . how did you do it?"

He laughed. "I'm not entirely sure myself. It came from nowhere and slapped me down. Somebody offered me a job. I asked for twenty thousand dollars in advance, and I got it. It isn't sensible, but it's certainly simple."

She said, "You're a grand young engineer, Mister—but even I didn't suspect you were that good."

His eyes became serious. "I'm not."

"And yet . . ."

"Look, honey—this thing has angles to it. I'm doing half and you're doing the other half. Your half is to accept what I tell you without too many questions."

She quoted Alice: "It gets curiouser and curiouser, Alan."

"It's even worse than that. And there's one part of it I hope you will not like." He looked away for a moment. "I've got to go away."

"Where?"

"South America."

"How long?"

"From three to six months: probably closer to six than to three. And that isn't all. You won't be hearing from me during that time."

"Why?"

"There are reasons . . . only one of which might be said to be the inadequacy of the mail service."

SHE was fighting against a feeling of apprehension which she couldn't understand. But she waited for him to go on.

"It's this way, Gail. There's something brewing down there . . . I can't give you details. But it's important and it involves a heap of money. They're paying me an average wage for being an adequate mining engineer and a great deal extra for being trustworthy. So trustworthy, in fact, that I can't even tell you any more than that. I've given my word to say nothing. All I can tell you is that I'm sailing on a ship called the Tropicana at eleven o'clock on the night of December eighth. I can't even tell you precisely where I'm going except that my first main stopping point is Valparaiso, Chile. You'll get a letter from me there, and not another until I'm practically home."

"Six months is an awful long time," she said.

"It isn't—really. I won't be worried about you, and—"

"I'll be worried about you."

There was a tense undertone in her voice which surprised both of them. He looked at her sharply. "What makes you say that?"

"I don't know." Her fingers tightened on his. "I'd be hit pretty hard—"

"Forget it. A bit of hardship will do me good. And between now and sailing night I want you to fill me up with pleasant memories. . . ."

She faced him then. She was smiling with her lips but there were tears in her eyes—tears which she could neither understand nor control.

"I'll try," she promised. "Beginning right now."

(To be continued next week)

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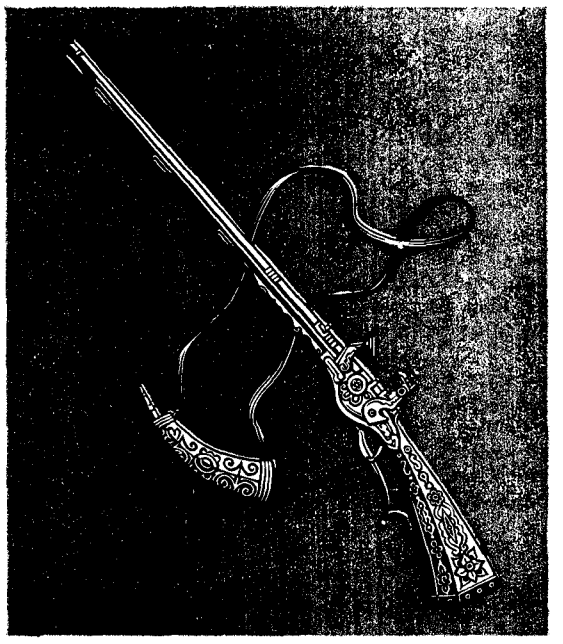
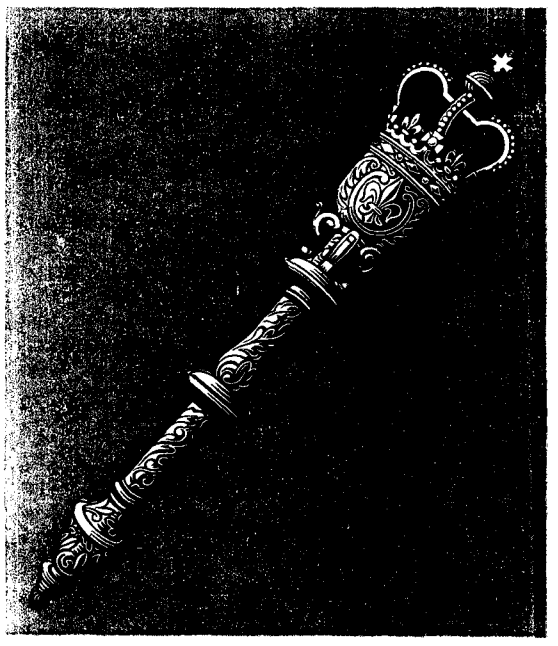
Know your M's

1. This is a M_____



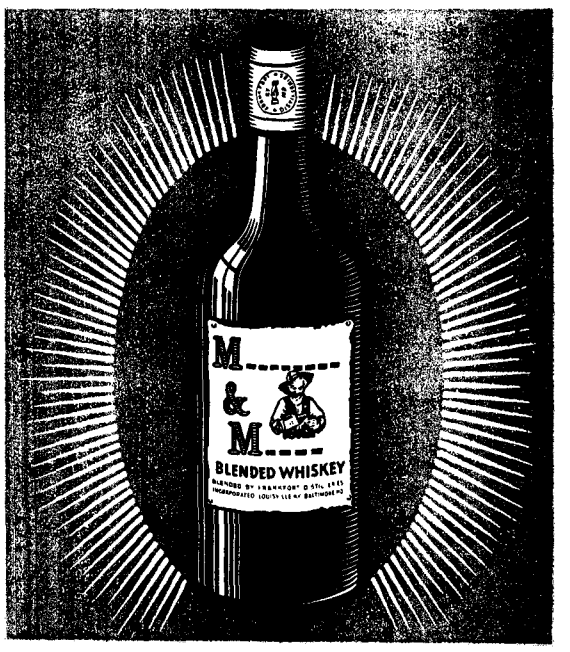
2. This is a M_____

3. This is a M___



4. This is a M___

5. This is a M_____



6. This is M_____ & M____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Marlin;* 2, *Musket;* 3, *Mink;* 4, *Mace;* 5, *Mallard;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

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Desert Tank Battle

Continued from page 25

There were occasional three- or four-minute intervals, when the Hun planes became bored with their sport. Then we breathed again and talked, although we talked disjointedly because none of us there on that plateau were quite normal now. Once after a stick of bombs had landed only a few yards away the colonel, who was lying in the farther end of my trench, called, "Are you still with us?" "I'm not at Sun Valley," I yelled back with what I hoped was fine sarcasm.

"I mean how are you doing? Still alive?" He was yelling, too, and then I realized that we were both yelling because our ears weren't functioning normally and each of us heard his own voice as a whisper.

"It isn't good, Colonel, is it?" I asked.

"This is it, I'm afraid," he called back cheerfully.

"I wouldn't mind it if Jim and Don were here," I said, really talking to myself. The colonel asked me who Jim and Don were. I told him that they were my brothers.

"You must be very fond of them to wish them here in this spot of hell," the colonel said sarcastically.

"If they were here, you and Don and I would be having a drink and Jim would be getting us out of this mess somehow. We would be laughing at the Hun because we'd know that Jim had some way of fixing the louse so he couldn't hurt us."

"Jim must be quite a man," the colonel said.

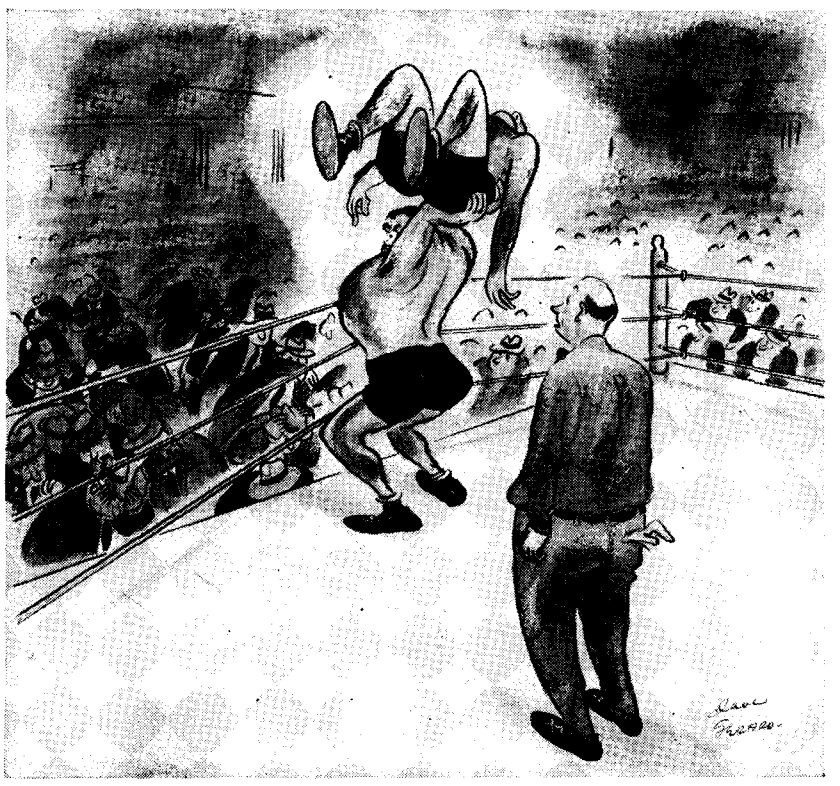
No Place for a Brooklynite

"Jim is quite a man," I told the colonel coldly. I felt a strange nostalgia then, and strange indifference to what the dive bombers would do next. I knew quite well that there was little chance of any of us surviving the next half-hour because we were fish in a barrel and it bothered me that I would have to die with this regiment of British infantry. They were magnificent and I admired them terrifically, but they were British. I have never made any secret of my love for them and my admiration for the way the British have fought and suffered in this war, but if you are born in the Bronx and brought up in Brooklyn and have worked in New York most of your life you have but one loyalty, one allegiance. That is to the much-maligned sidewalks of New York and to our whole country, even Maine and Vermont.

When you are under sentence of death, as I thought all of us were there in the chill, tortured desert, you think of things like that. And I felt a little sick because these magnificent men of Britain who were around me and who shouted rude, derisive remarks to the Huns above, who emptied their machine guns and rifles and revolvers so futilely every time the Huns dove at us, were not men of New York's Sixty-ninth. They would, I felt, have been just as good and as truculent and as disdainful of both death and the Hun as these farmers and sons of farmers from the southern county regiment which, for military reasons, cannot be named at the moment. Life would be so much happier if we could only pick those with whom we wanted to die. As it is we are only granted the lesser boon of being allowed to pick those with whom we want to live.

If one must die one could only feel honored in dying with this regiment which only two days before had stormed recklessly through mine fields to take this plateau of Sidi Omar with the bayonet. They are entitled to stand with the fabled British regiments of the past. They earned immortality these past few days. But I felt annoyed that I was not to die with my own mob; with men from West Fifty-second Street and from Flatbush and from Harlem; with men I'd grown up with; with men I'd worked on papers with in New York; with taxicab drivers and lawyers and bartenders and writers and mobsters and priests who have been my friends. And because I could not I felt a great resentment, and a great hatred, too, of those lads above who were our potential executioners. Only blundering on their part would allow any of us to be alive when morning came.

"Dig in, chum, here comes sweetheart," the colonel yelled, and then I realized that for three minutes my thoughts had been just about six thousand miles away. They were jerked back quickly enough to Sidi Omar—a pinprick on a war map but now the center of both this world and the next to us who lay half hidden by the sand, but only half hidden. Stark, real terror is an anesthetic. I have been frightened in France and Britain a hundred times and that was bad. This was something different. The feeling we had here transcended ordinary fear.



"Eight rows is the record here" DAVID C. GERARD

Every one of us, I am sure, on that plateau was convinced that death would come within a few minutes and yet I think none of us felt the ordinary pain of fright. This death was inevitable; we couldn't duck it, and therefore, being ordained and ordered for us, it was merely something to accept. And this acceptance of our fate somehow so dulled our capacity to feel physical pain that stones and bomb fragments sprayed us all over and only touched the superficial layer of our skin and drew blood, of course, but didn't hurt us any more than the swish of a cow's tail would have hurt us.

Then all conscious thought was banished by the hellish noise that came to us from above as the planes dove, releasing more bombs. They kept this up for forty-five minutes that was an eternity. Then in the east a turquoise strip appeared on the horizon. It broadened and lightened to aquamarine and then the blue faded into golden light, a merciful heralder of the dawn. But one more attack remained before the dawn banished these malignant creatures of the night. This was perhaps the worst. When a plane dive-bombs it cannot drop the very heavy bombs because it would itself be caught in the upward blast. These Hun planes had been dropping comparatively small hundred-pounders—small, perhaps, but each one quite capable of killing a hundred men. Now the planes flew high above us and, huddling there with our faces in the sand, we wondered what new deviltry they were hatching. And then came the screams of the big bombs they had been saving for last. These were the bombs I'd heard in London a hundred times, and in Moscow, too. They sounded as though some celestial giant were tearing a piece of heavy silk; they sounded like the screaming of a thousand shrill-voiced, tortured demons—and then they landed. Again the world rocked around us and the blast swept through the trench and we embraced the earth of the trench automatically because by now our consciousness had been entirely dulled by the noise and the terror of it all. The world rocked and then suddenly the dawn came to blast the darkness from the desert and the desert was quiet except for the crackling of the flames from the burning trucks and the faint hum of the retreating Jerry planes.

I lay there for a while, too dazed and exhausted to know or care whether I had been hit. Then, unsteadily, I climbed out of the trench and fell twice before I could stand. Others around me were doing the same thing. None of us said anything for a while. We stared dumbly at the ground around our trench. It looked as though it had been chewed by giant teeth. The smell of destruction hung heavily in the air; it is a burnt odor that always follows bombing. I found that one of my hands was bleeding and then noticed blood soaking through my uniform at the knee. They were small cuts from flying bits of rock or bomb fragments and they seemed very unimportant.

Everything seemed unimportant compared to the unaccountable miracle of our being alive. We had no right to be alive. The ground, pockmarked with ugly, gaping holes, the bomb splinters that could have been raked up like autumn leaves, had told us that. I picked up half a dozen bits of bomb fragments in the trench where I had been huddling. No, we had no right to be alive. Our faces were black with four days of beard and with sand, and our uniforms were torn and filthy. But we were alive, and that was very nice. Oh, that was so nice.

Now ambulance drivers appeared in the half-light asking anxiously, "Anybody hit?" They went from trench to trench. In his official report of the dive bombing an hour later the general merely wrote, "The casualties were few."

A Story to Tell

The day passed slowly with the intermittent bursts of shelling, and then we went to see the general. I had a story but no story is any good on a one-mile island of sand in the sea of the desert four hundred miles from the nearest cable office. I wanted to get to that cable office.

"You might be able to run the gantlet tonight," the general said thoughtfully. "I want to send some dispatches to army headquarters and if you'd take them along, why, I'd let you leave. At your own risk," he added hastily.

We decided to chance it. There was a gap in the mine field to the southeast of the plateau. We would go through it and from there on depend on compass bearings. Fighting or traveling in the desert is exactly like traveling on the sea. There are no roads or landmarks and one bit of the desert looks like every other bit. Years ago surveyors mapped the desert and built stone cairns about six feet high and gave names to these stone cairns. We, for instance, would head for Conference Cairn, some forty miles away. Once there our compass would take us to army headquarters. We ate a tin of bully beef and took another tin and a bottle of whisky with us. Whisky at the front is not a beverage. It is literally a medicine and is guarded like medicine and used sparingly when the chill has robbed you of all resistance and only whisky or hot tea can make you live again. Actually, I have found strong hot tea to be more of a stimulant than alcohol, but water is so scarce in the desert and the lighting of a fire so difficult (no trees grow in the desert) and revealing that you don't often get tea when you are in action. The general plotted our course and then stood with us in the darkness looking for German flares. We knew that the Huns were on three sides of us but weren't sure about the southeast side, in which direction we were to make our effort. The German always moves according to plan and he always acts according to the rule book. We knew his book of rules. We knew that tonight the German tanks and armored cars and trucks with equipment would not be grouped together. We knew that he would do as he always does in the desert. He would disperse his forces in small units for the night. As we watched, a flare went up a good mile away. It was a greenish-white German flare and it shot up about a hundred yards. The

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flare would light up the surrounding territory for perhaps a radius of a quarter of a mile. Thus the Hun guards against surprise attack by patrols. We knew that he would keep this up all night, for he had always done so and the Hun is not a man to change his tactics in the middle of a campaign. Other flares went up, all in the direction that we intended to go.

"Just steer clear of the flares and you ought to be all right," the general said. "And if you get into trouble hurry back and we'll give you a ration of rum."

We got into our car, a nice American touring car, and set off. Going through a gap in a mine field at any time is very unpleasant. It is especially trying at night. A few fugitive clouds had come to hide the moon and we had to feel our way, almost to pray our way, through the narrow gap between two fields fallow with dynamite. We couldn't show any light, of course. We breathed a lot easier when we knew we were out on the other side and that the mine fields lay behind us. But now, of course, we were in No Man's Land and why any man would want this land I could not see.

We were traveling at eight miles an hour. We found that our motor seemed to make less noise at that speed and then, too, if we went into an unexpected bomb crater or shell hole the wear and tear on the car wouldn't be so bad. For a mile we had the desert to ourselves. The night seemed filled with an unhealthy quiet, an ominous quiet. Blood had been spilled on this land, and tanks had roared across it and guns had spoken loudly here today. And they had left this black, brooding silence that hung like a pall over the desert. We crawled along whispering, and now and then shining a well-shaded flashlight on our compass. We hoped the compass was a truthful one.

Then to our left a flare cut the opaque well of the night. It hung there, greenish-white against the black. We kept on going. Now another flare went up, this time about half a mile to our right. We had Germans on either side of us but none, we hoped, in front of us.

Slow-motion Flight

The colonel drove on. Our car was a staff car which had a canvas top always rolled back so that one could get a good view of the sky and possible enemy aircraft. I stood up, acting as lookout. It was hard to see anything in the darkness and twice we went into bomb craters, but each time our gallant Ford pulled out easily enough. Fords, Chevrolets and Dodges act as the legs of the British army here in the desert. Once two flares burst directly ahead but perhaps half a mile apart. We drove between them very gingerly, and although the night was cold I found myself sweating. When we had gone a mile beyond them we breathed again.

Sight is deceptive in the desert at night. Often I'd see what I thought to be a group of tanks silhouetted against the horizon, only to find when we reached them that I had only seen a high sand dune. We did pass three tanks, all happily lying on their sides, broken remnants of the afternoon's warfare. And then finally I saw three tanks that were not lying happily on their sides. They loomed out of the darkness to the right, less than a hundred yards away, and the moon had to pick that unfortunate moment to creep from behind the sheltering clouds. I gripped the colonel's shoulder but he too had seen. There was nothing to do except to appear nonchalant, a rather difficult thing to do at midnight in the desert in the shadow of three German tanks. We didn't increase our pace. We seemed to crawl, veering slightly to the left. We could see no men by the tanks. They were probably huddled inside to escape the cold and a bitter wind which had sprung up. We were opposite them and I hoped the colonel would step on the gas and run for it. But he was too wise. Sudden acceleration now would be a signal that we were not friends: if they hadn't heard us or seen us it would be a dead giveaway. We crept on and the outline of the tanks became dimmed and finally merged completely into the night.

It was a long drive and a nerve-wracking one. For three hours we went through German-held territory. In all we drove past twenty-three flares, none more than a mile away. It was 5 A. M. now and we were both exhausted.

Back to Civilization

"Shall we chance it?" the colonel asked. "Yes," I said, knowing quite well what he meant. He nodded and handed me a cigarette. I crouched low in the car and lit it and then lit one for him. He stopped the car and we sat there happily. Until now we'd been afraid to show even a cigarette light. I have never enjoyed a smoke as I did that. What mattered it if the cigarettes were filthy German issue cigarettes we'd found in the bottom of a trench? We had a drink, too, and that tasted only a little less heavenly than the nectar of the gods. Another hour of driving brought us to Conference Cairn. Our compass hadn't lied to us. We threw our sleeping bags on the ground and crawled into them. The sun woke us too soon and we headed for army headquarters.

Three hours later we drove into the camp. We were a horrible-looking pair. My sun poisoning had turned septic and my face looked like something the rats had been nibbling at. By one of those miracles granted only to knaves and fools a big aircraft was leaving for Cairo within an hour. There was room for us.

There were four things I wanted to do very quickly as soon as I got into my room at Shepheard's Hotel. I wanted a doctor, a bath, a sleep between the miracle of cool sheets and then there was the most important thing of all. A doctor was there and he did things with lotions and salves and the fire began to leave my face and hands; the hot water was steaming in the tub and the bed was turned down. But these were unimportant. Some carry a rabbit's foot, some carry lucky coins and pilots often carry babies' shoes. I have two different kinds of lucky talismans and I never go anywhere without them. I took them out of my duffel bag, dusted the sand from them and put them on the mantelpiece. They were two autographed pictures in leather frames. I was convinced that they'd brought me luck at the front just as they'd brought me through a hundred London bombings without getting my hair mussed. I poured a drink and raised my glass to them.

"Here's to you both and thanks again," I said reverently, and Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill looked back at me from the mantelpiece, smiling with quiet confidence, and looking at those two fine faces and at the lines of determination which showed even through the smiles of them you felt that everything would be all right. And I felt very proud that they were there in the room with me and then I crawled between the cool sheets and so wonderful did that feel that I have decided to remain here in bed for the next eight or nine years. I find I do not like being fired at by tanks nor do I like the scream of shells and I am very, very allergic to dive-bombing but I do like the feel of clean, cool sheets very much indeed.

A trying day for Bill

BILL NEEDS A LAXATIVE: but he's on jury duty at 10.

Afraid to risk interruption, Bill decides: "I won't take anything till tonight." He doesn't know about Sal Hepatica.

BILL HAS A TOUGH TIME, unable to concentrate. He's thoroughly uncomfortable through trying hours.

"Never put in such a day in my life," says Bill, as he gets home that night.

A great day for George!

GEORGE NEEDS A LAXATIVE: he's on jury duty, too. But Mrs. George knows that Sal Hepatica acts fast.

"Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning," says she.

SAL HEPATICA acts so promptly, George is able to give undivided attention when he gets to the court room.

He is appointed foreman of the jury and has a fine day.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHEN YOU WAKE UP needing a laxative, don't delay because you have a busy morning ahead. Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!

Within an hour you're usually relieved. Sal Hepatica acts quickly—by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. There's no discomfort or griping.

Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative!

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Product of Bristol-Myers

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The Full Life

Continued from page 28

that there mail-order house Jeb Turner told me of and git me some of them charred barrels to age that whisky in. Yes, sir, that's right fine."

"Whisky barrels!" I said. "Say—do you know how much money that is?"

"I ain't just sure," the old man said, "but it sounds like a right fair amount. I reckon it'll buy me a couple of them barrels."

"Yes," I said, "with enough left over to buy the town of Buford complete."

"Why, Jefferson," the old man said, "what the hell would I want to buy the town of Buford for? I wouldn't have the dang place as a gift. What I want is them barrels."

That's the honest to God's truth, that's all he wanted. But I want to say he wasn't the only one. I never saw anything like it in my life.

Babe Pardee held up a gun he'd been oiling and said, "I reckon if there's enough I might git me a new gun account this one ain't been shootin' center any more. Last spring I fell off a rock up on Slabpile and dropped her, and she done lit on the sight, I guess. I been havin' to hold her low and to the left ever since."

And Frank and Dave said they'd be mighty glad to get a new checkerboard with maybe an extra set of checkers, so they wouldn't have to stop and whittle any when they lost one. And that was all they could think of right offhand.

It had me beat. Here they were all rich, and not one of them wanted anything that would cost much over a dollar and six bits. None of them except Lafe, that is. He hadn't said a word.

Finally I said, "Lafe, what you aimin' to do with all your money?"

He sat for a long time like he was considering it before he gave me an answer. After a while he said, "I'll have to think on it, Jeff. Seems there ought to be somethin' I'd like to do, but I'll have to think on it."

He wouldn't say anything more than that. I kept pestering him, but he just went on saying he'd have to think on it, and after a while I gave it up. We'd planned on going up on Slabpile the next day after a lion and it was getting pretty late. The old man brought out a jug of corn liquor for a nightcap, and we sat for a while drinking, but those Pardees never said another word about the money, and finally we went to bed.

THAT was a cold winter with lots of snow that made traveling difficult. It started falling in November, and it lay right where it fell until along in April. It was too cold to ride twenty-eight miles on horseback, and I didn't have a car, and as a result I didn't see any of the Pardees until the following spring, the first part of May, I guess. Then I was walking down the street one day, and I ran into Lafe. He had on a brand-new suit, with the pants tucked into the tops of a pair of rubber hunting shoes. It was the first time I'd ever seen him in anything but overalls.

"Lafe," I said, "that's a nice suit you got on."

"Middlin'," Lafe said. "I bought her out of the catalogue the same time Pap bought his barrels."

He was looking worried, and I knew there was something wrong. I said, "I'll buy a drink."

We stepped into Schoonover's Saloon and hoisted a few, but Lafe didn't seem to be enjoying it at all.

"You got something on your mind," I said.

Lafe said, "I got some trouble."

I said, "What kind of trouble?"

Lafe squinted up at the sky for a minute. Finally he said, "You know Missus Minnie Tolliver, Jeff?"

"I know her."

"That's my trouble," Lafe said.

IT WAS logical enough. Mrs. Tolliver was what you might call the social arbiter of Big Sag, if you could rightly say that Big Sag had any society. She was a big rawboned, hatchet-faced female of about fifty, and she didn't care any more about a dollar than I do about my right arm. She had worked and starved two husbands to death, and a quarter of a million dollars was a lot of money. I could see what was coming next.

"She started comin' out last winter," Lafe said. "Maybe two, three times a week, cookin' the meals and cleanin' up the house." He turned his head to spit out into the street. "Seems like now she figures her and me is engaged to get married."

"He wants chimes yet!"

GEORGE PRICE

That explained the new suit Lafe was wearing, I thought, and I felt sorry for Lafe. No matter what he did she had him hooked, holy matrimony, or a breach-of-promise suit. There wasn't anything I could say that would help.

"She don't like dogs," Lafe said.

That was the only thing on earth that could have made a bad situation any worse. I jingled some change in my pocket and thought about it.

"Anything I could do to help, Lafe, I'd be glad to do it."

"The fact is, Jeff," Lafe said, "there is somethin'. I'm going down to Buford to buy one of them there automobiles, and if you ain't too busy I'd be pleased if you'd sort of trail along. I never been in Buford, and I wouldn't want anybody to try and cheat me out of my money."

That wasn't going to be of any help as far as I could see. I had it figured out that the car was Mrs. Tolliver's idea like the new suit, and I couldn't see any connection between that and Lafe's dogs; but I said I'd go anyway.

It was forty miles to Buford. We went down on the bus, and Mrs. Tolliver went with us, and she made it pretty plain that she didn't approve of Lafe associating with any riffraff like me. When we got off the bus in Buford she said she had some shopping to do, and that she'd meet Lafe in front of the Mayfair Store in an hour, and the way she said it I could understand why her first two husbands had died, because it was probably a lot easier than living with Mrs. Tolliver. I stood there and watched her walk away, and I felt sorry for Lafe.

Finally I said, "What kind of a car were you plannin' on buyin'?"

"The biggest one there is," Lafe said.

Nothing but the best for Minnie, I thought. She'll probably wind up with a town house and a chauffeur. I got a directory though, and looked up the biggest cars you could get, and we went down there.

It was pretty funny, I suppose. Looking at Lafe you wouldn't have thought he had money enough to put in next year's crop, and the fellows there in the agency thought it was a joke.

ONE of the salesmen came up to us sort of grinning and asked us what we wanted. He was acting smart.

"Well, Si," the man said, "what can I do for you?"

"Mister," Lafe said, "you got the name wrong, and you can't do anything for me. All I aim to do is buy the biggest automobile you got in the store."

"That's our business," the man said. "What model were you thinking of, Si?"

Lafe said, "Mister, you still got the name wrong, and model don't mean nothin' to me. I just want her big, and light colored."

"Big and light colored," the man said. "I think we have just the thing for you."

I guess he thought he'd kid Lafe along and have some fun, so he took us into the showroom where the cars were, and Lafe picked out the biggest one there was—a cream-colored sports roadster.

"That's a likely-lookin' rig," Lafe said. "How much does she cost?"

I looked at the agency man and he was almost laughing out loud, but Lafe didn't see that. Finally the man got so he could speak and said, "That car sells for thirty-five hundred dollars cash. The installment . . ."

"I don't want no installment," Lafe said. "I want her just as she is."

The agency man kept on looking at Lafe, and at Lafe's clothes, waiting to see what would happen, but if he was looking for fun about the money he didn't get it, because Lafe never batted an eye.

"It seems a little high," Lafe said, "but I'll take her."

He reached back in the rear pocket of his pants and reefed out more money than I've ever seen all at one time. The agency man's eyes were almost falling out. Lafe handed the money to me.

"I dang near broke the bank at Big Sag," Lafe said, "gettin' all that in cash. You count her out, Jeff, and don't make any mistakes. I can't afford to be throwin' my money away."

I counted it out, thirty-five hundred dollars in big bills, and there was a wad left that was big enough to plug a sewer pipe with. The agency man took it, and went away, and Lafe and I waited a few minutes, and finally they had the big car all ready and standing out by a gas pump.

The man said, "How much gas you want in it?"

Lafe said, "You can put in a gallon."

THE man started laughing again. You could see he didn't think Lafe knew what he was talking about. I didn't either, but I found out later. Lafe wasn't spending any of his money uselessly.

"Listen, brother," the man said, "that car's got twelve cylinders. One gallon won't get you far."

Lafe said, "That's all right, mister. I never was a hand to be wastin' money. I ain't goin' far."

I didn't know what to think. I knew we couldn't get home on a gallon of gas, and I couldn't understand what Lafe was up to, but it was his business, not mine.

We got the gallon of gas, and Lafe crawled in under the wheel and got the engine started. I was still standing in the street, and I must have looked the way I felt, because Lafe said, "You can get in, Jeff. And don't be frettin' about me. It's all right. I walked eight miles a day all last spring over to Jeb Turner's house learnin' how to skin one of these things. That's how come I didn't buy her before, not knowin' how to drive. This automobile may be a mite larger than Jeb's, but I reckon they all work about the same."

I didn't trust him much, but I was curious and I had to find out what he was up to. I got in. Lafe started fumbling around the gears and the pedals, sort of mumbling to himself. He got some awful screeching, grinding noises out of the gears, but finally he found the right one, and away we went.

I probably got gray hairs going through town, and we left a string of assorted people cussing us after we went by, but we didn't hit anything. We stopped once in front of the Mayfair, and Mrs. Tolliver came out and got in the back seat, and you could see she was right in her element, with Lafe and me sort of serving as chauffeur and footman.

We got out of town finally, and Lafe drove a mile and a half north, and there's a place there where the road goes along the edge of a cliff, with a drop of maybe two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet, almost straight down to the rocks along the river. Lafe tooled her

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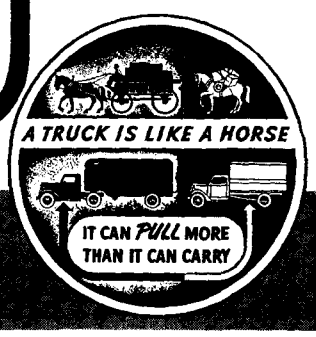

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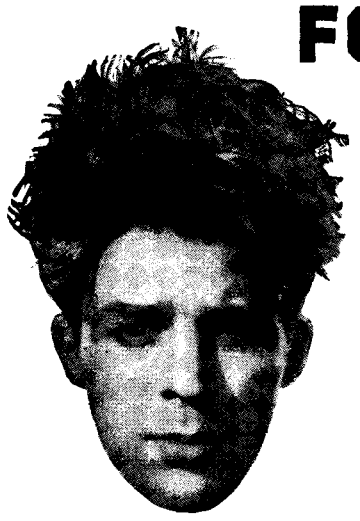
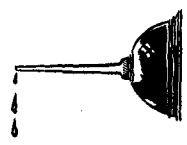
3 DON'TS AND A DO FOR '42



DON'T SOAK your hair! Frequent use of water washes out natural scalp oils, leaves hair wild and unruly, may encourage dandruff. Use KREML to keep hair *neatly* in place.



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DON'T USE WATER USE KREML

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NOT GREASY— MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

along real slow, and when he got to the highest part he stopped the car and said, "You and Minnie better git out, Jeff. I got some business."

That was too much for me. I said, "What are you aimin' to do, Lafe?"

Lafe said, "I got some business. You better get out."

I didn't know what he was doing, but I was glad enough to get out, because Lafe may have spent all spring learning how to drive a car, but he'd guided too many plows in his life, and he couldn't get over the technique.

It wasn't so easy with Mrs. Tolliver, though. She was sitting up straight as a ramrod in the back seat with her mouth tight and hard and sayin', "Lafayette, this is utterly ridiculous. I refuse to move from this car."

"If you won't move," Lafe said, "I reckon I'll have to move you."

He started to reach for her then, and she got out all right, but I felt sorry for Lafe, because she was the maddest woman I've ever seen. And then I forgot about feeling sorry for him, because he put the car in gear and started pulling away from us. I heard him shift into second, and I guess he must have pulled the throttle wide open from the noise she made, and all of a sudden he took out hell-bent and headed right straight over the cliff.

I was almost scared to death. I couldn't even yell at Lafe, I was so scared, but he knew what he was doing all right. I was standing there too scared to swear, even, and when it got to rolling good and fast I saw Lafe swing out in the road, running to keep from falling down, and let the car go. When I saw he was all right I got so I could move again. I started running and I got to the edge of the road just in time to see that car hit those rocks at the bottom, and I'll bet there wasn't fifteen cents' worth left of that thirty-five hundred dollars.

It made me sick. I still thought it had got away from Lafe, and I looked over to see what he was doing, thinking he'd be pretty mad about losing a new car like that, and he was acting like a wild man. I'm darned if he wasn't lying flat on his stomach in the road, looking over the edge and yelling so loud you could have heard him back in Buford.

"That'll learn you," Lafe was yelling. "I said I'd do it and I done it. You take that. I bet that'll learn you."

That was when I started thinking about what people had said about the Pardees being crazy. He was yelling so that I couldn't speak to him, but finally he ran out of all the swear words he knew, and he'd been repeating himself some, and it must have made him sort of ashamed of himself having to use the same words over and over that way, so he quieted down enough so he could hear me.

"Lafe," I said, "I've seen crazy things in my life, but darned if that isn't the craziest thing I ever saw a man do. You run that car over there on purpose. Now what did you want to do that for?"

"Why, Jeff," Lafe said. "That's the business I been waitin' to do for quite a while. I give my solemn word," Lafe said. "Turnabout's fair play, ain't it, Jeff? Four, five years ago one of them things killed my best bear dog, and I give my word I'd get even."

I WAS standing there with my mouth open, and I heard a sort of strangled noise behind me. I'd forgotten about Mrs. Tolliver until right then. I turned around. She was standing there with her face as white as an angel's undershirt, and she was the scaredest white woman in the United States. She was so scared she couldn't speak, and that was probably the first time in her life that had ever happened to her. She just stood there making those strangled noises, and then she turned around and started running back toward town. I guess the idea of having come that close to matrimony with what she figured was a maniac was too much for her. One thing was sure, she wasn't going to bother Lafe any more, or his dogs, either.

I got that idea, and it made me feel better about Lafe right away, and I started laughing.

Lafe said, "I don't see there's anything funny about it, Jeff. If you give your word on a thing. Turnabout's fair play, ain't it?"

I looked at him, then, and you couldn't tell what he was thinking, and I stopped laughing.

"We better get back to town," I said.

I thought about it all the way into town, and I decided one thing: He either had it figured out about Minnie Tolliver or else he didn't. I've never been able to make up my mind for sure.

A Chair for a Lady

Continued from page 26

You cured me of that; don't worry. Oh, but Herbie, I'm so *proud* of you! I've kept all the clippings, *every one!* I've read them seven times, at least. You're sure that you're all right? No bad effects? It's healed? Well, good. I said a prayer. You bet I did.

"Dinner? Herbie, I'd just love to. Certainly I would—be thrilled, but not tonight. Would tomorrow be all right? Say eight o'clock. I have to steal the time from work. I'll call you first, then you can pick me up at my place," Gracie said. She told him where it was. "I just can't wait to see you, Herbie. Well, g'by."

HER voice was warm across the telephone, and just the same as though she'd never been away. It all came back to him. Big Gracie, honest, wholesome, trusting in the likes of him, not getting any younger while she trusted. Well, it was a proper thing that he'd become a better man. She'd still be beautiful, he knew. And glamorous enough, though large. Too large to dance upon a stage, where always she reminded him of leaping horses at the police games he had seen. He understood that she was in the millinery business now. But a wife was what she'd make for him. That was the fine career she'd have. If she were large, she'd not be quite so large as he. She'd just be Gracie all the time, which was enough.

Herbie arose to waltz around the room. He tried to stop his smiling. He would have to buy a gift for Gracie, something fancy, something fine, something that was dear to him. He paused to think about the type of gift. The chair! The pale green, chipped and shaky chair that had been photographed a hundred times and published in the papers and the magazines, with Herbie and without him. That was it. The chair; and if she married him, he'd get it back. Well, anyway, it would be in the house. He made a silent pledge: The chair, for Gracie, no one else.

Herbie's partner, George, came in the door. George said, "Hoibie, we're late. I got the car downstairs."

"Coming, coming, coming, coming, commmmm-mminnnng!"

"Hoibie, what's so funny?"

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"Eh? Oh, nothin', George. Not much. You're married, anyhow. You wouldn't know. What's new? You hear anything about Linky?"

"Nothin'. You'd think the bum was buried in cement. We got to pick up the broad."

"Dimples? You mean her? Again? Look, George; I'm tired of chasing that dame. I don't like her, understand? Don't like the type. We've got nothing on her, anyhow. Just because she's Linky's girl? The lawyer gets her out in twenty minutes flat."

"Not this time, he don't. Some of the boys is downstairs in the car. We're gonna close her show. Put a padlock on the joint."

"You mean it?" Herbie, while more interested, was doubtful still. "Lookit, George. They cleaned those burlesque shows up years ago, didn't they? You can't walk in an' pinch the dame like that."

"She's been takin' too much clothes off," George said calmly. "The boss says put the pinch on her."

Herbie understood the factors here involved. Miss Dimples Dawning, starring at the Uptown Gaieties, 125th Street, tore the house down seven times a day by taking off a great percentage of the clothes she wore. Herbie hadn't seen the show. He did not go to places of that sort. He had assumed that Dimples' act, like others flourishing about the town, while not a thing of innocence, was legal, anyhow. Else why would strip-tease be a household word?

"THE boss says Dimples goes too far," George said. "The more things she takes off, the more people they get in the place. The more people they get in the place, the more money she gets. The boss says she's sendin' this dough to Linky. She knows where he is, but we can't do a thing with her. What can we do when she is sprung in twenty minutes by that thief she calls her lawyer? We got to get her on a definite charge. The boss says we should just sit there until it gets too raw. But you got to be smart about what is too raw. You got to wait until she is careless. Then when we are sure it is too raw, we put the lock on, Hoibie. Clamp it tight. We bring in Dimples an' the management. Okay?"

"Okay, except that I don't like those burlesque houses, George. And I don't like the job."

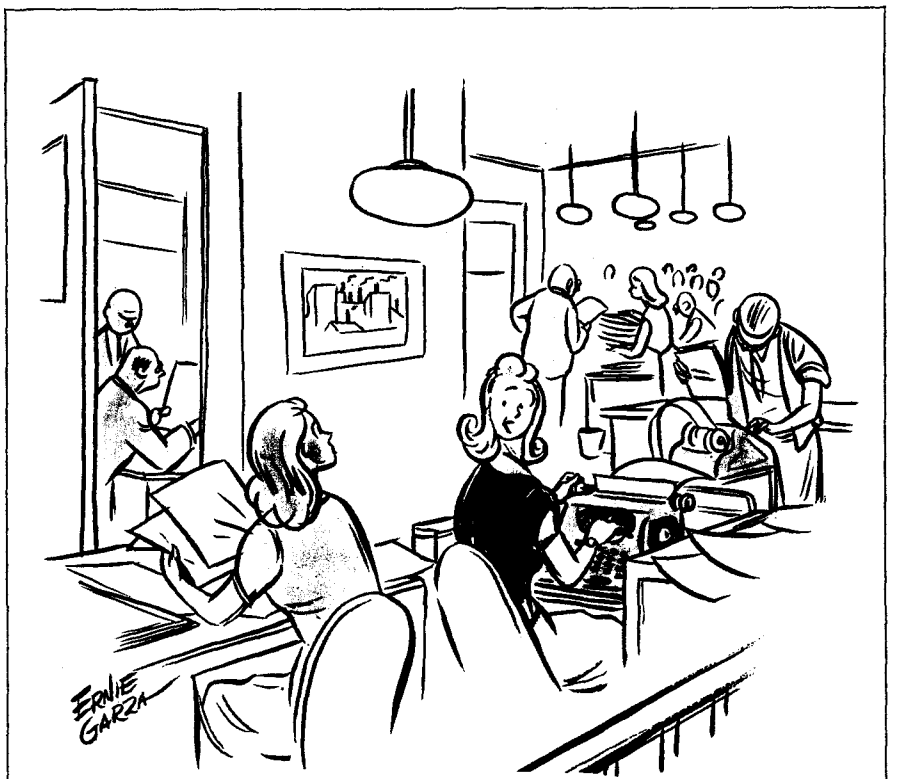
George gave him more specifics while they walked down to the car. George drove the car, the type of sedan that detectives use, not marked with the official plates, nor lettered with the label of the law upon its sides. Two passengers were in the rear, Detectives Rappaport and Burns. The car moved slowly uptown. "We got lots of time," George said. "They run one show after another, with maybe a half-hour's intermission."

Herbie's tension grew as they neared the Uptown Gaieties. Not that there was danger in the closing of a burlesque house. You just stepped up and flashed your badge and pushed a lot of guys around and told the girls to put their clothes on. Meanwhile the wagon came around and you just shoved them into that. But this was an enterprise that touched the private life of Linky Belvedere. This was one more step on Herbie's path toward settling old accounts. He began to count the blocks when they passed 96th Street.

George parked the car some distance from the theater. Herbie walked with him along the street. Detectives Rappaport and Burns retained their seats inside the car. They'd wait five minutes there before they started for the Gaieties, and getting there, it was agreed, they'd do their best not to betray the nature of their call.

Herbie saw the marquee up ahead. The lights blazed DIMPLES DAWNING. Photographs, life-sized, were on the sidewalk; they were plastered to the face of buildings joining; they were strung into the lobby, deep inside, up to the man who took the tickets. People passed outside. Most of them stopped to look and many gave up fifty cents to go inside. The doorman, in a military purple, braided, burdened with the splendor that he wore, was energetic, sweating: "Oh, it's intimate and naughty, gentlemen—just step inside. The only Dimples Dawning in her Continental Revelations, featuring Dangerous Curves You Don't Meet on the Highway, gentlemen. A new show going on in fifteen minutes. Plus fifty lovely ladies in the Liberty Parade, the gorgeous new number dedicated to the boys in uniform. Step right in, please, right this way! Thank you, thank you, thank you, come and see—"

Herbie kept his hatbrim down; he felt self-conscious, guilty at the ticket booth. He walked inside with George, who viewed the photographs en route and happily remarked, "You think it's bad?"



"1942, isn't it?" ERNIE GARZA

They found two seats when halfway down the center aisle and climbed in past a lot of people's knees. The lights were on and Herbie hoped they'd not been recognized. A man stood in front of the orchestra pit, jingling change in a pocket of his alpaca coat, holding aloft in his other hand a one-pound box of candy. "Just a quartah of a dollah, gentlemen—the same confection formerly retailing—" Someone else was hawking ice cream, peanuts, cigarettes. A man sold photographs. He walked among the customers. ". . . containing beauteeful, artistic studies of the human form. Now selling for ten cents in postcard sizes. . . ."

THE lights went out above the audience. The curtain glowed, then went up. The band was small but very loud. The chorus danced out from the wings, six from each side, and kicked their legs through a routine. Some of them smiled and stanchly did their best; the others didn't care. Some of the girls were pretty, though a lot of them seemed drab. Herbie thought it all looked very much like calisthenics on the stage. A man came out and sang a song into the microphone. The crowd was not impressed by these preliminary things. They suffered through it all to get a look at Dimples Dawning.

MISS DAWNING came with much ado. The M.C. said, "The management takes pride—!" And Herbie could not help but wonder why.

She was a handsome and a striking sight in long dark evening gown, the sequins sparkling as she moved with catlike tread across the boards. The pit band played some sort of theme for her. The man on Herbie's right breathed heavily. Miss Dawning tossed her short blond hair. Her body was as supple as a seal's. She sang a little song: "I'll Love Him Still—Though Prison Bars Deny Me"—quite a sentimental bit and meant for Linky, who was not, by any means, in anybody's jail. But strangely there was power in the song to wrench large tears from many eyes.

"Look, Hoibie."

Dimples took some clothes off. Customers applauded. Herbie waited, anxiously, but that was all that she took off. She had retired into a wing. Her clients, whistling, stamping, brought her back again, and Herbie watched her as she neared the scorching, special climax of her act. He started to get up. George whispered, "Wait! We better see the rest of it!"

Herbie said, "The rest of it be damned!" He stood up and motioned toward the stage. "Siddown! Siddown! Siddown!" Miss Dawning's followers entreated. "Down! Get down in front, ya bum!" Nice talk.

Dimples paused and was confused, her revelations robbed of any mask that motion might have given them. Herbie said, in level voice, "All right, all right, this is a pinch," and George stood up with him and scrambled toward the aisle. Rappaport and Burns moved into action.

Herbie got up on the stage. The manager appeared. "This isn't Goimany," he said. "We won't be persecuted, understand?" Herbie gave the guy a shove. "Lock 'im up," he said to Burns. Dimples swung at him, then ran offstage. Somebody hit him with a box of chocolates. Herbie ran into the wings in search of Dimples Dawning.

He wasn't sure into which door she'd disappeared, or the direction she had chosen for her flight. The members of the cast were obstacles. They gave no help. "We don't want the rest of you," he said. They all had clothes on, clothes enough. He chose one door and opened it. Nobody there. He tried another door. A tall girl stood before him, clad but scantily. She was very big and very pale. She screamed.

"Herbie!" was the word she screamed.

"Gracie!"

"Oh!" She ran from him and grabbed a robe. She stood there looking at him. Herbie dropped his eyes. His hands hung motionless. "Gracie," Herbie said again, but it was difficult to speak. This was his girl, his very own, part of the show which in duty he'd invaded. "You," he said.

"But, Herbie!"

"You—just like the rest of them, while I'm the fool idealizing you. 'No, Herbie, I'm not dancing any more,' you say." His tone was sarcastic: "Stripteasing in a place like this. Just like the rest of them. A public spectacle. And I had always thought you were—"

"Herbie, don't you talk to me like that."

"Like—like a cattle show." His injury was deep.

"Get out of here!"

"Don't worry," he said. "I will. Just stay where you are. We're only taking Dimples and the manager."

He closed the door. He stepped out into the confusion and the work awaiting him.

Rappaport held Dimples, trapped in mink and legal bracelets, which she referred to as "these — — things an' get them offen me!" She kicked at Rappaport. She had a name for Herbie that no man had ever called him. Herbie merely said, "Let's go."

THE judge, next day, set Dimples free. She had appeared, well-clothed, in her defense, and ably represented by her lawyer. On the witness stand she made no small denial of her act, nor any show of temper that could be reproved. She only said that Herbie was "a bungling idiot who's had so much publicity that he can't keep away from me."

Herbie, George, Rappaport and Burns had pressed the charges, telling truthfully the nature of the things they saw: no more, no less. The judge had listened closely, holding chin in hand and scratching beard. He said to Herbie, "Officer, there's little doubt that you're a moral man. For that, this court will never censure you. But your conception of the law, your private taste in entertainment, cannot set a precedent for all. Your testimony and the testimony of the other officers, merely indicate that Miss Dawning is offering for reasonable prices a type of entertainment that is common to many local night clubs at rates comparatively exorbitant. The case is dismissed."

George said to Herbie, "What'd I tell you? What'd I tell you about jumpin' up so soon? The dame was only half undressed. But no, you just can't wait. Not you. You jump right up. 'The joint is pinched,' you say. Aw, Hoibie, you jammed the whole case up."

Which Herbie realized was true. You are one day a big, important man. You are, the next, a bum. First-Grade Detective at four thousand bucks a year. I should be digging clams, he thought.

His public shame was truly great,

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though his superiors were kind. The D.A. didn't bleat, too much. "Better luck the next time," was the word they passed around. But Herbie knew that he had failed, and that their confidence in him was undermined.

He watched Miss Dimples Dawning leave the courtroom with her friends. Youthful, little painted, vindicated, proud, you'd scarce believe the things she'd called him on the stormy night before. "Back to the harness, bum," was all she said in passing now; quietly and confidentially, the words dropped from the corner of her pretty mouth.

"She wouldn't be talking like that," George said, "if you had just waited."

Herbie walked along, not listening. His thoughts were filled with Gracie, with unhappiness. His girl in the Uptown Gaieties! His girl—the little woman he would take to be his very own. . . .

Out on the courthouse steps photographers did well with Dimples. Herbie saw her finally get into a cab, the cab move off, with only Dimples in the rear seat. He lit a cigarette and sadly said to George, "Let's get a beer."

THE cab had moved out from the curb, its driver pleased to have acquired this noted, ornamental fare. "Just ride me around a bit, Jackson," Dimples said to him. "I'm tired, that's all. Just ride around. Get away from here."

Her gloved hand dialed the radio beside her, made it loud. She opened her handbag and separated cigarettes from an enormous roll of currency, American. She knew how much there was. A lot. The cabbie turned around and said, "I always liked Guy Lombardo. I was in show business once. I—"

"You talk too much," she said. "Just push your hack."

The cabby did as he was told. He rode around. She told him finally to stop, then paid him off. She walked with the sidewalk traffic for a way. She stepped into a drugstore, chose a phone booth, put a nickel in the slot and dialed a number hastily. Her face was tense and tired; her fingers nervous at their work. Someone answered on the second ring. "Let me talk to him," she said. The someone knew her voice and whom she wished to speak to. Linky Belvedere was next to speak into the phone.

"Hello, darling," Dimples said. "I want to talk quick. No. They threw it out of court. Him? The big bum spoiled his case. He closed the show too soon, before the act got ripe enough. He dug his own grave in the court. The judge said he was crazy. Am I what? No, there won't be any show tonight. Your friend fixed that. We open up again tomorrow night. I've got the money, darling, but I don't dare go to your place.

"No, I tell you what I'll do: I'll meet you at a girl friend's place. Lives close to you. You'll only have to go a block or so. She's not a girl friend, really. It's just she's always tryin' to reform me. Sort of a slob she is, good-natured slob. She asks me all the time if I get lonely come aroun' and have a cup of tea. She's in the show. The name is Gracie Healey, on the third floor, rear, apartment 3B.

"Yes, I checked all that, an' there's another reason why they'd never think that I'd go there. No, never mind, but it would kill you if I told you. That's right; it's twenty-two, east. The third floor, B. Be careful, honey. Please. I'm scared? Of course I'm scared. Who wouldn't be? At nine o'clock."

Herbie Delehanty sat alone—sad but philosophical, gazing at the chair that had felled all but Linky Belvedere. Eight o'clock had come and gone, but Gracie hadn't called. Not that he'd expect she would. Last night's exchange of words and facts dissolved much more than any dinner date. Last night dissolved two lives, two flings at happiness.

Of course, he told himself, they hadn't been engaged. He had no claim upon her private or her business life. He'd just assumed that things would be as they had always been. That she should work in burlesque as unbedecked as any milkman's horse, while shocking to his taste and damaging to his pride, did not give him the right to say the things he had. The way she cried, *the size of Gracie's tears, were* things not easy to forget. He had no right to wound her with his scorn. The type of work she did for fifty cents a look seemed punishment enough. And with *things the way they were, of course*—the matrimony plans he'd made, the new house on the FHA, the solid things, the better things of life—were out. But they could be at least—well—friends.

The chair. In his own heart he'd promised her the chair. No reason now to welsh because things hadn't gone the way he'd wished them to. She would be home, unhappy now. No sense to hold the grudge.

He was lonesome; he was sad. He told himself the least that he might do was bring the chair. Sort of a token of farewell. He couldn't walk through the city streets with a kitchen chair in his hands, especially since this chair had had a public life, and those who saw him carry it around would certainly believe that he was showing off. However, in his lighter moments of the day before, he'd figured out a system for the transportation of the treasured chair. A silly sort of notion—just a gag, for laughs. Really, he was rather proud of it.

THE legs of the chair were not well glued into the seat. His big hands strained until he'd pried them loose. The back of the chair, the upper part, he also separated from the seat; the rungs, with little trouble, had come separate from the legs. Then it was possible for Herbie to arrange the separated pieces in a fairly level surface against his back, placing two of the disconnected legs in each hip pocket, vertically, so that they bracketed the edgewise seat and the upper structure of the chair. Catch on? And then, with his loose topcoat over all, there really was no startling bulge, except where things collided with his gun.

He then removed his gun from its accustomed place and put it in the inside pocket of his jacket, having no good reason to suspect that he might need the gun. The wooden corset, thus *arranged, gave him a splendid posture,* and you never would suspect he had a chair stuck up his back. Except he couldn't think that it was funny now. It was, for him, a melancholy night.

GRACIE also sat alone, doing what she could to salvage old silk stockings, matching shades and mending them and keeping busy with her hands. Her eyes *were damp with recent tears. Her anger* and her pride had fought the tears with small success. It was, she thought, just like a thick, unreasoning cop, whose head had blown up larger than his stomach, *to condemn the honest efforts of a* working girl. If only he had given her a chance to speak. But no, not him. Not Delehanty, big shot, holier-than-thou. You could be sure that people so suspicious, so alert to others' sins, had nasty little skeletons within their private lives. And she had saved his clippings, been so proud of him, and dared to hope so much.

Her doorbell rang. The hope swelled big inside of her. She put the stockings and her other sewing down. Could this be Herbie? Come to make amends? She rose and walked across the room. She turned the handle of the door.

Linky Belvedere, the rackets man, though not a handsome man, was vain, and he'd not venture in the darkest night a dozen feet to keep a rendezvous with sightless mice unless he combed his hair. He labored patiently with comb until he had his marcelled locks just so. He brushed with careful hands his one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar suit. The pockets of his suit contained just eighty cents. It wasn't easy now with all the boys in jail, or stiffly dead, to raise the kind of cash he was accustomed to.

Of course things wouldn't stay this way. He'd make his break; he'd get away; he'd start anew; he'd even fix that beefy cop. What time was it? Well, nearly nine o'clock. He looked once more into the mirror, checked details. Dimples always liked the way he dressed. She was all right. She'd have the dough. A lump of it. Good kid, no doubt of that, but where would she be if it hadn't been for him? Where would she get her famous name, her earning power? Where had she gotten all the *fancy clothes she wore, if not from him?*

He wondered, savagely, if she were always true to him. Then wondered if he knew what he would do if he learned she wasn't. He didn't like this hiding out; these empty sardine cans, the cracker crumbs, the dollar pint of rye upon the bureau, the smell of things about him, any more than he liked Herbie Delehanty, guardian of the law.

He put his black fedora on and turned the brim down nattily along the right side of his head. He checked his gun and felt the reassuring weight of it in his hand. He stepped out of his room into *a dark, deserted hall. He closed the* door behind him. . . .

Gracie opened the door and Dimples Dawning said, "Hello. Are you so surprised? It's just that I was walking by. You mind if I come in?"

"No. Of course. Come in. I—I'm glad you took my invitation. Take off your things. Relax."

"Are you alone?"

"Why, yes." *And that's my trouble,* Gracie thought; I'm all alone. She was surprised that Dimples had appeared, though it affirmed her strong belief that there was good in everyone. This kid was simply troubled, tired, spent, and twisted by her love for Linky Belvedere. But she could be reclaimed. She needed help against her youth, her foolish head. Then she noted Dimples' nervousness, her eyes, the new and artificial tone of voice, the effort to be casual.

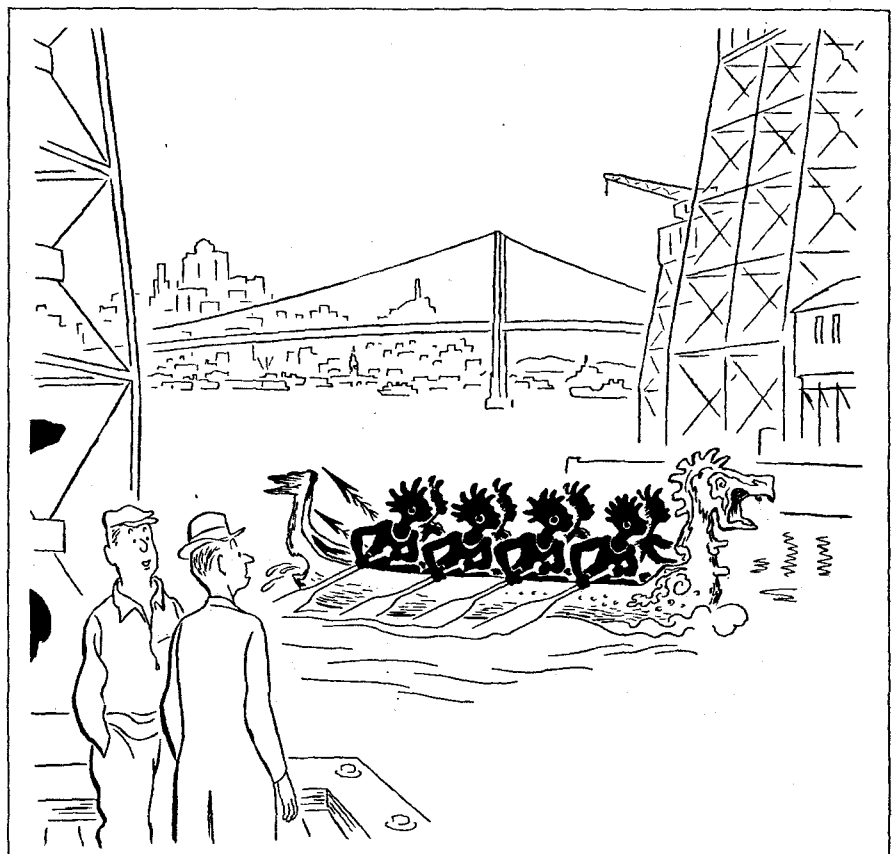
Dimples stretched her lovely and expensive legs. "Well, how about that cup of tea?"

"That's right. I promised you. Just wait'll I shove the bed into the wall." She raised the folding bed back into place. "The only thing that's big enough to spread my sewing on," she said. "I was going to fix my costume for the show. Oh, no. I'll do it later. That's all right." She placed some water on the small electric stove. She took the cigarette that Dimples offered her. She sat down, facing her. She wished that Dimples would stop the bored, self-conscious yawning she affected, and the careful study of her highly polished nails, and try to be herself.

MEANWHILE, Linky Belvedere moved from the dim light of the brownstone's vestibule into the quiet street. A woman and two kids walked on the other side, but paid no heed to him. Many cars, their lights turned off, were parked along the street. Two taxis hastened past him in a hurry for the green light at the far end of the street. Linky felt that it was safe enough. He walked a quarter of a block, then turned, unseen, into the basement of a large apartment house, from which, with little cunning, he was able to emerge into the darkness of the yard it shared with an apartment facing on the street below, where Gracie lived.

Thus, moving carefully, he did emerge and walk along the proper street in search of number twenty-two. He knew where it must be. He slowed his steps at sight of a large man coming from the other way. The sweat rolled out of him. His hand jerked quickly toward his hip, but he restrained the hand. He could be wrong.

He saw the man walk up the steps of number twenty-two. The light was not sufficient where the big man walked. He couldn't tell, from where he was, but his stomach crawled, and his legs,



"They're British colonials, in for repairs" NED HILTON

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unsteady, had a tendency toward flight. Then he calmed himself and laughed away the fear. He knew that Dimples wouldn't sell him out. And if she did? The thought of that was worse than fear. If she had sold him out, the only thing that he could ask for would be an opportunity to kill her and the cop with the same gun. He waited several seconds, then he warily approached.

HERBIE pressed the downstairs button where it said 3B. The door responded with its buzzing sound and opened when he pressed against it. Herbie walked all right, though stiffly, with the chair inside his coat. The legs of it probed deeply in his rolling hips as he climbed up the stairs. There was a heavy smell of cooking in the house; the stairs creaked under Herbie's weight. He didn't think it was the sort of place he'd choose for Gracie. But then, again, you never knew; some people's tastes were strange, their occupations worse.

He climbed the second flight of stairs, the chair legs still impeding him. She'd think that he was crazy. Well, he was. So what of that? 3B. The first door to the left. He knocked. He heard somebody say, "I'll answer it. Forgot to tell you I expected company."

Dimples Dawning stood in front of him. He looked at her. She gaped at him, the cigarette hung loosely from her mouth. "Well, this is lovely," Herbie said. "All we need now for a burlesque show is music an' those bum comedians. What time's the show?" He looked at Gracie, standing there. "Dimples just stopped in for a little chat," she said.

"How nice; how nice. I should've brought the D.A., too. You'd better give this kid a shot of something strong," he said to Gracie. "Otherwise she's gonna faint. What's the matter? What—"

Then Gracie screamed and Herbie whirled around. Linky Belvedere had stepped in through the door, with automatic pistol in his hand. His hand was shaking visibly. His face was white. His eyes did not belong in any man; nor even in a rabbit, stuffed. Herbie couldn't move. His own gun pressed its hardness against his chest while he stood breathing there. It lay quite inaccessible beneath two layers of coats. The coats were buttoned, tidily. Dimples tried to speak. But words would not come out. Her mouth hung open loosely when she fainted, sunk down to the floor.

Linky fired two shots at her. He was a madman, little else. Herbie, with no choice of other action, leaped across the room, away from the fire and the sound of the gun, deliberately knocking Gracie to the floor, and grasping as a shield the table she had set for tea. Linky fired into the table, once. Herbie, holding it, could not get at his gun. He threw the table at Linky's arm. Linky stepped aside. The table hit a wall. Linky's lips were trembling and the gun was in his hand, with three shots left. Herbie stood still for a thousand years, exposed to it, his topcoat fouled and twisted in the portable parts of kitchen chair that cluttered up his back, his own gun on the floor, now dislodged by his violent acrobatics.

Linky stepped around the troubled scene and took his time. He said few things beyond some stuttered, disconnected words of great obscenity. He aimed the gun at Herbie, disregarded Gracie. He squeezed the grip and trigger of the gun. Gracie swung a vast amount of vivid merchandise at him. There was a blur, the sound of the deflected shots. Herbie rushed the little man and drove him to the floor. Herbie felt a warm pang in his stomach, not unlike the wound that Linky's marksmanship had left there once before.

Linky scratched at Herbie's face and tore the flesh. Herbie punched at him with not too great effect. Herbie reached around and found a strong leg of the kitchen chair that had come loose beneath his coats. He swung it several times at Linky's head. That was enough. Herbie lay there for a while and then got up. He took his coats off, shed the last two sticks of lumber that still clung to him.

Gracie ran to him and threw her arms about him. "Herbie, darling! You've been shot!"

"Like the last time," Herbie said. "This bum, on horseback, with the gun held at the horse's ear, would only make a superficial wound. This time I got a powder burn."

"He's dead."

"No, he's not dead. That's Linky's natural color. She's not dead, either. She's wounded in the arm. Call an ambulance."

Gracie went to the telephone in the hall outside and called for an ambulance. Herbie showed the accumulating neighbors his official badge. He phoned the station house. He followed Gracie back into the room and closed the door. "Nice company you keep," he said. He motioned toward the victims of the brawl.

"Don't be so stupid," Gracie said. "I—I was only trying to help her, straighten her out. I didn't know she'd do a thing like this, have him up here."

"You've got a sweet and sentimental soul. You're all right, Gracie. Yes, you are. You conked him with that thing. You spoiled his aim. That was a—what was that, a flag?" They had placed Dimples on the folding bed which Gracie pulled down from its place against the wall. He walked across the room and picked a striped and spangled article from where it lay. "Looks like a flag," he said. He tried to figure what it was.

"It's a dress; it's not a flag."

"A dress?"

"With stars and stripes. I wear it in the show. I took it home to mend it. I—don't look at me like that, you idiot, you—" Gracie's eyes produced big tears.

"You mean you don't walk around the Uptown Gaieties, like—like one of those dames on a calendar?" He held the dress and studied it. "This thing is big enough for me. It's—"

"It's exactly what I wear at all times on the stage. In the Liberty Parade—and that's the only time that I appear, because—well, just because I'm big and stand up there like the Statue of Liberty."

"And beautiful," he said.

"And because I need the fifty dollars they pay me every week. To open up my millinery shop. I couldn't tell you on the phone that I was working there. And if you hadn't barged right in last night, when I was getting ready for the act. Oh, Herbie."

HE HELD her very close to him, until the ambulance and cops arrived. This gave them little time. Then ambulance and cops were gone and Herbie had a bandage on his powder burn. The two of them sat on the folding bed and Herbie put together all the pieces of the chair. "Needs glue," he said, "an' the ribbon's gone. I had it up my back. Like this. I couldn't bend. I couldn't even walk so well. I was bringin' it to you, because—well, baby, it's a precious little chair."

"You're crazy," Gracie said.

"I know; I know; I know."

"You're sweet, besides. I like you very much."

"I want that you should marry me. I got a lot of dough."

"Get off the bed. Don't stare at me like that."

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Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

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Beach Party

Continued from page 18

approved project under the terms of the Lend-lease Act. They use living quarters and recreation facilities furnished by our National Park Service. The Park Service even furnishes some of the girls. Four very pretty samples were now being taught, to the tune of a sonorous radio in the corner, the "Boopsie-daisy" by four men, each of whom looked like a composite picture of all the world's sailors. They were short, tempered to the hardness of a gun barrel by years on the ocean. But they had the gentleness of Little Lord Fauntleroy when they danced. Without a trace of self-consciousness they patiently cut through the girls' embarrassed giggles to explain the steps.

Other girls were from near-by towns. "A lorryful of thirty-five was intended to come up from Frederick," we were told, "but two of their number were killed in an automobile accident last evening, and the others felt too bad to attend." The missing thirty-five had been recruited from the five-and-ten-cent store by officers in charge of the group, it developed.

The little petty officer was still ripping away at the guitar, with his chorus switched over to the non-British, non-naval blasts of She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain. The radio was challenging heroically with some choice boogie-woogie. And now a sailor took over the old upright piano in another corner and started off a group on Headin' for the Last Roundup.

Extra Pay Helps

Stacks of beer bottles were growing like woodpiles at a sawmill. Each sailor held a bottle, but not the same bottle for long. And most carried in the bottom fold of his jersey a couple of packages of mild English cigarettes of yellow tobacco. "Ight cents a pack for the boys." Just about what our sailors pay for standard brands on shipboard. Some had other brands sent them in Bundles from Britain.

"We get more packages from home than we send, I'm afraid," one boy told us. Which was remarkable in view of the fact that the men had just made a trip to Washington—at their own expense—and stocked up with silk lingerie for the girls they left behind them. The men were not destitute. It seems they get extra pay while on American soil, to help them forget their loneliness.

There was a little extra commotion at the door, and in came Vice-Admiral Sir Wilfred French, K.C.B., former commander at Scapa Flow, now in this country with the British Repair Mission. Like almost all the others in the room, he was short, with bushy eyebrows and silver hair, but a face more kindly than anything we put on Santa Claus. One of the Park Service people with him kicked over a misplaced beer bottle, glanced around at the mounds of them all over the room, and whistled. French smiled. "Proof we have good capacities," he said quietly.

The admiral made a short speech, pointing out that the camps had solved a bad morale problem for the British navy, thanking the National Park Service representatives who were present and praising the men for their good behavior.

Lieutenant George Percival James Burfitt, a little man with a face like something Gutzon Borglum might have carved out of the side of a mountain, turned loose a frantic series of cheers. "Hip, hip, hip," he would say as fast as his lips would move, and a monstrous "Hooray" would roar out of the crew. Three normal hoorays in each cheer, then always a fourth—"one for comin' up."

On a bench along the wall were Mike Williams' two extraordinarily handsome boys, Billy, 12, and Aulick—better known as "Olkie," 14. They listened enraptured while a lean, hawk-nosed sailor talked. He was drawing a forefinger around his sleeve where service stripes would go, describing the uniform of his seventeen-year-old son, in service with the Air Raid Precaution in London. Singing, dancing and frolicking made no dent on William Chalk, veteran seaman who served through the battle of Jutland in the last war. He cornered Billy or Olkie whenever he could, and went on talking of his own boy.

Suddenly there was a stir at the other end of the room, the milling and pushing that always means a fight. The girls had left half an hour before and the men made the most of it. A black-haired giant, already noticeable because he was one of three or four tall men in the bunch, had squared off against a sliver-lipped smaller man with curly blond hair. They were pounding each other with the sincerity of amateurs. They tumbled over a bench and whammed away under it. They scrambled up and fell over the radio, still whamming. Then they fell into the fireplace. The audience was ecstatic, applauding with, "Hear, hear," and "Pip, pip."

"Why don't you stop it?" we asked one of the officers, a peewee who would have been ground to butter if he had got caught between.

"Why should I?" he replied, standing on tiptoe to see into the fireplace. "The men are on vacation."

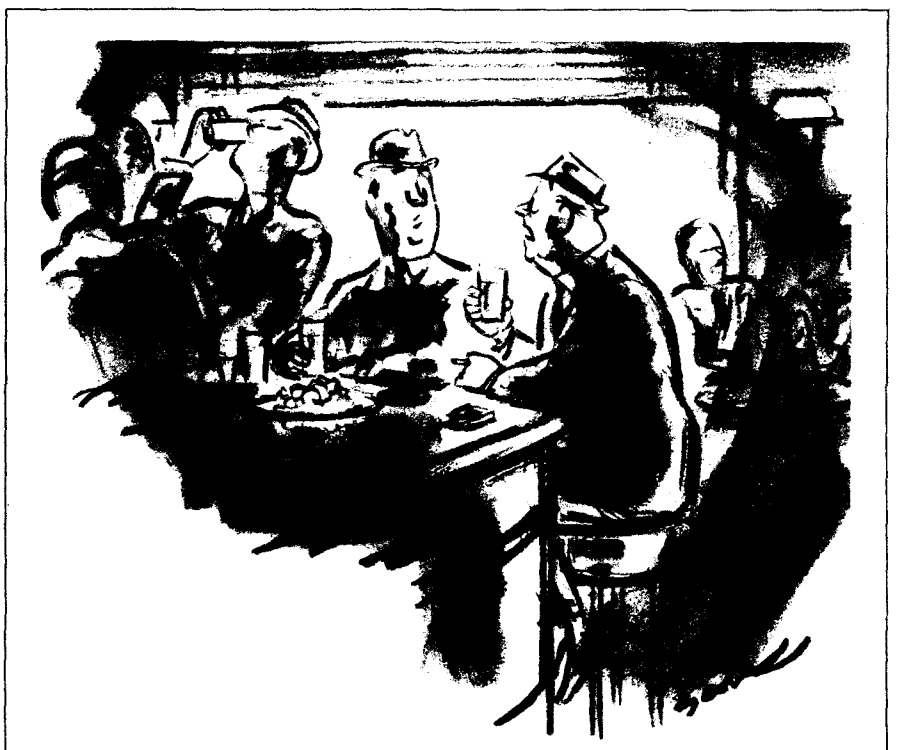
The fight ended abruptly. The big fellow landed one like a meat cleaver smack on the button, and the little fellow plopped over backward. He was out; you could almost see the stars yourself.

The bigger man tried to pick him up. "He can't hit him while he's down," the officer whispered. Then Nixon pushed through. He put the thumb and index finger of his right hand against the big man's chin and shoved him gently away. "Sive it for more important work," he said in his soft voice. The big man's fists kept whirling, Nixon kept shoving and the big man ended up pinned helplessly against the wall. "Stop it now, you bloody blighter." The big man stopped.

"Nickie used to be a boxer and wrestler in a carnival," the officer said reverently.

A few minutes later "The Skipper," a tough little gent with a cigarette growing out of the left corner of his mouth, and who had been selling the beer all evening for a dime a bottle, announced he had to have some sleep, and closed up shop. Eight hundred bottles had been gulped away that Friday. Eight hundred bottles divided between fewer than fifty men. "And 'arf of us don't drink," said one.

All of which was typical, but none of which means the men are basically rowdy. When they fight, they fight themselves, and make it a point never to damage the furniture except in line of battle. They have been entertained a lot by American neighbors around the camps, with little upleasantness.



"I wouldn't be able to tolerate my wife if she didn't drive me to this"

LEONARO DOVE

Soap is one of the sailors' weaknesses. A clubwoman near another camp demonstrated her beneficence by inviting two of the men to dinner. They showed up on time, and she asked if they would like to wash. They disappeared into the bathroom and emerged one hour later. They were quite solemn through an exquisitely cooked meal, and as they left they thanked "the lidy," not for the food—but for the baths.

Sometimes the sailors have been definitely useful. The Royal Marine Band of H.M.S. Formidable gave concerts at Raleigh and Chapel Hill, and played for dances given for the sailors at Durham. The Formidable sailors also designed an air-raid shelter for the North Carolina State Fair, and stayed around to explain it to visitors. The United Service Organizations got some fifty dollars from a band concert at Townsend Center, Massachusetts.

They have marched in parades, have been chief attractions at all sorts of parties, thrilled and entertained Americans all up and down the coast. They have even put out a forest fire. A nasty blaze blew up near the camp at Crabtree Creek Recreation Area in North Carolina, but ran into the sailors and quit cold. "We spit beer at it," one sailor explained.

Camps now going are at Catoctin and Crabtree Creek, and Bear Brook Recreation Area in New Hampshire, Townsend State Forest in Massachusetts, Burlingame Reservation in Rhode Island, Swift Creek Recreation Area in Virginia, and Cheraw Recreation Area in South Carolina. Three others are ready, at French Creek Recreation Area in Pennsylvania, and Voorhees State Park and Glassboro Game Refuge in New Jersey.

Two are planned for the West Coast, where three British warships are now stationed. One will be near Bremerton, Washington, and another near San Francisco.

One fourth of a crew is sent to camp at a time, leaving the rest to suffer the mess and turmoil of the repairing. Men have come from the aircraft carriers Illustrious, Formidable and Furious; the battleships Malaya, Rodney, Resolution and Royal Sovereign; the mine layers Menestheus and Agamemnon, and innumerable destroyers, cruisers, corvettes, submarines and armed merchant cruisers, all in dock at Portsmouth, Boston, Baltimore, Newport News or Charleston.

Beer, Rest and Beer

First thing next morning we were presented with more beer. This time it was even freer than the night before because no one paid. Last day's beer is always bought with the profits of preceding sales, it seems. "Eight hundred bottles won't be a drop in our gullets today," Nixon predicted.

On a tiny patch of lawn the men had set up their cricket gear and were driving the leather pellet at one another's shins with the force of a one-pound cannon ball. The parking lot was being used for soccer. The boys were good at both. Williams said the favorite sport was swimming. Navy regulations demand that the men be good swimmers but many of the "Hostilities only"—what we call conscripts—can't even float. And for some of the veterans, the park pools are thrilling—they supply the first fresh water in which the men ever swam.

Dinner—the noon meal—was steaming away on the great cook range inside, fat platters loaded with lush veal cutlets, carrots and potatoes. One man at each table served all; and when the platters were empty, which was soon, one man at each table wiped off, another brought a pan of steaming water and washed the dishes on the spot, another dried, and still another set places for the next meal. As we left, the cook, who came up with the crew, was searing fine-looking steaks for supper, "high tea."

The storm had vanished completely, leaving the sparkling fall foliage as fresh as a new painting.

"We'll see you again," Nixon said as we climbed into the car; "maybe over here, maybe over there." And as we drove away, a dozen or so of the crew waved after us with the split-finger "V-for-Victory" salute. It was the only reference to the war we'd seen or heard the whole time.

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Manila Eye-Witness

Continued from page 13

Norway, Holland, Greece or Crete, official Army headquarters statements and eye-witness accounts of fifth-column work show that during the first few invasion attempts enemy planes were led directly to their military objectives by flares and lights at night and by fires and arrows in the daytime.

Today there are about 27,000 Japanese in the 7,083 Philippine Islands. More than 17,000 of them are in the southern islands, with the greatest concentration at Davao, on the second largest island of Mindanao.

The first reports I had from Army-Navy headquarters at Davao—there was a Navy aircraft tender down there when the first surprise air attack came—was that alleged Japanese farmer-fishermen at Davao had organized to take over the community. The Japanese plan was to capture Davao and a small airfield there. This would have given them a base from which to operate out of their eastern mandated islands and also to cut off the Philippines from the south.

But despite the dawn bombing raid which caught two Navy PBY Catalinas on the water and resulted in the death of a Navy ensign, the Japanese didn't act quickly enough. Hero Number One of the United States Philippine forces in the Far East was a Filipino soldier named Castillo. Acting on his own that morning he sensed what was about to take place. He rounded up all the male residents he could find, armed them and proceeded to assume official control of Davao. He rounded up Japanese leaders and generally took over until Lieutenant Colonel Roger Hillsman and his forces in the vicinity got to the spot and relieved him. Castillo received the war's first high commendation from General MacArthur's headquarters.

Other Filipinos have distinguished themselves in defense of their islands. One of these, a lieutenant in the Air Corps, who had the least number of flying hours in his pursuit interceptor squadron, knocked out the first Japanese plane known to be shot down by a Filipino. It was the first plane reported at headquarters as "officially down." Then a Philippine division at Lingayen Gulf and at the town of Lingayen itself was the first force to block, drive off and mop up strong Japanese landing units. This was on the fourth day of the war.

American officers at expansive Clark Field, about forty miles north of Manila, which was hit with considerable air strength the first morning by Japanese bombers, say their faith in the calm reaction of Filipino fliers and troops under fire is complete.

Three population movements have been most spectacular: The voluntary evacuation, the reaction of crowds during the first daylight raid when more than sixty-six planes, officially counted, appeared over the city for four hours, and finally the roundup of Japanese and other enemy aliens. The roundup of enemy aliens began immediately with the first airplane attack. Major Legrade Diller, Press Relations Officer in the orientally decorated office of General MacArthur, made a special point the first night of the war. He stressed that all enemy aliens are being rounded up, and since that time he has had something to say about alien roundups at nearly every conference held at Army headquarters.

Some Japanese resisted arrest. One

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Men, women, boys and girls of all ranges of skill, or no skill at all, will be in this big contest. All have an equal opportunity to win! Enter even though you have never bowled before. *Mornings or afternoons are especially good times to play in Carnival*—enjoy wholesome fun and win big prizes. *Even a beginner can win as much as $350.00 cash.*

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CALL WESTERN UNION

Just pick up your telephone and *ask the operator* for Western Union (do not *dial* or *call* number). They'll be glad to give you the name of the nearest establishment where you can bowl for Carnival Prizes.

These World Famous Sports Figures Are the Honorary Carnival Judges

Bill Stern Ace N B C sports authority and commentator.

Alice Marble Women's Tennis Champion of the World.

H. Stuhldreher Head football coach and Director of Athletics at University of Wisconsin.

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held off a police squad with a revolver, firing through the door until he had burned his papers. Another fired three shots at a police officer in the Japanese district the first morning. He was nervous and missed. The officer took care of him.

There are many Japanese married to Filipinos. Some of the families had gone along with the husbands. Japanese who were known to be of dangerous character were bundled into trucks the first day, and every day since, you now and then catch a glimpse of them being transported to prepared internment camps. Those not so dangerous and others felt to be pro-American are under house detention. Violence has not been used except in instances where resistance to arrest has been offered.

No One's Afraid—But the Japs

These Japanese are extremely nervous whenever bombers come over. They know bombs are no respecters of persons. We have friends who say they're in the safest place in Manila. They live next door to the Japanese consulate, where the staff is confined under protective guard, and they are sure they won't be bombed. The consulate people apparently are not so sure, for they run for their cellars every time the sirens scream.

Germans have been placed under surveillance since the war started. With Hitler's declaration of war against the United States, these Germans were whisked away immediately. The population itself—particularly in Manila—immediately settled into air-raid routine. I received word of an expected attack on the Philippines before dawn, not knowing then of the attack on Hawaii. The first knowledge here was of a Japanese raid on Malaya and Singapore.

I was out in the city when the war news began to get about. People came out into the streets at the regular time and headed for offices and regular occupations. Every one kept glancing skyward. Many went to church. It was a typically hot, muggy Manila day. Traffic moved slowly, as usual. There was nothing to note out of the ordinary except the tense cries of newsboys and the underlying excitement of the people and the sound of radios on full blast for every bit of flash news. By noon there was a noticeable change in the city. Civilian Emergency Administration arm bands—purple with yellow letters—appeared on several thousand air-raid wardens and civilian-protection officials.

The city came under the order of martial law immediately. Green-topped doughboy steel helmets were handed out to wardens, police and messenger boys by the thousands. The army commandeered all automobiles in show windows and garages and all taxicabs. Busses and trucks, regardless of who owned them or whether they were loaded or not, were requisitioned on the spot. The only means of transportation apart from private vehicles that had not been taken by the Army and Navy were picturesque little two-wheel horsecarts drawn by pint-sized horses.

Voluntary evacuation began immediately, from major towns of the southern Philippines to Baguio, the mountain resort capital in north central Luzon. The people of Manila were urged to leave the city calmly and quickly if they desired to go out to the provinces. Highways were needed for speedy transport of troops and equipment.

I checked the main roads leaving the city twice during the first day and several times a day for the next four. Voluntary evacuees moved along in single file at the edge of the roads.

"Well, we'll be able to get by on my salary, but you'll have to get a job to pay my income tax!" BILL KING

Guards along the way kept the file constantly moving.

The civilian administrator had announced that it was planned to send 217,000 "nonessentials, mostly women, children and aged," out of the city. But before they had time officially to act on the planned evacuation of the suburbs and slum deathtraps, more than 70,000 people had already left the city. They hired tiny horsecarts. They piled all their children, belongings and food onto these rickety carts and climbed in themselves. I saw one miniature horse actually lifted off the street by the weight of the load. On this same hot first afternoon and all that night, people trudged, pushed baby carriages, pulled carts and wheelbarrows with their children and belongings out of the city.

They Just Don't Like Japs

It was a grim, silent procession. There was no excitement. If anything, the atmosphere was one of smoldering anger. I talked with many of the evacuees. "If the Japanese take this country we'll never be free," one woman muttered, as, with her two-year-old athwart her, she shuffled along the hot pavement holding a washpan full of clothes and goods on her head.

"The Japanese have not played fair," said another evacuee, an old man leading two youngsters by the hand. "They tell us they're our friends and then stab us in the back. My son's in the army. He'll show the Japanese."

Younger men and boys who are provisional police, air-raid wardens, clerks in stores, used two words almost consistently when describing the Japanese attack, neither printable.

But when the first daylight air raid came—high noon—we actually got the primary test of how the Filipinos were going to stand up under bombing. During four hours of this raid I watched the Japanese bombers sweep across the city in three perfect V's, to be met by antiaircraft fire, of which they kept just above. I saw them drive directly to their objectives. They were broken up by interceptor squadrons. Bombs were dropped, fires started and great pillars of black smoke curled up straight into the blue windless sky. A fat man on the street ran like mad when the air-raid sirens screamed. Police whistles blew. Cars were ordered to the curb. A few provincial police got excited, cocked rifles and fired into the air at the Japanese planes 15,000 feet above. Antiaircraft flak began to fall in the streets. Those who remained on the sidewalks or in open lots or squares scattered quickly. Some were injured. That was a lesson to others.

In one place from where I was watching a spinning, rolling, tightly maneuvered dogfight between three Japanese and one American pursuit plane, I saw one of the Jap planes dive and machine-gun a crowd standing in an open park watching the fight. An American P-40 pilot saw it, too. He lit out for this one plane, but when his back turned, the other two Japs high-tailed away. These Japanese planes are officially recognized as adaptations of the Seversky single-seater models the Japanese got from us some time ago. They are two-place ships called zero fighters.

Official army reports deny that some of the original bombers and fighters were piloted by Germans, and that some of the planes shot down contained Germans. They said they had heard this. But they made no comment.

One story I confirmed gives an insight into the nature of the Filipino. He is a great gambler. In this instance a small crowd had gathered on the sidewalk to watch Japanese bombers dodging the white antiaircraft puffs. They began to place bets as to whether the bombers would hit their objectives. This attitude surprised many foreigners, who thought the Filipino would be panicky.

A man who had just returned from the mountain capital, Baguio, told me that when the first Japanese bombers came over Baguio, crowds stood in the streets and cheered, thinking they were American or Filipino pilots going out to meet the Japs. When the Japanese planes dropped bombs, these provincial people just stood where they were and waved their fists.

Other Japanese planes slipped through some of the interceptor lines and dropped leaflets on small villages as well as on major towns and Manila.

Most of the leaflets were printed in the dialect of the province in which they were dropped. They appealed to the Filipinos to turn against the United States. One leaflet text I saw was in the English of a Japanese movie comic. It was later quoted in one Manila paper. It said: "The way to permanent peace. Causing this conflict between the Japanese and the United States is a Roosevelt attempt to curve our independence. Our mission is to end this as fast as possible and in order to accept this aim we should co-operate with Japan whole." The dialect leaflets made much more sense.

Fatalities: Two Fighting Cocks

But the Filipino isn't ripe to accept this fifth-columnist propaganda. It makes most of them mad. The police have gathered as many of these leaflets as possible. In the provinces the people bring them in and show them to the local police. One Filipino with a sense of humor walked several miles to get to the central police district to report two fatalities, as requested by officials when the war began. His two fatalities were fighting cocks killed by antiaircraft shrapnel.

The first afternoon of the war there was a run on gasoline. Cars were lined up for blocks. Gas-station operators soon used up their supplies but big tanker trucks refilled the stations' pumps. Now there is voluntary rationing by operators of ten gallons per customer. This is hardly foolproof but it cuts down the run.

There was also a run on banks, to begin with. People stood for hours in queues. These were largely Chinese storekeepers. One American woman I know who had just received a large sum of money from home went to the bank to try to deposit it. But there was such a crowd drawing money she couldn't get near enough to the teller's window. When she asked a bank guard how about it, he informed her she couldn't deposit it that day. However, an executive order by President Quezon stopped the run. If you have money in the bank here you can withdraw one hundred dollars a week. There is no restriction on money being wired from people in the United States to families here.

While there has been some semblance of food control—there's a law regarding this—when you go into a regular grocery, again mostly run by Chinese, food goes to the highest bidder.

While the storekeeper knows what his prices should be, nevertheless he can surreptitiously raise prices on staples. For instance, boxes of crackers and biscuits have gone up almost a hundred per cent in some more crowded sectors. Essential food prices have been upped and lowered and upped. Foreign store prices remain steady. Cigarettes costing nineteen centavos jumped in thirty-five centavos, in several stores. This was during the first five days. But civilian food administration has begun to get after these profiteers and prosecutions are resulting in a grad al lowering of prices.

Today, in the Pacific, crowds of shoppers flock to stores. They find plate-

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glass windows crisscrossed with paper or adhesive tape to keep them from shattering when bombs light near by. These shoppers get everything imaginable. I saw one woman buying a store-made gas mask. There has been a great run on women's slack suits and there is hardly one left in the city. People are buying extra razor blades, medicines and all first-aid materials. Chinese stores have taken the precaution of painting large signs outside, reading "Chinese Store." Filipino stores have done similarly. Some Japanese store windows were smashed; there was very little looting, however, and armed guards protect the premises.

There has been a tendency for clerks to relax and not to serve customers who are tense over bombs and families at home. In stores, people stand around and talk over endless rumors of Tokyo being bombed, Formosa being raided nightly by Dutch pilots, of a Jap aircraft carrier being sunk in the China Sea near Hong Kong and, until it was confirmed by Admiral Thomas C. Hart, commander of the Asiatic Fleet in conference, the naval-air engagement we knew was taking place near by.

The Admiral was Ready

The night war broke, Admiral Hart, slight, gray-haired, active former submariner, not only had had his Far East fleet on the alert for some time prior, but was doubly alert himself, as events officially reported are now proving. I am sure the censors will not object to my stating this fact, particularly in view of the reports reaching here of criticism of the Far Eastern defenses, the day war broke, by certain congressmen in Washington.

Another factor I'm sure the increasingly vigilant naval censorship will not strike out is the constant reference to the outstanding performances of American and Filipino pursuit interceptor pilots.

These men and their ground crews at various Philippine fields have been on the job since before the first word confirming the Hawaii attack reached here. The general public, watching from street, jungle and seashore, has seen the pilots' ability to handle the enemy, whether single or, as I have witnessed, in numbers.

No one can overstress the part the interceptor pilots have played even thus far. When the final story of the defense of these islands is told I advise you to reach for the volume that chronicles the activities of the camouflaged American Army, Navy and Filipino planes which have been intercepting Jap formations, patrolling the coast lines and attacking Jap landing forces.

Everyone knows of the two American pilots who have performed outstanding jobs indicative of the flying being done every day by their brother pilots.

The immortal bomber pilot, Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., bombed and sank the Haruna, 29,000-ton battle cruiser. Unfortunately, Captain Kelly didn't survive. He received a bullet in his side during the action and his copilot brought the plane home.

First Lieutenant Boyd D. "Buzz" Wagner, in a pursuit, found twelve Jap machines on the ground and five in the air. First he engaged the five, shot down two, and then machine-gunned the twelve on the ground. Five of these he left burning. That accounted for seven in less than five minutes.

These are only two instances of what is going on hourly here in the air over the Philippines.

When Admiral Hart held his first press conference he too reported that the Navy had its air heroes. Several of them, headed by Lieutenant C. A. Keller, accounted for the disabling of the Japanese battle cruiser Kongo off northwest Luzon. The Army and Navy between them have avenged the Japanese sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse.

What this news of the American Far East steam roller getting into action against the Japanese surprise tactics has done to the already determined morale of the Philippine population is nobody's business.

Even if you could see across the Pacific and down to Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies, there could be no comment, nowadays, on the strategy, numbers or movements of troops, planes and ships. But there is one thing the people at home can remember about the action out here; General MacArthur said it in reply to a message from President Roosevelt of official and personal congratulations for the fine stand the American Filipino troops are making. This also can be taken as an answer to what the families of troops, sailors, officers and pilots in action would have said had they been able to reach their husbands, brothers and sons.

Replied General MacArthur: "The Far East Command appreciates deeply your message. We shall do our best."

"It's the enemy, sir, coming out to meet us. What'll we do?"

PAUL CARRUTH

EVER EMBARRASSED BY

SMOKER'S HACK?

LISTEN to this testimony! Thousands of KOOL smokers were asked: "Do KOOLS leave your throat feeling clearer . . . make your mouth feel cooler?" An overwhelming majority — 83.2% — said "Yes."

Switch to KOOLS and know the comfort of that cool, clear feeling in your throat—that clean taste in your mouth. Enjoy the mellow flavor of fine tobaccos, made milder with a bit of magic menthol. You'll soon be saying, like the others: "My throat feels clearer...my mouth cooler." Ask for popular-priced KOOLS today.

FOR YOUR THROAT'S SAKE SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS

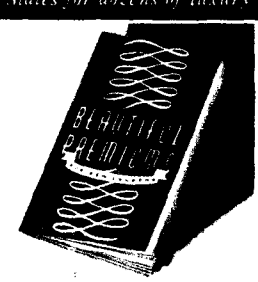
UNION MADE

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES

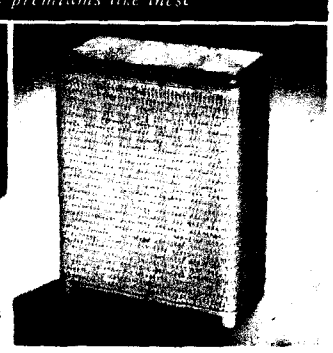
VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK...TWO EXTRA IN CARTONS

Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these

POKER SET. Solid walnut case, 300 assorted chips and two decks Bicycle cards.



FREE. The new 60-page catalog illustrating the many B&W luxury premiums in full color. Write Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



CLOTHES HAMPER with Pearl Pyralin lid. Airy. Removable laundry-bag lines.

B & W COUPONS ARE ALSO PACKED IN POPULAR-PRICED RALEIGH CIGARETTES

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 14

word like Plum can take on mysterious, sinister and far-reaching meanings when stamped on trunks and whispered by children.

TYPICAL of the situation elsewhere, Army politeness is removing its kid gloves here and at the Salt Lake Airdrome, Utah Ordnance Plant, Ogden Arsenal, Utah General Supply Depot, Ogden Airport and the Wendover Bombing and Gunnery Range. Guards are necessarily tough. "We've been hurting peoples' feelings lately," one said, "because we suddenly got so particular about who goes where. Isn't that too bad?"

TEXAS

ELLINGTON FIELD, Houston. Meet the Army's average man, figured out on paper by the Quartermaster Corps. He's five feet, eight inches tall, weighs 144 pounds; has a 33½-inch chest and 31-inch waist; wears 9½-D shoes, a size 7 hat; and it costs the government $404 a year to keep him going, not counting pay and shooting irons. Apprised of these statistics, Ellington's public-relations office went to work and dug up an inductee tailored to fit the measurements. He's Pvt. Leslie Hunter, of the 69th School Squadron's supply room, and he's already had so much publicity about his averageness he's having quite a time living up to it. Matter of fact, if he wants to follow through on the standards figured out by the Quartermaster Corps he'll have to gain some weight as a result of Army chow, his chest measurement will have to show some increase and he'll soon be wearing size 10 shoes. Being a modest guy, though, his hat size will stay put.

SECRETARY ICKES may have called off the gasoline shortage on the east coast, but there's one at Ellington. The field is sixteen miles from Houston, where a great deal of business is transacted, and the boys have been burning up about all the gas currently being allotted. What happens when the camp's athletic teams have to be lugged here and there is that noncoms and privates have to get up the gasoline dough themselves, and the last word we had was that the 65th Air Base Squadron was taking up a collection to get its basketball team to the next scheduled affray. The lads think (1) that Uncle Sam ought to provide the transportation costs, and (2) that if soldiers have to patronize a civilian filling station the government ought to at least laugh off payment of the federal tax.

CAMP BULLIS. Machine guns and M-1 rifles rattle and pop here from dawn to dusk as 151 selected officers of the 3d Army shoot their way into and out of maneuver problems during the course of a new kind of officer training hatched up by Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger. His idea of developing the leadership qualities of the most promising junior officers in his Army blossomed into a school based largely on the Fort Benning Infantry School but without classroom work. Here the young officers learn entirely by doing—they get pushed in and they swim, or else—and the scene is one of brass hats crawling, creeping, rushing and charging about the rocky hills at this post near Fort Sam Houston, learning what they did wrong after they've done it, and then going back and doing it over and over again until they get it right. Their strenuous day starts at six o'clock in the morning and ends at nine that night, with no full hour in between that they can call their own.

Although the officers are from various branches of the service—infantry, engineers, artillery, cavalry—they're all thrown into the infantry together for this new idea in training. The company, platoon and squad leaders are changed daily so that every officer has a crack at every job. Squad problems occupy the first two weeks, platoon problems the second two, and company situations for the last two of the six weeks' course; and they work at everything from close-order drill on up. Most of the officers are privates most of the time, but there is always a real "enemy," blank ammunition and insistence upon realism. In field problems the officers creep and crawl from cover to cover, come hell or high water. Incidentally, there has been some rain of sorts here lately, and those queer marks in the brush, as if made by heavy burdens dragged along the ground, are just the trails left by lieutenants, captains, majors and colonels who were doing their level best to surprise, capture or "destroy" an opposing unit. The success of each leader depends largely upon the co-operation of his men and that works out nicely, because if you don't hit the dirt hard enough today and your leader gets criticized for it, he could easily lie down on the job tomorrow and get you hauled on the carpet. But that never comes up; every man is out to do his best, not only for himself, but for his brother officers.

General Krueger has promised promotion and recognition for officers showing they have the stuff, and, as one officer put it: "Although it's hard, sometimes, to understand just why you have to crawl so damned far day after day when you know pretty much all there is to know about crawling through bushes and over rocks, you do it just the same."

IDAHO

GOWEN FIELD, Boise. Selectees may burn when they read that men who refused to register for the draft, and were, therefore, bundled off to federal pens for a year, are freed in nine months—three months being knocked off for good behavior—but there's more to the story. When an objector to compulsory service gets out of federal detention he gets a draft number that has already been called; and if he hasn't changed his mind or his eligibility, back he goes to the hoosegow for another stretch. This goes on and on, for the duration.

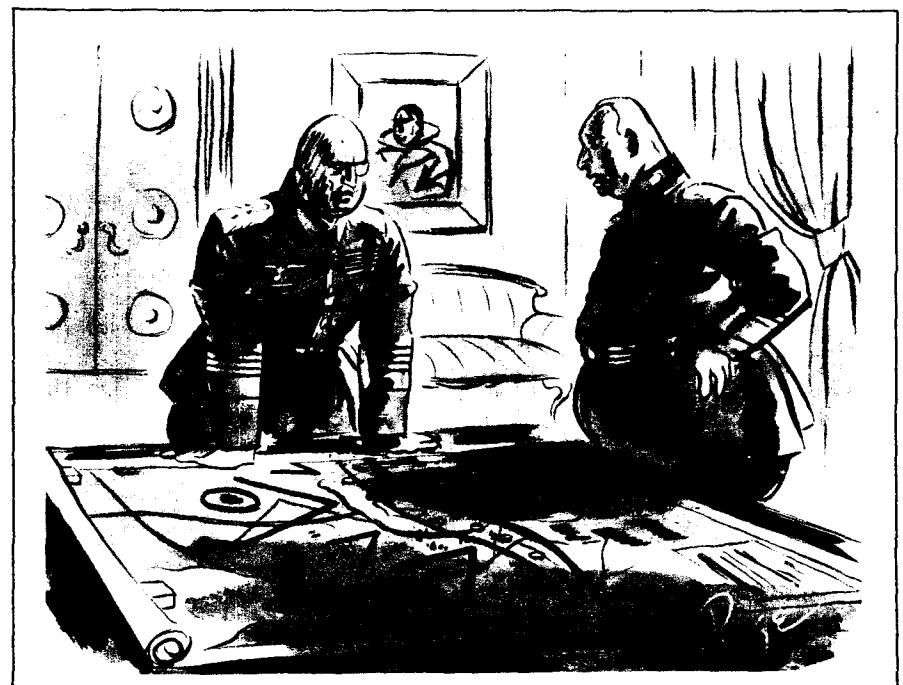
ALABAMA

MAXWELL FIELD. You stand and watch them come in, awed, curious, their eyes taking quick looks at the sky. They're rumpled and tired from travel, but the discipline and fast routine catches them up. They're Air Corps cadets, sent to the gigantic Maxwell Field receiving center from the entire Southeastern district. No longer do cadets get their calisthenics, ground work and manners from flying instructors; for five weeks they don't go near a plane. If a cadet doesn't slip in those first five weeks he's sent to one of the fifteen primary training schools for ten weeks where they watch him fly and learn about his temperament. Temperament is important; it will decide whether he will pilot a fighter or whether he will go into a twin-engine combat plane or into a bomber.

He flies a PT (Primary Trainer) biplane, which will almost fly itself. He gets his solo, learns how to taxi his ship, learns a few simple maneuvers and some basic formation stuff. He learns, if he can, not to land on top of the fellow who has just landed, and he learns not to chew up the wing of the ship ahead of him. If he lasts through those ten weeks he goes to a basic school, where he flies a BT (Basic Trainer). His landings are much worse than his primary landings; his take-offs are worse. He is chagrined and a bit scared, perhaps, because he realizes he has a real airplane under his pants. He gets formation flying and all the spins, rolls and loops which are part of fighting maneuvers, not just stunts. His landings improve. Ten weeks of that and he moves on to ten weeks at the advanced school. There again his landings are worse; his advanced training plane, a shining aluminum fighter, is much more sensitive than his BT and flies twice as fast.

In an AT-A-6 the cadet gets blind flying, with a hood over his head and the instructor in the seat behind him. This causes him to write, in the Maxwell Field magazine: "Under the hood I ain't so good." He takes his first night flight with two other planes, an instructor in one of them. There is two-way radio on the 250-mile trip. His palms sweat and he looks out into the night and thinks how different it is from day flying. Now and then he laments his dumbness: "Some days I feel, up in the air, I've no more business being there than a maiden aunt of mine named Herma, who's never been off terra firma."

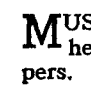
At long last, eight out of every dozen primary training cadets get their wings, but that isn't the end of it. "Don't forget," says Maj. Gen. Walter R. Weaver, who commands the Southeast Air Corps Training Center, "that when a young man has learned to fly, the job is really only begun. An airplane is a weapon, not just an air ferry. Until our pilots learn to fit their planes and its guns and themselves into one flesh, so to speak, the job isn't done. I hope the public won't think that once we've trained 30,000 pilots, we've got 30,000 fighters. We may have. We hope so. But the job really begins after the cadet has his wings."



"New York must be taken with a single, paralyzing, midweek thrust. Week-end traffic around there is something fierce!"

JOHN RUGE

KENTUCKY



FORT KNOX. New to you, perhaps, and to the members of the new 5th Armored Division, is the slang of the veteran 1st Armored Division. Tanks are Hell Buggies, motorcycles are Popsicles and sidecars are Buddy Seats. Members of the armored forces call themselves Gasoline Cowboys, and to them artillerymen are Red Legs, infantrymen are Gravel Agitators and any recruit is a Big John. A mounted review is a Rat Race, and the guardhouse is Barracks 13 or Cross-Bar Hotel. With winter here, you should guess what Superman Drawers are. Yes—woolen underwear.

GENERAL

MR. ROBERT DORY, JR., of St. Ignace, Michigan, asked his brother, who's a sergeant in the 107th Engineers at Camp Livingston, what he thought of the idea and his brother said it was a good one. Mr. Dory proposes that our armored divisions be known as the Anzers, because they're the anzers to the panzers.

THREE Canadian antitankers attached to an artillery unit would like to correspond with soldiers in any branch of the U.S. Army. If it sounds interesting to you, drop a line to S. Breger, J. Albert or B. Fagen at C.A.T.C. (AZ) E Battery, "A" Troop, Hut V14, Petawawa Military Camp, Petawawa, Ont., Canada. Wow!

RECOIL

"WHAT kind of cattle do they have in Texas?" Mr. C. E. Whitaker writes from Leicester, N. C., referring sharply to our item of December 13th in which we stated that "Duncan Field pilots like to biff buzzards out of the air because they bother cattle in foal." "Up here in the mountains," Mr. Whitaker patiently explains, "our cows produce calves. Only the mares ever have foals. The item surely must contain either a slight error or a whale of a good story for the farm papers."

MUST have been an error. Haven't heard a peep out of the farm papers.

G. W.

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Alder Gulch

Continued from page 23

whatever might be on Pierce's face. Pierce, naturally a tall man, straightened and what Scoggins saw was a confused and surprised expression. A ruffle of feeling moved plainly through Pierce; a thought stirred in him, and left its uncertain track. But he covered it immediately and only added, "Good for you, Ben," and started from the store. He had reached the doorway when he called suddenly back, "That the hat, Ben?"

SCOGGINS came forward in time to see Rube Ketchum idly move along the wall of the Senate. Rube Ketchum was a huge, clumsy shape inside a heavy overcoat; a muffler covered his ears and he wore a new stiff-brimmed black hat.

"That's the hat," said Scoggins.

"I had the idea it would be," Pierce said dryly.

"What's next?"

"Nobody knows what's next, do they?" said Pierce, and left the store. He was thinking of Archie Caples and of Caples' big hands drumming the Sunday washboard. He was thinking as well of Barney Morris now five months dead on the hill and of Mary Morris somewhere in Ohio. He did not mean to be bound to these people. Their lives were not his lives; and still their lives had turned to tragedy because of a brute world. It was the brute world against which all his anger rose.

Ketchum had walked on around the corner of the Senate, apparently unaware of being watched; he bowed his head against the knife-thin wind. Pierce turned the Senate's corner and kept Ketchum's heavy and bulky shape before him. The street crowd was pretty small on this cold black night. The saloon doors, as he passed them, sent out steady currents of warmth. Ketchum, now at the corner of Van Buren, hooked around it.

The Virginia Hotel was at that corner; and coming forward Pierce saw a man ride out of the windy night and stop at the hotel's porch. The man got down, his back to Pierce, and he tied the reins to the ring post by the hotel, and for a short moment he faced the hotel and stared at it; afterward the scrape of Pierce's feet drew his attention and he turned—and as he turned he showed the square and blocky-bearded face of Mr. Sitgreaves.

Pierce had not forgotten about Sitgreaves. Sitgreaves was part of his past and his past always remained with him, like the slow-burning coals of an old fire. But he had not recently been thinking of Sitgreaves and this now was a shock that set him back. Sitgreaves' somber eyes grew round in recognition and he seemed to settle and take on weight. He had, Pierce thought, judged Sitgreaves properly in the beginning: this man was a bloodhound who would never give up until death came.

Pierce said, "Five months is a long time."

"Ah," said Sitgreaves, "I lost your trail. After Lewiston there was no trace—until I met a man who had seen you. But I went the wrong way. I went to Utah."

"The subject seems firm enough in your mind."

"Why," agreed Sitgreaves, "I am a firm man and my people have all been firm."

"Step around the corner to the Senate. We will keep warm at least."

"There is no object in talk," stated Sitgreaves. "No object at all."

"I have a gun in this pocket. Just step into the Senate."

Sitgreaves shrugged his shoulders, but obeyed. The two of them turned into the saloon's smoky warmth and moved at the bar. Pierce wiggled a finger for bottle and glasses. He waited for Sitgreaves to pour a drink, afterward pouring his own.

"It is devilish cold weather," offered Sitgreaves. "The Bitterroot passes will be closed soon, I think. The drink will help. But—" he gave Pierce the full benefit of his black zealous eyes, "I cannot drink with you in any sense. I will not tie any sentiment of mine to any sentiment of yours. You understand?"

Pierce nodded and downed his drink. He stood by, watching Sitgreaves take a pair of whiskies straight. Sitgreaves pressed the back of a hand across the damp ends of his mustaches. "Bully," said Pierce, "I don't want to fight you."

"If that is the extent of this visit," said Sitgreaves, "let us end it. The affair is out of your hands. The both of us cannot live."

Pierce spoke in a reasoning way: "I was trapped aboard that ship, Bully. I did not come aboard a free man."

"True enough," agreed Sitgreaves. "Otherwise we would have had no crew out of San Francisco. It is a custom of the sea. It may not be a rightful custom." He dipped his head in a moment's contemplation. "I have thought somewhat of that lately. The sea is hard. Still, that changes nothing. You killed my brother."

"He tried to kill me."

"Of course. You were ordered not to jump ship. Let us admit you were shanghaied. But you were on board nevertheless, under the captain's law. That is the only law on a ship. Makes no difference how you got there. You were there. There is just that one law."

"But this is land," Pierce pointed out. "And the law is different."

"So it is," agreed Sitgreaves. "I have thought of that too somewhat. I would not know if there is a law to bring you to book. But that does not matter greatly. I will take care of brother Neal."

"I expect you'll try," said Pierce.

SITGREAVES gave him a surprised glance. "I have no recourse. It is a long way back to Portland. I will not bother to find an officer in this camp to arrest you and take you back. Maybe it would be impossible to convict you in a land court if I got you back there. Landsmen do not understand. You see what that leaves me?" He spoke evenly and fairly, with a heatless conviction.

"That is your side of it," said Pierce. "Listen to mine. I have never lifted a hand at any man unless he lifted a hand at me. I let people alone. I wish to be let alone. Your brother tried to kill me. Now here you are. It is a little different with you. You feel you are right and I give a man credit when he feels he is right. If you were a road agent I'd have no hesitation about you at all. But it is your brother you are thinking about, which I can understand. I would hate to draw a gun on you, Bully. Better think again."

"Is that all?" asked Sitgreaves politely.

"All right," said Pierce. "It must be your way."

"Yes," agreed Sitgreaves. "Let's not talk about it any more."

"I have got a few things to do," said Pierce. "I'd like not to have to think about you for a day or two. Is that agreeable?"

"I can make no bargain with you,"

"Pass them by, please" PERRY BARLOW

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announced Sitgreaves. "Understand me. I am a patient man, and a just one. My people have been patient and just. I have come a long way and I am not in a hurry. But I will make no bargain or truce with you." He nodded at the bulk of the gun in Pierce's overcoat pocket. "You have your opportunity now. You had better take it."

"No," said Pierce, "go on. Get out of my sight."

But Sitgreaves was not satisfied. "I can accept no favor from you. I do not accept this as a favor. I want you to know that. I will hunt you, fairly or any way. I will shoot you in whatever situation that seems best. You might see me when I fire. But you might not. My mind is clear on that point."

"You're a fool," said Pierce. "If I shot you now you'd be dead."

"No," said Sitgreaves, "you are wrong. If you shot at me now, you'd miss. Justice is entirely on my side and I cannot be hurt. I have no fear. The bullet is not in your possession which will kill me. But I have the bullet which will kill you."

He had the dark, long and inbrooding face of a Yankee witch burner; an intense and colorless flame burned in him. He wore the armor of impregnable faith, double-buckled by righteousness. He was the judge and the executioner and his own gods were clear before him. Pierce shook his head. "Go on, Bully. Go on." Standing at the bar, he watched Sitgreaves leave the saloon.

HE POURED himself a second whisky but he never drank it; for then he remembered Rube Ketchum and he turned and left the Senate at once. Sitgreaves was at the moment going around the corner of the hotel. In the other direction, toward Van Buren, Pierce saw Rube Ketchum in front of Jarman's big freight stables. He crossed the street diagonally, moving at Ketchum and at once drawing Ketchum's attention. Ketchum shifted, crossed the street and entered Van Buren. When Pierce reached the corner he saw Ketchum's heavy body pass in and out of the store lights.

Two hundred feet separated them. Pierce quickened his steps, bucked the hard wind and had closed half the distance by the time Ketchum reached Wallace Street. Coming around that corner Pierce found Ketchum stopped near Tanner's. Ketchum, knowing that he was followed, seemed at last to decide upon a stand. He had his back to Tanner's wall and he had his revolver lifted and pointed in the general direction of Van Buren Street—waiting a fair shot. As soon as he saw Pierce he steadied his aim and fired.

A team and wagon was at this moment coming down Wallace Street. The teamster stopped the horses, wrapped the reins around the brake handle and made a broad jump from the wagon and rushed toward the shelter of a wall. Two men near Tanner's retreated to an alley. Somebody inside Tanner's pushed open the swinging doors to study the scene, and vanished. The music in The Pantheon stopped. A man tried to lift the window of his second-story room in the Planter's Hotel, failed, and smashed the glass with his gun.

That first shot went wide and short of Pierce. He came forward, with his Navy gun out of his coat pocket, until he was abreast the outshining lights of Diana Castle's Bakery, and he had a thought about her as he moved across the light, into the street's half darkness, there taking a short side step and pausing. Rube Ketchum fired again over the long distance; and then, having missed twice, Ketchum's courage faltered and he started to turn at Tanner's door. This was the way Pierce's bullet caught him, tore into him and knocked him against Tanner's wall. Ketchum dropped his gun and his new hat fell off and went rolling with the wind. He put both hands flat against the wall and his knees touched it and he collapsed reluctantly to the walk.

The teamster started for his wagon, got halfway to it, and wheeled back for shelter again. Jack Gallegher ran out of Tanner's with George Ives behind him. The crowd in The Pantheon moved to the street and women stood shivering in the cruel wind, hands crossed against their bare shoulders. Ives bent down and put a hand on Ketchum, and straightened to speak to Gallegher. Then both Gallegher and Ives looked to Pierce.

Diana came to the door of her bakery at the sound of the firing and saw Ketchum fall. Pierce was not more than ten feet from her door, reared straight in the windy night, his revolver balanced, the expression on his face solemn and cool. It was hard for her to describe the effect it had on her. He was one single man standing thoroughly alone in the heart of a brutal town; and he knew it and even then she felt that he was looking into closing shadows and finding no future way for him, but that he no longer cared.

"But, dear, this is a party. It's silly for you to feel hurt because I didn't say how I liked your hat!" JEFF KEATE

HE HELD fast, she thought, to the only thing that had ever meant anything to him, to his belief that the world was a savage thing seeking to destroy man, and that man's sole purpose was to fight back and survive. He stood there, defying all that the world might do to him—a man born to resist and to be alone. And yet this one quality crowded all gentleness out of him and made impossible the deep friendships a man needed. He knew that as well as she knew it. For, watching him with care and anxiety, she felt that for all his resistance and for all his courage, he was near the end of his rope. The joy of battle was gone for him, his horizons slowly closed down and he really no longer cared if he survived. He was tired and without hope and a little sick at heart over a life whose vigilance and distrust had slowly squeezed the fun out of him. And he had at last realized it, she thought. Somehow it was on his shoulders and in the very way he held the gun half lifted.

GALLEGHER stepped to the street's middle. Ives stood by the fallen Ketchum. Both men closely watched him, and Marshland moved from Tanner's, and Scoggins came around the corner of Wallace Street rapidly, and Ollie Rounds stepped from The Planter's and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw this scene. Diana noticed the way his face lost its easy calm, and for her it seemed to show terrible things in the half-shadows and half-light—the head-on clash of his loyalty with the other black secrets of his life. She had long had her suspicions about Ollie. She was entirely certain now. Ollie, looking on at a man he greatly liked, was held fast by the associations he had with Ives and Gallegher. He could not move.

Pierce called to Gallegher, to Ives: "There's your man. Send a better one next time."

"Pierce," said Gallegher, "throw down the gun. I've got to take you in."

"No," said Pierce, "I won't fall for it, Jack. You're a mongrel dog, eating scraps somebody else throws at you."

Terror squeezed Diana's heart, terror chilled her. Pierce's voice gave Gallegher no quarter, he made it almost impossible for Gallegher to draw back. Here he paused and built his own fate word by word, as though he were supremely weary of living and cared for nothing at all any more. Gallegher stood quite still, but his head turned and he looked at Ives and Marshland who stood together. Far down the street she saw Boone Helm, watching. It was Ives who said, calmly enough:

"You're rather rough. What could you expect Gallegher to do after that talk?"

"Why," said Pierce, "to crawl away unless you back him up."

Ives gave a short, reckless laugh. "You want me in on this?"

"Come in," said Pierce. "This time you've got no coulee to run for."

Ives laughed again, loud and sharp. He threw a small, careful gesture at Gallegher; he moved away from Tanner's door and away from Marshland and he called through the driving wind, "Never would turn any man's invitation down, Jeff."

Scoggins moved in until he was at Tanner's doorway, behind Marshland. Marshland turned and said something at Scoggins. Scoggins grinned and held his ground. George Ives kept waving Gallegher aside and as Gallegher retreated to the farther walk Ives paced forward until he stood in the street's middle, facing Pierce. He stopped here. He flung his head aside and saw Scoggins, and he frowned at Scoggins. "What do you want?" he asked. Then caution came back to him and he made a half-turn, and at once the bravado and nerve went out of him. Behind him, idle against the wall of Dance and Stuart's store, Jim Williams waited and listened. Near Williams was the stocky, indomitable X. Biedler.

Pierce said, "Well, George?"

Ives shook his head. "Not now, Jeff. Not now."

Diana drew a deep, relieved breath, and then stopped breathing. Pierce said in a long and taunting tone. "Brave man, George."

Ives shook his head and moved toward the saloon. Pierce suddenly laughed at him, and wheeled away. He saw Diana and he halted and seemed about to speak to her, the black humor now out of him and a kind of despair on his face. One distant voice spoke through the wind and a gun shouted and Pierce's body wavered as though hard hit by a weight and a look of wonder came to him. He pulled himself around, drawing his gun. Gallegher stood rooted. Marshland and Ives had not moved. It was none of these. Williams and Scoggins were turning rapidly to search the street and Rounds ran forward, pointing at an alley near Dance and Stuart's. "In there!" he yelled. Then the gun shouted again and Diana saw a little tongue of light leap from that alleyway.

PIERCE doubled over but he didn't fall. He knelt and braced a hand against the ground, his other hand pushing into his right side. That hand turned red and his lips flattened against his teeth and the muscles of his jaws hardened against the pain he felt. Other people were on the far walk, afraid to move because of additional gunfire that might come. Ollie Rounds had done a strange thing. He had walked out into the street until his body was between Ives and Pierce. He put his back to Pierce, facing Ives; saying nothing and doing nothing, but forming that shield. Scoggins remained by Marshland. Jim Williams stood still by The Planter's. Parris Pfouts came from Wallace Street on the run and, joined by Biedler, moved toward that aperture which had held the unseen marksman.

So, for this moment, Pierce was alone on the street, going through his private hell while cold wind tried to shove him over. Diana was nearest him, but she didn't move. He turned his head toward her and then she remembered all the humiliation she had known at his hands, all the fineness he had swept aside, all the glory they had lost. She remembered it and knew its cause was that indescribable iron spirit in him which made him suspect and resist and treasure nothing but his own strength. And this made her say to him now:

"If you needed help, Jeff, I'd be there. But you don't need help, do you? You don't believe in kindness or pity. You

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stand alone, and you fall alone—and there you are. That's what you have always said. How does it feel?" She didn't realize how her voice rose with long pent-up feeling. Ollie Rounds swung and looked at her and now ran toward Pierce. Scoggins came on from Tanner's. But before either of them reached Pierce, Lil Shannon rushed from The Pantheon, dropped on her knees and put her arms around him. Standing stone-still in the bakery doorway, Diana watched men come forward and lift Pierce and carry him into the dance hall.

THE bullet had struck Pierce in the pit of the stomach and, except for a bone button on his overcoat, would have torn its way through him. The heavy button had deflected the slug around his right side where, striking a rib, it had gouged out a chunk of flesh and nothing more. When they stripped off his shirt they found the slug, flattened by the impact, lodged against his trousers belt.

Doc Bissell, called into The Pantheon, improvised a bandage while Pierce stood stripped to the waist before a hundred men and women and was embarrassed enough to blush. He got hurriedly into his shirt. Lil helped him put on his coat and said, "You come with me."

"No, I'll go back home."

She got a bottle of whisky from the bar and took Pierce's arm. "I want to talk to you," she said, and led him across the dance-hall floor to a little rear room. She closed the door. She said, "Sit down," and put the bottle on the table. There was only the one chair, so she stood against the door. She said, "You need a drink, Jeff," and watched him tip the bottle. He had a wide chest, he had black eyebrows, he had the smoothest and most stubborn and, at this particular moment, the most inexpressive face a man could own. He ran a hand across his face, as though to wipe away the fog before him, and then he put his hands before him and looked at them. He glanced at her, troubled by a thought: "Did I yell when I dropped down?"

"No, Jeff."

"Somebody yelled. I felt a little mortified about that. Thought it was me. But what would I yell about?"

The fall had shaken his pride. What really mattered was the fact that he had been physically knocked off his feet and for a little while had lost his tenacious grasp on the world. He was going back through the scene now, painstakingly filling in the blank spots: "Two bullets were fired. That's right, isn't it? I went down. Scoggins and Ollie came up. And you were there." He stopped and seemed to be puzzled. "Wasn't somebody else there?"

SHE knew then what was in his mind. She said, "She was standing in the bakeshop doorway. But she didn't come to you."

He stared at the bottle. "What did you want to tell me, Lil?"

"I was the one that came to you. Not Diana."

"Thanks."

"Take another drink."

"I don't need that big a crutch to walk on."

She walked to his chair and stood behind him. She put her hands on his shoulders. She laid the warmth of her hands against his neck and pulled his head gently back until it rested against her. "I wish you'd get drunk enough to forget all the queer things in your head."

"Not enough whisky in town to make me forget very much, Lil."

"You're a man, the same as any other man. You've known women like me. Why don't you take me just as I am?"

"I like you too well."

"Like? That's a thin word. Why do you have to put me up on a pedestal? I don't want to be there. Not with you. I never asked you to put me there." She moved around the table so that she might see him. She shrugged her shoulders and made a little gesture of defeat.

He got up from the chair. He stood near her, smiling down. And then she said, answering his smile, "I am a little sad, Jeff. It would be so nice if I could have the one thing you want a woman to have. George Ives will kill you. Or if he doesn't succeed, one of the crowd will."

"They'll try," he agreed, and turned into the dance hall. Rounds and Scoggins waited for him. The three went on into the street, finding Jim Williams there. Williams said: "You got an idea about that fellow who potted you?"

"It wasn't one of the old crowd, Jim." He moved down Wallace Street with Scoggins and Rounds. The bakeshop door was closed when they passed it. He gave the lighted window a swift glance and saw Diana inside, and turned his head away. He said, "You don't have to walk up the Gulch with me."

Rounds murmured, "I always take a stroll about this time. Reminds me of blossom time in a little ivy-clad cottage at Concord."

WHEN they reached the cabin Pierce fired up the stove and filled the coffeepot. Scoggins stretched full length on Pierce's bunk, well pleased with himself. "That Marshland curls at the edges in any sort of trouble. Not tough at all. Ives is the tough lad but he didn't have a good hole card, so he folded."

"Just for that deal," countered Rounds. "He'll be in the next one."

Pierce found two tin cups and filled them, and kept the pot for himself. He hoisted the pot at Ollie and Ben. "Both you lads moved in on that scrap. I appreciate it."

"Why," said Scoggins, still amused at himself, "I was surprised to find myself where I was. I must be getting good."

"Ollie," commented Pierce, "never stand out in the middle of nothing like that again. You made too big a target."

Scoggins looked at Ollie, his eyelids pulled half together, and Rounds met that glance and after a while turned away, pulling up his coat. "See you later," he said, and left the cabin.

Pierce stood by the door with his back to Scoggins. "Ben," he said, "have you asked Diana to marry you?"

Scoggins squinted at the tin cup. He moved the cup in a slow circle, watching coffee creep up to its edge and spill over. He took one more drink and got up from the bunk. "No," he said, "not yet."

Pierce said, "Don't let anything hold you back," and turned from the door. He passed Scoggins without looking at him. He took up another stick of wood and chucked it into the stove. He slammed the stove door shut with his foot, shaking the stove on its flimsy legs.

Scoggins cleared his throat. He adjusted the collar of his coat and turned to the door. "Well, sentiment, maybe."

"To hell with sentiment," said Pierce. "You're your own man."

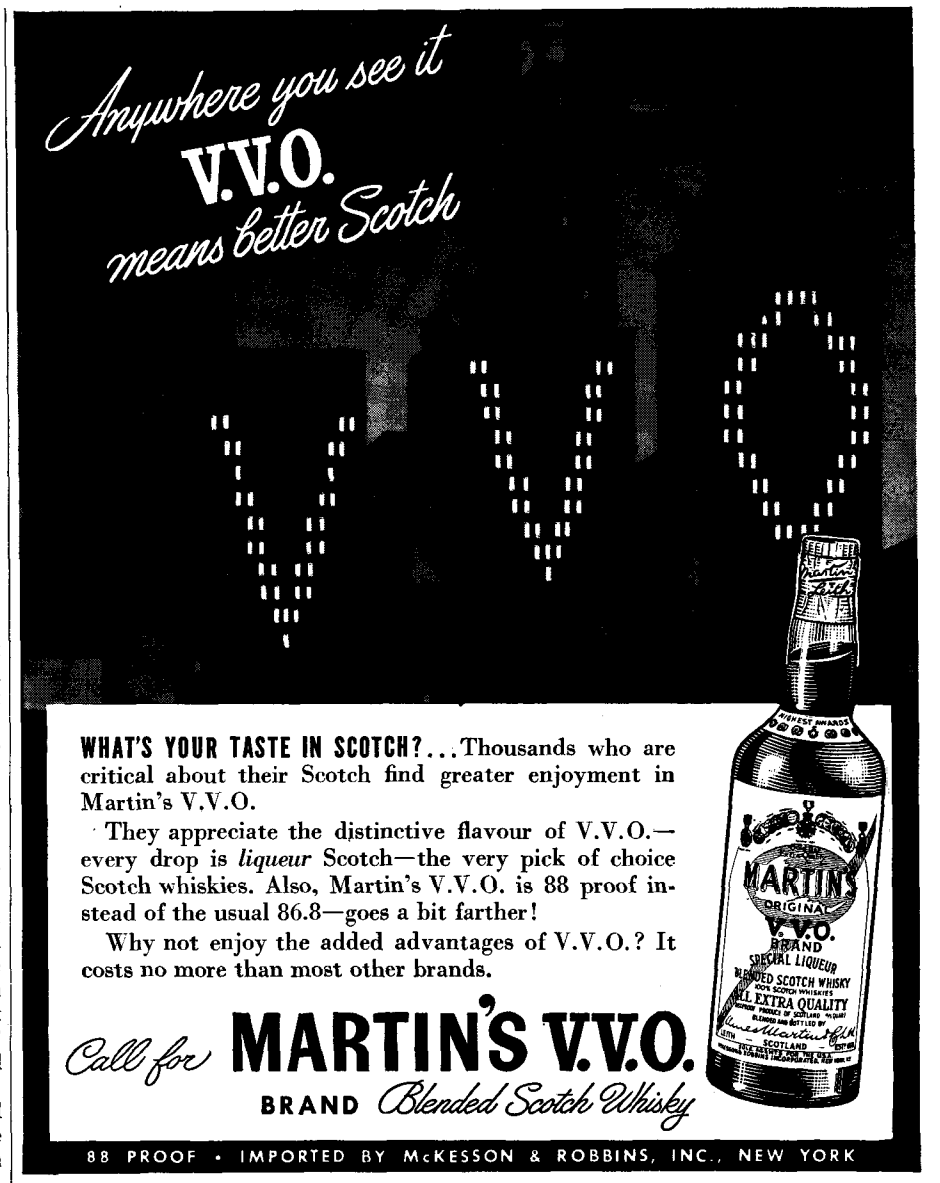
"Then what was I doin' out on the street tonight?"

"I said I appreciated it," retorted Pierce.

"Why," drawled Scoggins, smiling in a broad, unamused way, "it doesn't matter whether you do or don't. Ollie and I were there because we had to be. No man's his own man entirely. Everybody owes somebody else something."

"You paid off tonight," said Pierce. "Now you're your own man."

"Wrong again," said Scoggins. "It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goes deeper than one debt or one payment. Those sort of books never come to a balance. If a man owes something to somebody, he just keeps on owing it. Never any such thing as scratching it off the slate."

"What do you figure you owe me?"

"Why, I like you. So does Ollie. I guess that makes an obligation. You like us. There's your obligation. People live that way. Be a cold, unfriendly world if they didn't. As for this other thing you mentioned—"

"Never mind," said Pierce. "No use talking about it. You don't need advice from me. Go ahead. That's what you'll do anyhow. It is what you should do."

"I suppose," said Scoggins. He gave Pierce a look in which doubt and ruffled spirits were mixed. He wanted to say more but presently shrugged his shoulders and left the cabin.

Wind shouldered against the log walls. Cold wind knifed through the door's bottom and through the cracks of the eaves. Pierce put the coffeepot back on the stove and sat in the chair, crouched near the stove with his hands idle across his heavy legs. Sitgreaves had disclaimed any hurry and then Sitgreaves had improved his first opportunity and had taken those two shots at him.

HE SAT still and was surprised at himself. He should have turned from The Pantheon and hunted out Sitgreaves and had this thing over with, fired up by the old anger and the old black resentment at an unjust world. But he now sat still and didn't care. He found a cigar and lighted it and crouched forward in the chair. There was a crack in the stove's grate, through which he saw the dance of pale red flame. Now and then the flame turned to a kind of coral rose, which was the color of Diana's cheeks when the strong wind flushed them.

He had seen little of her during the last five months and yet she had never been out of his head on any day. Somewhere during each day's hours, and particularly at hours like this one, she moved before him as an actual presence and he heard the tone of her voice, sometimes deep and very gentle, sometimes lifted to a moving anger. What he remembered now was the way she had looked at him on the street, a foreign soul hating him for something he had done to her. What had he done to her?

He bent lower in the chair, the cigar clenched between his teeth and his hands locked together and a steady heartbeat of pain on his right side where the bullet had chewed its way. This night, for the first time, he had disliked Ben Scoggins' cheerful smile; it had irritated him and he had shown the irritation. His thoughts slid away from that irritation, but he brought them back, as hard on himself as he was on any other man, and he made a painful search for the reason, and found it. Then he asked himself, "What kind of a claim have I got to her or to any living soul?"

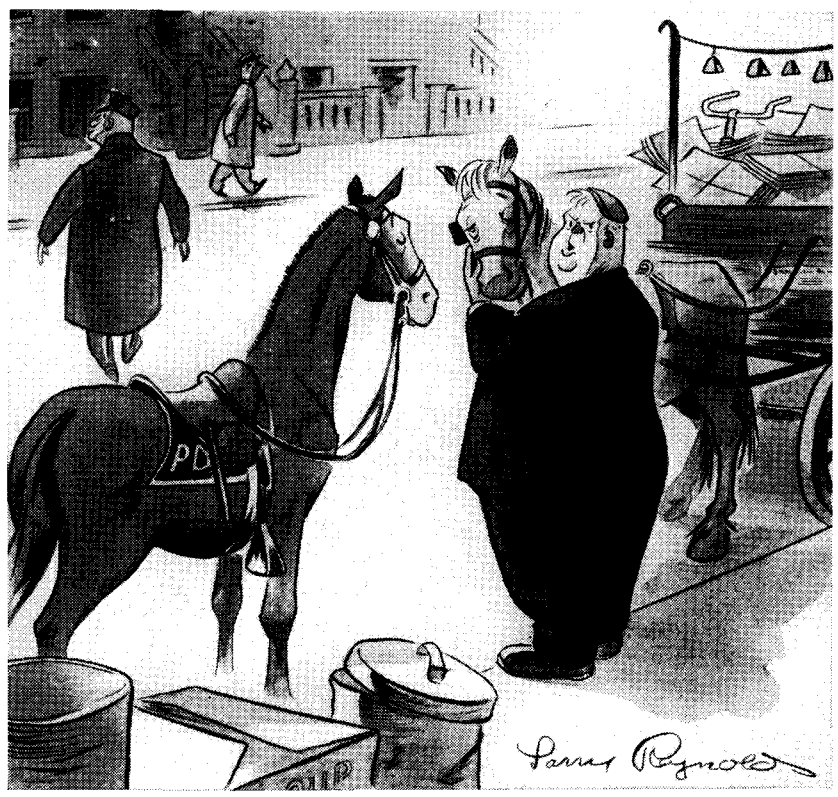
He had no claim. When he realized that, he took the cigar from his mouth and straightened in the chair. Lately the words of men had begun to sing a common tune at him, as though they had gotten together to talk about him, and to make it a point to warn him. These men were somehow now facing him in the room. He saw their faces, Ben's and Ollie's, and Archie Caples' who was dead, and Barney Morris'. also dead—and the faces of Parris Pfouts and of Jim Williams. More or less they had all said the same thing, as Lil had said it this very night: "Nobody can live alone."

Why not? He had always lived alone. He got up from the chair again, moved by the restlessness which always came of thoughts like these. He thought of Mary Morris reading the letter he had written her concerning Barney, and he thought of Lil, who was a woman, fragrant and soft and willing, and he remembered how Archie Caples used to speak of his family; and then he was once more seeing Diana before him. It invariably came to that.

HE PUT on his overcoat and wound a heavy muffler around his neck and ears. He got his wool gloves and his shotgun, turned down the lamp to a faint glow, and left the cabin. Wind nailed him to the wall for a moment. He had to slip the edge of his shoulder into the wind to move on, and so circled the cabin and walked on back to the lee edge of the canyon where he had stacked a pile of wood. He settled against the woodpile, sheltered from the straight drive of the weather. The world was inkblack, tortured by a wind that had not lessened for a week. Here and there on the Gulch floor miners' cabin lights made frosty points and a small glow hung over Virginia, half a mile away. All these lights were feeble, man-made points of rebellion against the stark and ancient and endless emptiness of the universe. Those lights would die and the emptiness would be complete. He had been alone too long to expect anything else, or to nourish any hope.

(To be continued next week)

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**



"Copper!"

Good Loser

Continued from page 24

then and wasn't the slightest bit interested in becoming a fighter, even though Mickey Walker, who by then had won the middleweight title, was his idol. One afternoon at the club the bully concentrated on Freddie, who looked like a soft touch. But the bully soon found he had picked himself a bad match. Despite his utter ignorance of the science of boxing, Cochrane tore into his clever opponent and made him quit.

A year later Cochrane met his antagonist on the street. The bully boy was now an A.A.U. county champion and felt that there was a blot on his escutcheon that needed to be removed.

"How would you like to fight me again?" he asked.

"Look!" warned Red. "I don't trouble nobody that don't trouble me but if it's a fight you're after, I'm not running away from you."

With that, he started to peel off his coat and roll up his sleeves.

"Keep your shirt on!" cautioned the amateur champ. "You don't understand. I mean with boxing gloves."

"I don't know anything about that kind of fighting," said Red, turning to leave.

"But I can have the Delphia Club put it on and it'll pack 'em in," said the chastened one, now turning chaser. "Think it over."

The matchmaker at the club sought out Freddie when he heard of the old feud and induced him to take the match. Cochrane had never boxed before, unless you'd call his street fights boxing. Nevertheless, he clearly outpointed the champ, and was induced to continue amateur boxing. Within a year he had won the Union County bantamweight and featherweight titles and the New Jersey state featherweight crown. After twenty-one amateur bouts, only one of which he lost, he turned pro, or square, as it is called in amateur-boxing circles. That was eight years ago.

The Long, Hard Grind

The years that followed found Freddie grubbing for small coin, never making much headway but sticking to it grimly, in the face of constant setbacks. He fought frequently and chiefly in the Laurel Garden or Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark, no matter how often he was beaten.

There were two good reasons for this anomaly. First, his manager, Willie Gilzenberg, happened to be one of the promoters who operated these two clubs. The other and perhaps more important reason was that even when he was licked, as he usually was, Red put up such a slashing fight that there was a demand for a rematch.

Red will never forget his first main bout. It was in Laurel Garden, Newark, in 1935, against Al Roth, a young man with phenomenally broad shoulders. At the end of ten rounds, Referee Frank Scully awarded the decision to Cochrane. As he did, a thug jumped into the ring and punched the referee on the nose, threatening him with worse if he didn't reverse the decision. Scully, rubbing his schnozzle ruefully, reversed the decision, amid an uproar. In the safety of his dressing room, flanked by Newark gendarmes, Scully later reversed himself again and gave the decision back to Cochrane and that's the way the fight is listed in the record books.

Gamblers soon found Red was bad medicine for them. Whenever he was a five or ten to one short-ender, he'd invariably win. But when the betting professionals backed him heavily, he always "left them down," as they say in the fight racket.

The turning point in Cochrane's career came in 1937. That year he met Pedro Montanez in Jersey City and was led to his corner by the referee, in the second round, with a badly cut eye. It is the only knockout registered against him and it was technical. But it brought Red sharply to his senses. Taking time out for the first time in his boxing career for self-analysis, he said to himself: "Here I am, getting nowhere rapidly. I get a few bucks for a fight and it pays my expenses. But that's not looking out for the future. Am I going to be just another ex-fighter, walking on my heels and hanging around barrooms or am I going to go out and work for a living?"

Red finally decided: "I'm going out and work for a living."

That's what he thought. He applied for a job in a hundred different places during the ensuing year, trying each time to cash in on what he called his "ring reputation."

"Red Cochrane, the fighter? I never heard of you. Anyway, there's nothing open here. Sorry!"

Mom was Right

Red heard that routine so often for the next twelve months he was beginning to get a cauliflower ear from it. He went home to talk things over with his mother.

"Freddie, my boy," she said, "you know I've always wanted you to quit fighting. I don't like the idea of you getting punched around or of you punching someone else around just for a few dollars. But I'll say this much for the fight business: if you're going to stick to it, why don't you do a good job of it? Why don't you tackle it for all you're worth and get yourself in the best possible condition? There's no use in you going on this way, doing things halfheartedly and picking up the crumbs that the better boys leave."

Red thought it over a minute and

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said: "Mom, you're right—as usual. I've been tackling this the wrong way. But I'm going to give it another tussle and this time do it right."

Manager Gilzenberg set Freddie straight on one point that had been bothering him. It galled Cochrane to see Tippy Larkin, his bitter rival, getting to the top by leaps and bounds. Tippy was matched for a main bout in the Garden with Lew Jenkins, the winner to get a crack at Lou Ambers' lightweight title.

"Why can't I get shots like that?" demanded Red.

"Why? Because you're not ready for them," said Gilzenberg. "Come around and ask me the same question the day after the Larkin-Jenkins fight."

Freddie didn't, because Larkin was knocked out in the first round, and he saw the point.

And when Tippy Larkin got another main-bout shot in the Garden with Bummy Davis, and was knocked out in the eighth round after piling up a big lead on points, Freddie had it driven home to him again.

Defeats That Helped

"Don't forget," cautioned Gilzenberg, "that you are getting experience with every defeat. Those fights aren't a total loss, as you think. I could get you a string of setups that would make your record put Larkin's to shame. But what good will those bouts do you when you're on the spot?"

So Red took hope. He fought almost everyone of importance in the lightweight and welterweight divisions, and whether he won or lost he emerged from each fight smarter than when he had entered it. And he never admitted he was beaten. He honestly thought he had been robbed whenever he lost the decision. Finally, Manager Gilzenberg thought the time was ripe for Red to take a crack at the title. When he and Red sat watching Henry Armstrong fight one night, Cochrane turned to him and said: "This guy is all washed up. Get him for me. I know I can lick him."

As Red is not boastful, Gilzenberg knew his boy was psychologically ready for the big chance. Soon he began negotiations with Eddie Mead, manager of Armstrong, for a title bout. Fat Eddie looked over Red's record, counted up the defeats with ill-concealed eagerness and said he would certainly give him a match. The signing was to take place the next day.

Next day, Gilzenberg picked up a newspaper and read the announcement that Armstrong had been signed to meet Fritzie Zivic for the title.

It was quite a surprise to the boxing world when Zivic outpointed and all but knocked out Armstrong to win the welterweight title in October, 1940. Fritzie had been playing the tank towns and didn't rate highly in New York, where Armstrong had become a demigod. It didn't surprise Cochrane, though. He had correctly diagnosed Armstrong. And, sitting at ringside the night Zivic wrested the title from Hammerin' Henry, he said: "Get me Zivic. He'll be easier than Armstrong."

Gilzenberg tried to get him but it was a long, tedious job. There was the return fight with Armstrong to be disposed of and that didn't come off until the middle of January, when Fritzie knocked him out. After that Zivic was busy picking up easy money in over-the-weight matches and couldn't be interested in fights with his title at stake. But, in a moment of weakness, after looking over Cochrane's record and counting up those twenty-five defeats, Luke Carney, Fritzie's business agent, finally agreed to give the kid a shot at the title.

The date was set for May 26th in Newark. So appropriately enough, on April Fool's Day, Freddie set off for Madame Bey's camp in Summit, New Jersey, to start getting in condition. He wanted six or seven weeks of hard training to get in the best condition of his career.

After six weeks of steady application to his chores, Freddie received the bad news one afternoon that the fight had been postponed for a week.

"I've waited over a couple of years for this chance," he said philosophically, "so what's another week? It just means Zivic holds the title a week longer."

What's a Few Weeks' Wait?

But the following week, the bout was postponed indefinitely.

"Then I'll train indefinitely," said Red, going back to his punching bags and weight pulleys.

A new date was set for July 1st but this was followed by another postponement to July 9th.

"Are you sure you've got him signed?" asked Cochrane of his manager.

Assured by Gilzenberg that everything was all right, Red said: "Okay, I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

The next postponement was at the request of Mike Jacobs, to let Zivic fight Bummy Davis for the U.S.O. fund.

"Well, if he's made me wait this long, I won't mind a few weeks more," said Red, by this time trained sufficiently to fight a world war singlehanded, after spending over three months in camp without a letup.

Came the 28th and the boys weighed in. But that afternoon, a heavy rain started falling and the off-again-on-again fight was postponed once more, this time for only twenty-four hours.

"That's just a breathing spell," said Red, by now trained to such razor-edge fineness that he could shave his manager just by brushing by him.

In his dressing room before the battle, Red conferred with his spiritual adviser, Father Thomas Conroy, curate of St. Mary's Church in Elizabeth, who attends most of his parishioner's fights.

"Father," said Red, a troubled look on his face, "there's something I want to ask you."

"Go ahead, Freddie," said the priest.

"If a fellow fouls me in a fight, what should I do?" asked Red.

Father Conroy deliberated a moment, then replied: "Warn him not to do it again."

"And if he fouls me again, what shall I do?"

"Fight him with his own methods," said the priest.

Surprise for Mr. Zivic

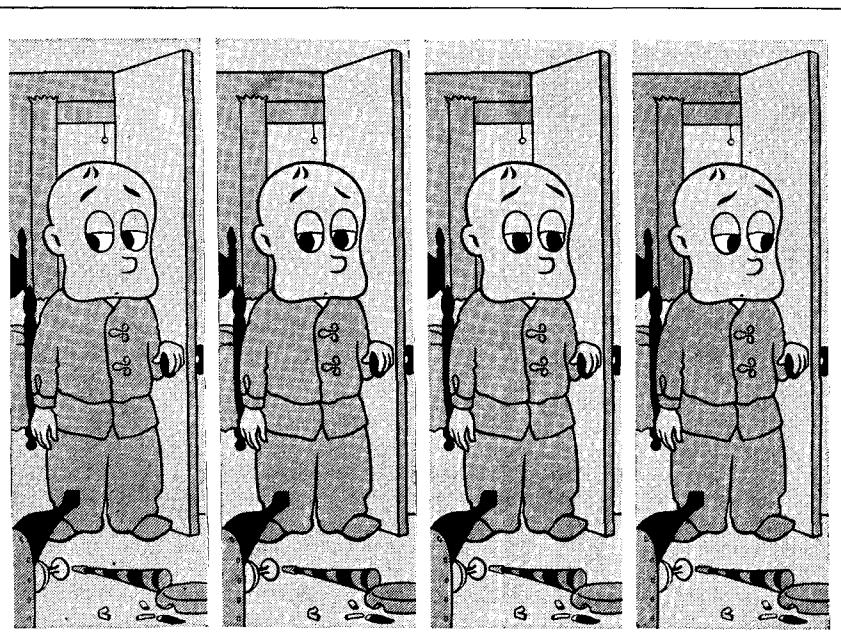
The first round of the Zivic-Cochrane fight saw the rule book practically torn to shreds. There were more butts in that round than there are buts in a lame excuse. Zivic looked bewildered when he came to his corner. Cochrane seemed to do everything wrong but he was making the clever Zivic look as futile as a sigh in a gale. Freddie's stance was copied from the leaning tower of Pisa. He seemed always on the verge of losing his balance and falling face forward. He threw punches awkwardly. But, round after round, he kept on top of Zivic, smothering his attack so completely that the master of all the tricks of the trade couldn't use any of them effectively.

In the closing rounds, Zivic felt much like the victim of a confidence game when he discovered that the easy money he had bargained for is the kind they use on the stage. Lured by the prospects of picking up some easy money, he had walked into a self-baited trap. He hadn't taken the bout seriously enough to train conscientiously for it. And, when the hour of reckoning came, he found he had traded his title for a measly $6,000.

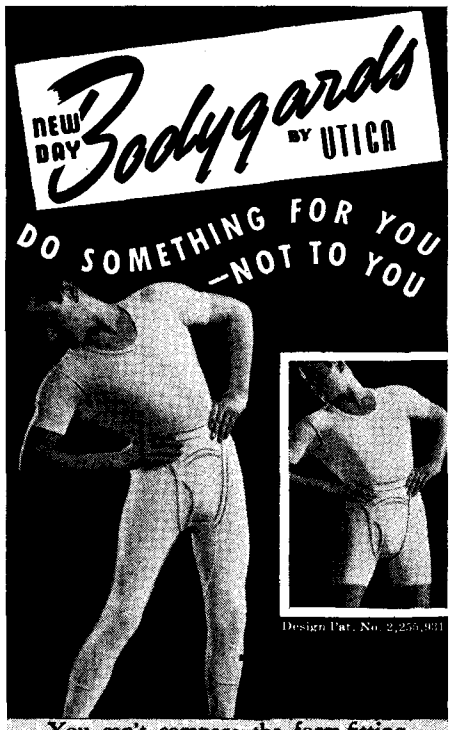
Red's share was only $2,500, mere chicken feed as championship purses go, but by far the biggest sum Cochrane had ever collected for a fight.

Cochrane gained some prestige in his first start as a world's champion by beating Lew Jenkins, another world's titleholder. Although he entered the ring a rank underdog, Red put Jenkins, the lightweight champion, to flight for 10 rounds, flooring him no less than four times. Beating two world's champions in succession was quite a feather in the Elizabeth boy's brown derby. Old-timers couldn't remember when the feat had been accomplished before.

Now that his long battle for recognition has been won, Freddie feels much like he did that day on Bond Street, Elizabeth, when the rest of the gang had rushed off to spend their pickin's, leaving the field to him. What's left may not be big money but whatever it is, Frederick James Cochrane, the red-haired kid who wouldn't quit, will make the most of it. Meantime, he's teaching Uncle Sam's sailors how to protect themselves in the clinches, as a member of Lieut. Commander Gene Tunney's hand-picked boxing squad. He has the rating of chief boatswain's mate besides being the world's welterweight champion. And both titles are so new he doesn't know yet which of them he likes best.



Scene of Last Night's Party CROCKETT JOHNSON



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Kid Sister

Continued from page 21

Czechoslovakian, Polish, Dutch, French and Greek refugee children.

This had its effect on her imagination. With such a complete mastery of foreign overtones, her birthplace—Paterson, New Jersey—began to seem an unexciting place to hail from. She was soon telling all her schoolmates at Oakley Hall in Allendale, that she was born in St. Petersburg and that her mother, a Russian ballet dancer, married her father while he was stationed there. Actually her father only got as far as Plymouth, England, where he served at the antisubmarine station and was decorated for bravery. She stopped telling the St. Petersburg story when she was told that by the time she arrived in the world the town was called Leningrad.

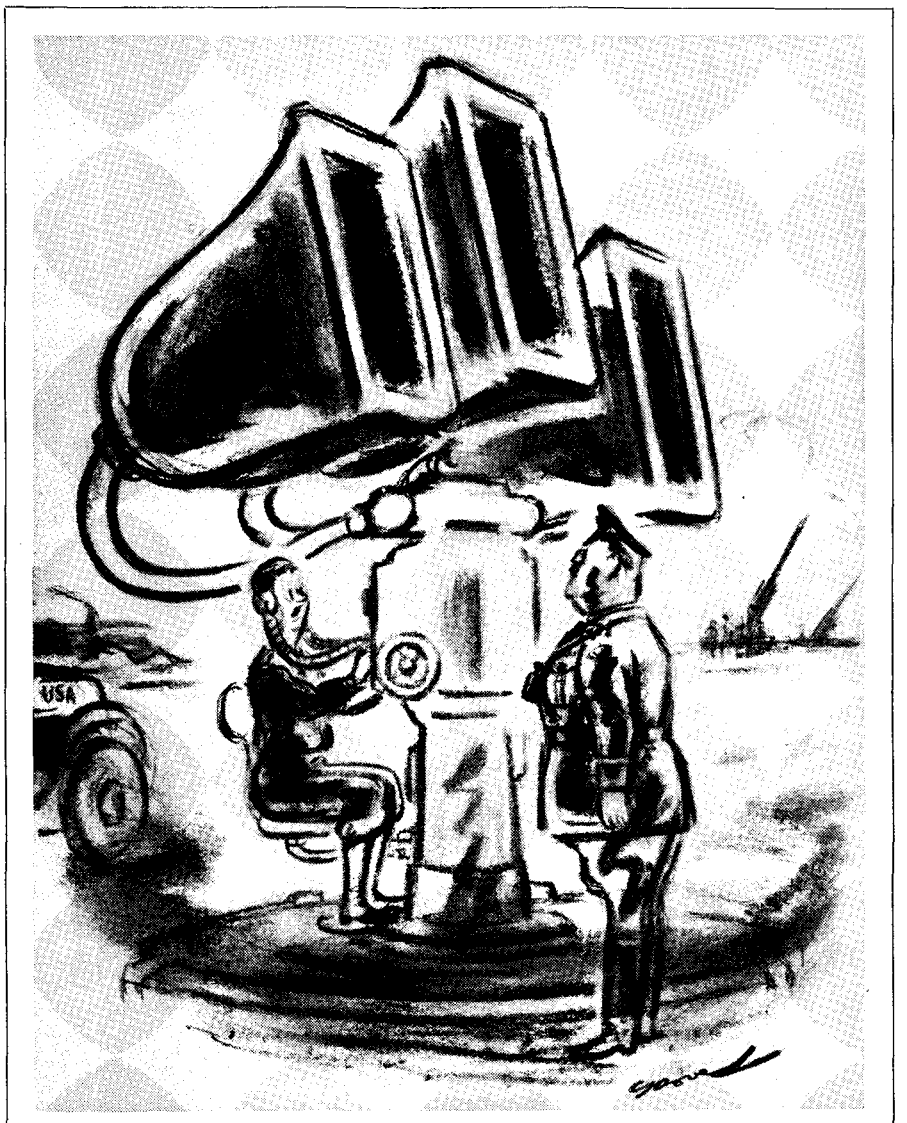
At the age of eleven, Patricia made her stage debut in Jane Eyre with Katharine Hepburn. "I was *much* too young to appreciate it," she recalls. She played Adele, the little girl with the French accent, and although the company never got to Broadway, it toured six months from one end of the country to the other. En route Pat received her first mash notes—duly opened and edited by her mother—from ardent prep-school admirers. At the end of the run, Miss Hepburn wrote one herself: "Dear Adele—When I am old and you are famous, as you will be if you persevere, you can give me a job. Affectionately, Aunt Kate."

After Jane Eyre, school at Oakley Hall confined Patricia's career to the soap operas and small parts in summer stock. One acting job she never gave up was trying to appear older than she was. Her efforts to seem adult before her time is linked with her desire to do character parts. She's probably the only actress in the world who is in a desperate hurry to grow old. She wants to sink her teeth into something like The Little Foxes—the Bette Davis role. When she was fourteen she began spreading a rumor that she was twenty. Just when she was convinced people were beginning to believe her she came down with a case of chicken pox.

At fifteen she graduated from Oakley Hall and last autumn was the youngest enrolled student taking Columbia University extension courses. A veteran actress, she was beginning to despair of ever getting on Broadway. Like most girls who were almost professionally pretty babies, she takes her looks for granted and even blamed them at one time for blinding producers to the fact that she could act. Once she walked into Herman Shumlin's office looking for a job, didn't get it, but evoked an admiring "My, what a pretty girl!" from the producer. She brooded over this for days.

When Junior Miss was being cast she automatically tried out for the older sister. When she got the lead she was so thrilled she forgot for a whole week that, although the part undoubtedly would advance her career overnight, it would set back her hope of appearing grown up for another two years. She was complaining to her escort, one day, about a publicity story that set her age at the new all-time low of fourteen. "You feel terrible?" sighed the young man. "How do you think I feel? Every time they take a year off your age it adds ten to mine."

Patricia is actually in the Junior Miss stage herself—and still chunky enough to be sensitive about it. Adjectives have been showered on her for her performance, but what sixteen-year-old wouldn't alternately wince and glow at praise for her magnificent portrayal of a "fat brat," or as one reviewer put it, "apple blossom time in puberty?" On the stage she is constantly hungry, is forever cramming down candy and cake and eating meals that her sister Lois insists would nourish a normal family of five. Offstage she lives on tea and an occasional apple.



"Nothing of interest to report, sir, except that your watch has stopped"

LEONARD DOVE

She lost eight pounds during the first two weeks of rehearsal and Moss Hart kiddingly told her that if she didn't stop reducing she'd be out of a job. This had no effect, so he altered her costume and made her wear double skirts and double sweaters—to keep her completely shapeless until the last act. Then she floats in wearing Judy's first evening gown—a moment of theatrical triumph for which any actress would give a year's pay. The "Ah" that invariably goes up from the audience is sweeter to her ears than the earlier sniffles she coaxes forth when she rocks her doll to sleep.

With Patricia in Junior Miss is another Hepburn protégée from The Philadelphia Story, her good friend Lenore Lonergan, who plays Judy's explosive side-kick, Fuffy Adams. La Lonergan is only thirteen, but a veteran who has been out to Hollywood and back and knows all the tricks of the craft. To watch the two youngsters try to steal scenes from each other is a caution.

Already there are unmistakable signs of approaching stardom. Moss Hart has declared flatly that Pat can handle an ad lib. emergency with the ease of Lynn Fontanne. She has never fluffed a line in her whole career. She learned her part, sixty full sides, before anybody else in the cast had put down his script. But even more important, from the box-office point of view, is the line of autograph hunters which is daily increasing outside the Lyceum stage door. A soldier on leave has called her up eleven times. In Boston a stage-struck lad gave her an embossed scrapbook with all her clippings pasted up to date.

There have been the usual movie offers, but so far Pat has turned them all down. She insists—although the know-it-alls don't believe her—that she won't go to Hollywood. Not for a long while anyway. She honestly wants to be a great actress and she thinks the best place to learn is on the stage. The only movie offer she might accept now is a one-picture job to do Junior Miss. This is prompted by the fear (not unmixed with satisfaction) that she'll outgrow the part.

Katharine Hepburn isn't old but Pat Peardon is on her way to being famous—fast. As her father—the lieutenant commander—wired his buddies on the OPM defense train the morning after the première of Junior Miss: WE HAVE MET THE CRITICS AND THEY ARE OURS.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

organizations of the 48 states responsible for aiding aviation within their respective borders, but she might need to be introduced to you.

Because she's not the glamor girl pilot who struts around airports in white riding breeches, low-cut silk shirtwaist and white helmet with goggles, but because she wears skirts and a lady's hat and quietly steps into her government-owned Cessna cabin monoplane and takes off for faraway places without benefit of public-relations counsel, this conscientious public servant is entitled to a few well-deserved words of approbation.

Blanche is a crash widow and the death of her husband, Dewey Noyes, in an airplane accident in 1935 in no way dampened her enthusiasm for aviation. She has the stuff the pioneers were made of. Dewey taught her to fly in the first year of their marriage in 1928 in Cleveland and she has remained at the controls as her own pilot ever since. Testimony that she is no airport pilot stands in the aviation records of 1936 when she and Mrs. Louise Thaden of Pittsburgh, now a devoted mother and housewife who still keeps her hand in at flying, won the Bendix Transcontinental Air Race from New York to Los Angeles against a field of famed male pilots and high-performance aircraft. Theirs was no puddle jumper, no ladies' airplane, but a speedy Beechcraft which averaged 183 miles per hour throughout the entire grinding race of 14 hours and did it with but one stop for fuel; that at Wichita, Kansas.

Blanche shared equal honors with Louise in this race and to enter it she took leave of absence from the Department of Commerce where, the year before, she was invited with a group of bona fide women pilots to inaugurate the air-marking campaign. These fliers, who can outsmart many men at the business of flying, were Phoebe Omlie of Memphis; Helen McCloskey and Helen Richey of Pittsburgh and Nancy Harkness of Boston. When the air-marking campaign came to a close the others returned to their previous commercial flying connections, but Blanche stayed on and has been there ever since, attached to the Airways Engineering Division of the C.A.A.

Blanche is very proud of her commercial pilot's certificate, No. 6540. (Used to call them transport licenses, which denoted skill and experience and still does under the new terminology.) It means that she was the 6540th person in the United States to be licensed in the highest grade. Large as that number seemed then, it is insignificant compared with the huge pilot list on the records today. Further, it means that Blanche has high seniority as a pilot in a free-for-all category where we have some pretty good men pilots too. F.R.N.

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Winter Running

Continued from page 20

they would not move abruptly for fear of breaking the rhythm of their stride. "That's a come-on," Anson yelled, timing his words to fit in with the rhythm of his breathing. "He's running there to tire you."

Gradually, running at a long angle, they shifted up out of the ditch and onto the rutted country road again. The little runner in the ditch faded abruptly and they did not see him again during the race. But even the half mile of running in mud had tired his own men, Anson saw. He felt as though some responsibility had passed to himself. Pain, coming strong now on the uneven land, cleared his mind.

IT WAS four miles now and all of them were hurt. Anson remembered suddenly how he had quit in their previous race. That day, running had not seemed important. Today it seemed to have value and meaning. Coming into the fifth mile and toward the end of their long second wind, Anson had a curious feeling of wholeness or fitness. It wasn't joy nor anything resembling pleasure. The effort now was too painful. It was that what he and the others, but especially himself, were doing seemed somehow appropriate. They were young and strong and sometimes brave and they were giving freely of all these qualities, spilling them out like water, to win at a game most people found too absurd or too intense—to outrun other young men on a hard road on a cold day.

Later, Anson supposed that what poetry or painting could be to the minds of some people, running had been to their bodies that day—the rhythm, the intensity, the singleness of effort. He ran most of the race without thinking of Helen.

And now he ran alone or seemed to run alone. Off, across the flat prairie land, a mile away, he could see the bulk of the stadium, caught and made bright by a patch of sun that had broken through the torn clouds. It came to him as a strange and new sensation that he was going to win. He had never won a race. But now he seemed to have outrun his field. And then he heard the other runner, one in a scarlet shirt, near him. Their steps, their breathing had unconsciously become so synchronized that Anson had not known anyone else still ran with him. The scarlet jersey came slowly to Anson's shoulder and even more slowly went ahead. The exhilaration was suddenly gone from Anson; the thought of this last, petty victory became something fleeting and hard to achieve.

He thought, quite suddenly, of quitting again, had even begun to rationalize the race into something trivial. Later, he would wonder if all men always had a tendency to quit. The point was not that the tendency was there, but that it was possible to overcome it.

He stayed with scarlet shirt, though. If the exhilaration was part of his life at the moment, the pain was, too, and the need to try to win, to live this particular kind of life and effort to the full. Anson even realized obscurely that if he himself quit, scarlet shirt's own victory would be empty. Glancing back, he saw they had outdistanced their field by almost two hundred yards.

Suddenly the stadium was over them and the pain had begun to blind them. The big doors in the end of the stadium were still swung wide, the scattering of people to either side of them. The open doors seemed to frame some kind of glory, were mysterious and beckoning like a woman.

Then a car was driving alongside Anson and the boy in the scarlet shirt, and somebody in the car was yelling that the finish was to be around the stadium and on the outside, as the second half had already begun inside. Later, looking back, Anson would be shocked at how his own spirit had flagged and failed. He had not known that applause, the spectacle of people watching, could have come to mean so much over the years of a runner's asceticism.

What he knew now was that the weariness had grown terrible and that scarlet shirt was moving slowly ahead of him. Way off, hazed by pain, they could both see men standing near a strung tape. Anger at himself came up in Anson and mingled with the anger at the nameless people who would take away this last chance to run before Helen and a crowd.

Always, Anson would remember his anger at himself for starting to quit when he found that they were not going to finish in the stadium. And the other anger that they had taken even this last small glory away from him. But now there was only the anger, undelineated in his hand, and the adrenalin it had engendered in his blood. Their legs were like wood now, heavy and unpliant, and they had both begun to go blind in the last, long stumble toward the tape. Anson never knew until later that just his own dark striving to stay on his feet and finish had been enough to carry him past the other boy. It was almost ridiculous that he could hear the tiny click of the stop watches as something light seemed to constrict, then broke, on one shoulder.

He supposed, rather oddly, that it would be appropriate to fall, but the anger wouldn't let him do that, either. He kept his feet and stood, straddle-legged, watching enough of his own men come in before other scarlet jerseys to win the race. A sophomore assistant manager came to him and made him begin to walk.

Morrison came toward them nodding. "Very nice," he said in his absent way.

"If you tell me how slow the time was," Anson gasped, "I will heave something at you."

"Well, it was pretty slow going in this weather," Morrison said, and moved away, with mock haste.

ANSON sat on the running board of a car and let the assistant manager help him get into a woolen jumper. He heard the door on the other side of the car open and someone walk around the car. Then he was staring, in something like amazement, at Helen. It was amazement, he finally realized. Pain had been a catharsis at the end of the race. He had not thought that anything could make him forget about her.

"Well, Anson," she said, "you just did make it, didn't you?"

"It was pretty tough," he said, between the gasping, the still long breaths. "It was kind of distracting to have to change our course at the end." He wondered that in weariness he could still tell half-lies.

She looked at him curiously. "They announced in the stadium that the finish would be outside. So I came out."

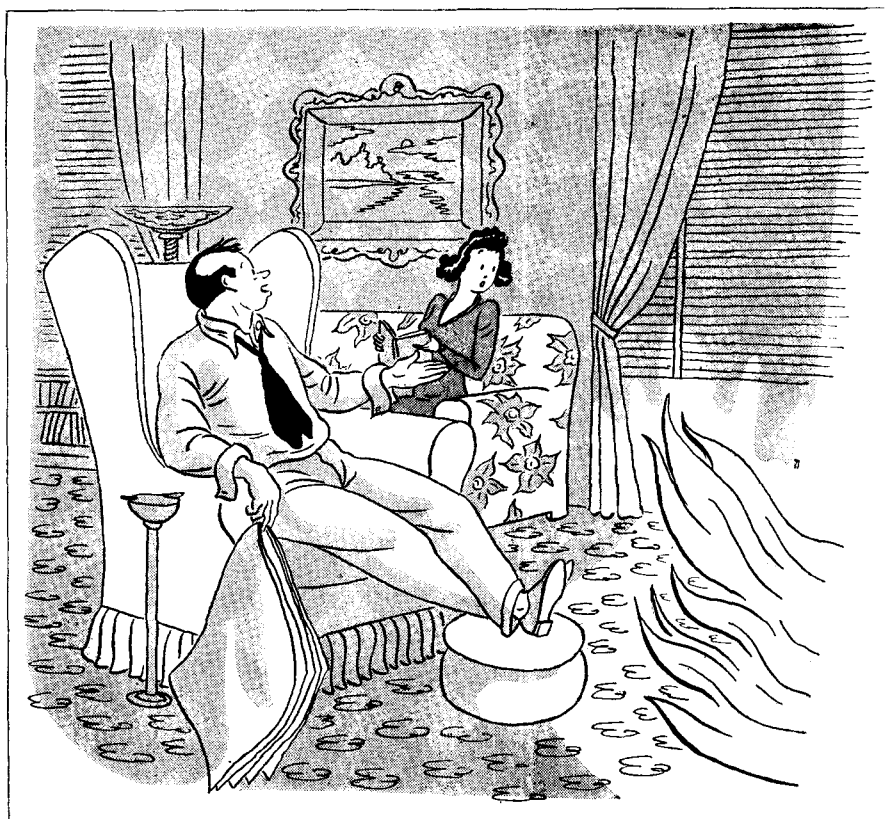
"Very good of you," he said, and tried to smile.

"Did you hear me yelling with the rest?"

He had heard nothing but the rushing of his own anger and the click of the watches. But he grinned inwardly and kept to a convention he had learned only recently. "You probably pulled me together there right at the end," he said, nodding. He liked her a great deal and that she had helped him by her presence was what was supposed to have happened conventionally. Whether she had or not made no difference in the way he felt about her. But it would make her feel good to think she had. She had been more sophisticated than he, Anson thought, but now she no longer was. He grinned as best he could, getting awkwardly to his feet in the heavy jumper.

"Look, friend," he said, "how's for driving me to the locker room. And after the game, why, maybe we could tie one on?"

"Why, Anson," she said. "How you do talk!"



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Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor
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WE WILL win this war for freedom and the rule of right in human affairs. We shall suffer losses, severe losses, and we shall endure sacrifices. There is no escape from suffering. What London took, Pearl Harbor and Manila have had to endure. Before the tale is fully told other American communities may have to withstand the insane fury of bombing from the air.

But whatever the losses inflicted upon us, whatever sacrifices we must make in the inevitable struggle, we shall march on to victory.

Of our eventual triumph no one, not even the Japanese, can be doubtful. Physical might and moral advantage are on our side.

Meanwhile, we shall do well to go about our appointed tasks with courage, cheer and common sense.

Our enemies will attack, are attacking now, our civilian morale as well as our military and naval forces. Resist! When someone whimpers bad news, demand to know the sources of the information.

It is part of the Nazi technique, adopted by the Japanese, to circulate such lies that, if believed, might weaken the fighting spirit of their adversaries. One of the familiar varieties of falsehood is to exaggerate losses. The Germans have claimed to have sunk tonnage greater than the entire British navy and merchant fleet again and again during the war. The Japanese and their German and Italian allies are now inventing and broadcasting similar lies concerning American losses.

Waste no time over such nonsense. We have duties to perform, difficult duties that call for all our skills and courage and resources, spiritual as well as material.

We will win but we are not fighting a cheap war and we cannot expect a cheap victory.

We must fight with what we have and all that we have. We cannot afford to lose time or spirit in listening to disheartening rumors or malicious gossip designed to frustrate our fighting energies. Let's keep our eyes fastened on the victory that must be won and forget utterly the chatterers and gossips who, malevolently, or because they are fools, seek to weaken our morale by distributing enemy propaganda.

FIFTEEN TO NOTHING

THE inventor of new machines or compounds, the improver of old processes or formulas, has traditionally been held in high esteem in the United States and has had the protection of the patent laws enacted under Art. 1, Sec. 8, Subd. 8 of the Federal Constitution. We're somewhat worried by a change that appears to have come over the Supreme Court in the last few years in its attitude toward patents. In 1934 the Court stated:

> A patent regularly issued . . . is presumed to be valid until the presumption has been overcome by convincing evidence of error . . . one otherwise an infringer who assails the validity of a patent fair upon its face bears a heavy burden of persuasion, and fails unless his evidence has more than a dubious preponderance.

We can think of no general patent rule that could be fairer than this. This rule, however, appears to have died sometime since 1934.

Nowadays, the Supreme Court holds that it is not enough to improve or rearrange old processes or tools, no matter how laborious or costly the research which goes into such an achievement. In the phrase of Mr. Justice Douglas, there must be a "flash of creative genius" to make a patent valid.

The court is evidently afraid that by being too cordial to patents it will foster monopoly, contrary to the spirit of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and related statutes.

With all due respect to the Supreme Court, this fear seems unfounded to us. The object of patent laws is, precisely, to increase national prosperity by encouraging inventions and improvements. The best way to encourage these things is to guarantee the inventors and improvers enough time and leeway to make profits on the products of their work. The easiest way to discourage these questers and experimenters is to assure them that the law will keep them from any reward by throwing the results of their labor immediately into the public domain.

In the last four years, the Supreme Court has entertained 15 patent cases, and held the patents invalid in all 15.

We hope we're mistaken; but on the face of this showing, it looks to us as if the United States Supreme Court is succumbing to the notion that this country is hitting the sunset trail, that there is to be no further progress for us, and that we'd better slide as fast as we can into the paralysis that is collectivism.

STORY OF A GREAT LIFE

WE SURRENDER herewith to an impulse which has been with us for months. It is an impulse to raise the loudest cheer we know how to raise for a current novel. The novel is Dr. A. J. Cronin's The Keys of the Kingdom (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1941, 344 pp., $2.50).

We read the book when it first came out. Most novels pass into and out of one's mind like a show, a movie or a horse race. This one stays with us; we can't get it out of our thoughts, and don't want to.

As more than a half-million American readers know by this time, the book is the fictionalized biography of a humble parish priest, who started in Scotland, studied in Spain, did his big life-work in China, and came back to round out his days on his native heath.

He was the salt of the earth, this Rev. Fr. Francis Chisholm, the hero of Dr. Cronin's book; and the book itself is the finest testimonial we have ever seen to the power and the beauty of simple personal kindliness and common decency.

Fr. Chisholm was no theologian, no church politician. He got along beautifully, for instance, in one of the most moving parts of the story, with a Methodist missionary—who himself was a grand soul. Between them they showed the Chinese of their neighborhood that this Christianity was in essence fine and honest and constructive. Fr. Chisholm lived a tremendous life and never knew it; helped out whomever he could wherever he could; did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God.

In this writer's opinion, they don't come any finer than this book—which, incidentally, is as furiously dramatic as a pirate yarn or a first-class Western. And, without trying to further any creed, it may be that, if you are looking for a sustaining personal philosophy in a cruel and stormy age, The Keys of the Kingdom has the answer for you.

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How to get rid of an Inferiority Complex

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He has learned the secret that the reading of great literature opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. This broader view inspires self-confidence. In a word, it's *culture*.

There are thousands of men today who lack the essential background so necessary for success in every field of life and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" you ask.

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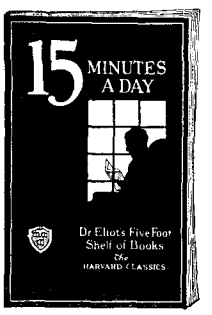

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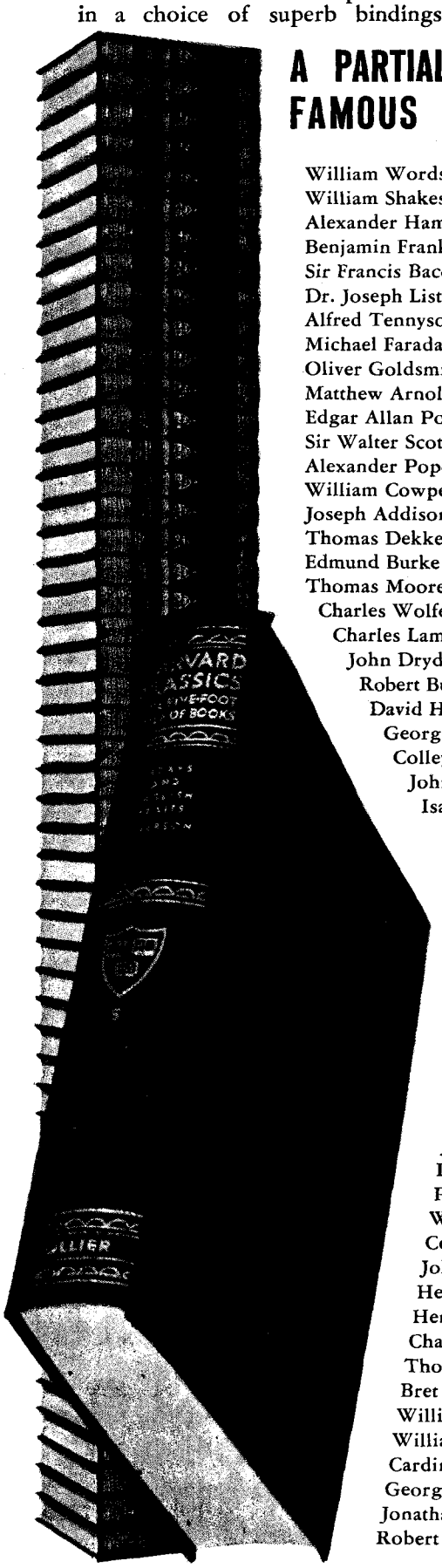

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